Revised Edition

THE SINGER'S MUSICAL THEATRE ANTHOLOGY

A collection of songs from the musical stage, categorized by voice type. The selections are presented in their authentic settings, excerpted from the original vocal scores.

Compiled and Edited by Richard Walters

THE SINGER'S MUSICAL THEATRE ANTHOLOGY

Mezzo-Soprano/Belter Volume 2

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Foreword

It is apparent to me that the most important and lasting body of performable American music for singers has come from the musical theatre and musical film. The classical tradition as it has been continued in the United States has produced few major composers who have written extensively for the voice, composing a relatively small body of sometimes profound and beautiful literature, but often relevant only to specialized audiences.

In pre-rock era popular traditions, the songs that were not written for the stage or film are largely inferior in quality to those written for Broadway and Hollywood (although there are plenty of exceptions to this general rule). Perhaps the reason is simply that the top talent was attracted and nurtured by those two venues, and inspired by the best performers. But it's also possible that writing for a character playing some sort of scene, no matter how thin the dramatic context (sometimes undetectable), has inherently produced better songs. Compare a Rodgers and Hart ballad from the 1930s (which are all from musicals) to just an average pop ballad from that time not from the stage or screen, if you can dig one up, and you might see what I mean. Popular music of the rock era, primarily performers writing dance music for themselves to record, is almost a completely different aesthetic, and is most often ungratifying for the average singer to present in a typical performance with piano accompaniment.

The five volumes that comprise the original edition of *The Singer's Musical Theatre Anthology*, released in 1986, contain many of the most famous songs for a voice type, as well as being peppered with some more unusual choices. Volume Two of the series allows a deeper investigation into the available literature. This revised edition (2000) adds some significant songs. I have attempted to include a wide range of music, appealing to many different tastes and musical and vocal needs. As in the first volumes, whenever possible the songs are presented in what is their most authentic setting, excerpted from the vocal score or piano/rehearsal score, in the key originally performed and with the original piano accompaniment arrangement (which is really a representation of the orchestra, of course, although Kurt Weill was practically the only Broadway composer to orchestrate his own shows). A student of this subject will notice that these accompaniments are quite a bit different from the standard sheet music arrangements that were published of many of these songs, where the melody is put into a simplified piano part and moved into a convenient and easy piano key, without much regard to vocal range.

In the mezzo-soprano/belter volumes, I have restricted the choices to songs for a belting range, although they don't necessarily need to be belted, and put any songs sung in what theatre people call "head voice" or "soprano voice" in the soprano volumes. Classically trained mezzo-sopranos will be comfortable with many of the songs in the soprano books.

The "original" keys are presented here, although that often means only the most comfortable key for the original performer. Transpositions for this music are perfectly acceptable. Some songs in these volumes might be successfully sung by any voice type. Classical singers and teachers using these books should remember that the soprano tessitura of this style of material, which often seems very low, was a deliberate aesthetic choice, aimed at clarity of diction, often done to avoid a cultured sound in a singing voice inappropriate to the desired character of the song and role, keeping what I term a Broadway ingenue range. Barbara Cook and Julie Andrews are famous examples of this kind of soprano, with singing concentrated in an expressive and strong middle voice.

Richard Walters, editor
May, 2000

ABOUT THE SHOWS

ALLEGRO

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
OPENED: 10/10/47, New York; a run of 315 performances

The third Rodgers and Hammerstein Broadway musical, *Allegro* was their first with a story that had not been based on a previous source. It was a particularly ambitious undertaking, with a theme dealing with the corrupting effect of big institutions on the young and idealistic. The saga is told through the life of a doctor, Joseph Taylor Jr., from his birth in a small midwestern town to his 35th year. We follow Joe's progress as he grows up, goes to school, marries a local belle, joins the staff of a large Chicago hospital that panders to wealthy hypochondriacs, discovers that his wife is unfaithful, and, in the end, returns to his home town with his adoring nurse, Emily, to rededicate his life to healing the sick and helping the needy. The show's innovations included a Greek chorus to comment on the action both to the actors and the audience, and the use of multi-level performaing areas with abstract sets. "The Gentleman Is a Dope" is sung by Emily about Joe near the end of the show, just before they declare their affection for one another.

ANYONE CAN WHISTLE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Arthur Laurents
DIRECTOR: Arthur Laurents
CHOREOGRAPHER: Herbert Ross
OPENED: 4/4/64, New York; a run of 9 performances

Something of a "cult" musical, *Anyone Can Whistle* is an allegorical satire about a corrupt mayor of a bankrupt town who comes up with a scheme to attract tourists: a fake miracle in which a stream of water appears to spout out of a solid rock. The town soon becomes a mecca for the gullible and the pious, but the hoax is exposed when the inmates of a mental institution called the Cookie Jar get mixed up with the pilgrims. Fay is the head nurse at the Cookie Jar, so inhibited that she can't whistle. She sings "There Won't Be Trumpets" about an expectant hero to rescue both her and the situation. The song was cut from the show while on the road and wasn't heard on Broadway. The New York run featured Angela Lansbury in her first Broadway musical, Lee Remick and Harry Guardino.

ANYTHING GOES

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Cole Porter
BOOK: Guy Bolton & P.G. Wodehouse, Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
DIRECTOR: Howard Lindsay
CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Alton
OPENED: 11/21/34, New York; a run of 420 performances

Cole Porter's best score of the 1930s is a fun-filled story taking place on an ocean liner about a group of oddball characters, including a nightclub singer, an enamoured stow away, a debutante, and an underworld criminal disguised as a clergyman. Featuring a fresh, young Ethel Merman, the show was one of the biggest hits of its time, containing such hits as the title song, "You're the Top," "I Get a Kick Out of You," "Blow, Gabriel, Blow," and "All Through the Night." *Anything Goes* played Off Broadway in a 1962 production (239 performances), and enjoyed its biggest success in a 1987 Broadway revival starring Patti LuPone (804 performances). There is a 1936 filmed version, and another movie from 1956 with the title *Anything Goes*, but which bears little resemblance to the original. An excellent new recording, faithful to the 1934 original production, was released in the 1980s featuring Frederica Von Stade, Cris Groenendaal, and Kim Criswell.

The material in this section is by Stanley Green, Richard Walters, and Robert Viagas, some of which was previously published elsewhere.

BABES IN ARMS

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Lorenz Hart
BOOK: Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart
DIRECTOR: Robert Sinclair
CHOREOGRAPHER: George Balanchine
OPENED: 4/14/37, New York; a run of 289 performances

With such songs as "I Wish I Were in Love Again," "Johnny One Note," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "My Funny Valentine," and "Where or When," *Babes in Arms* could claim more hits than any other Rodgers and Hart musical. In the high-spirited, youthful show, a group of teenagers, whose parents are out-of-work vaudevillians, stage a revue to keep from being sent to a work farm. Unfortunately, the show is a bomb. Later, when a transatlantic French flyer lands nearby, they are able to attract enough publicity to put on a successful show and build their own youth center. Because the sets were modest and the cast boasted no stellar names, producer Dwight Deere Wiman priced his tickets at a bargain $3.85 top. In 1959 the plot of the show was revised, the characters names were changed, and the song list slightly altered. (There was never much plot anyway.) The 1939 movie version featured Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney.

BALLROOM

MUSIC: Billy Goldenberg
LYRICS: Alan and Marilyn Bergman
BOOK: Jerome Kass
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett

Ballroom, an extravagant Michael Bennett production, was one of the most expensive productions ever to reach Broadway, highly fanfared before its New York opening, then closed after a very brief run. The spirit of the show rode on the nostalgia wave of the 1970s. "Fifty Percent" was the show's standout song, and has become a standard of sorts in theatre circles.

BELLS ARE RINGING

MUSIC: Jule Styne
BOOK AND LYRICS: Betty Comden and Adolph Green
DIRECTOR: Jerome Robbins
CHOREOGRAPHERS: Jerome Robbins and Bob Fosse
OPENED: 11/29/56, New York; a run of 924 performances

Ever since appearing together in a nightclub revue, Betty Comden and Adolph Green had wanted to write a musical for their friend, Judy Holliday. The idea they eventually hit upon was to cast Miss Holliday as a meddlesome operator at a telephone answering service who gets involved with her clients' lives. She is in fact so helpful to one, a playwright in need of inspiration, that they meet, fall in love—though through it all she conceals her true identity—dance and sing in the subway, and entertain fellow New Yorkers in Central Park. At last she confesses that she's the operator, and they go off to loveland. "The Party's Over" is sung when she realizes she has to tell Jeff who she is, and she believes he'll dump her. A film version was made that is virtually the stage show on film, with Dean Martin playing opposite Miss Holliday.

CHESS

MUSIC: Benny Andersson and Bjorn Ulvaeus
LYRICS: Tim Rice
BOOK: Richard Nelson, based on an idea by Tim Rice
DIRECTOR: Trevor Nunn
CHOREOGRAPHER: Lynne Taylor-Corbett
OPENED: 4/28/88, New York; a run of 68 performances

There have been musicals about the cold war (*Leave It to Me!*, *Silk Stockings*), but Chess was the first to treat the conflict seriously, using an international chess match as a metaphor. The idea originated with Tim Rice who first tried to interest his former partner, Andrew Lloyd Webber, in the project. When that failed, he approached Andersson and Ulvaeus, writers and singers with the Swedish pop group ABBA. Like *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Evita*, *Chess* originated as a successful record album before it became a stage production. Trevor Nunn took over directing the show when Michael Bennett withdrew because of illness. The London production was a high tech spectacle, rock opera type presentation. The libretto was revised for New York, and a different production approach was tried. "Someone Else's Story" was added for the Broadway run. The story is a romantic triangle with a Bobby Fischer type American chess champion, a Russian opponent who defects to the West, and the Hungarian born American woman who transfers her affections from the American to the Russian without bringing happiness to anyone. Though the show ran three years in London, it never made back its initial investment there. It lost $6,000,000 in New York.

A CHORUS LINE

MUSIC: Marvin Hamlisch
LYRICS: Edward Kleban
BOOK: James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett
OPENED: 4/15/75, New York

Beginning with the deceptively simple premise of an audition for chorus dancers, *A Chorus Line* eventually proves to be an interesting examination of the dancer's thoughts and feelings, shown in monologues, dialogues, solo songs, and ensembles. Created as a workshop production in Joseph Papp's Public Theatre, the show, like *Company* and *Follies* before it, has no traditional plot, and has been widely imitated. *A Chorus Line* is the longest running production in Broadway history (exceeded only by the Off-Broadway institution, The Fantasticks), with a run of 15 years.

COMPANY

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: George Furth
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett
OPENED: 4/26/70, New York; a run of 706 performances

Company was the first of the Sondheim musicals to have been directed by Harold Prince, and more than any other musical reflects America in the 1970s. The show is a plotless evening about five affluent couples living in a Manhattan apartment building and their excessively protective feeling about a charming, but somewhat indifferent bachelor named Bobby. They want to fix him up and see him married. In the end he seems ready to take the plunge. The songs are often very sophisticated, expressing the ambivalent or caustic attitudes of fashionable New Yorkers.

EVITA

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Tim Rice
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Larry Fuller
OPENED: 6/23/78, London; a run of 2,900 performances. 9/25/79, New York; a run of 1,567 performances

Because of its great success in London, *Evita* was practically a pre-sold hit when it began its run on Broadway. Based on the events in the life of Argentina's strong-willed leader, Eva Peron, the musical—with Patti LuPone in the title role in New York—traced her rise from struggling actress to wife of dictator Juan Peron (Bob Gunton), and virtual co-ruler of the country. Part of the concept of the show is to have a slightly misplaced Che Guevera (played by Mandy Patinkin) as a narrator and conscience to the story of Eva's quick, greedy rise to power and her early death from cancer. "I'd Be Surprisingly Good for You" is what Eva sings to Peron just a minute after their first meeting.

FUNNY GIRL

MUSIC: Jule Styne
LYRICS: Bob Merrill
BOOK: Isabel Lennart
DIRECTORS: Garson Kanin and Jerome Robbins
CHOREOGRAPHER: Carol Haney
OPENED: 3/26/64, New York; a run of 1,348 performances

The funny girl of the title refers to Fanny Brice, one of Broadway's legendary clowns, and the story, told mostly in flashback, covers her discovery by impresario Florenz Ziegfeld, her triumphs in the Ziegfeld Follies, her stormy marriage to smooth-talking con man Nick Arnstein, and the breakup of the couple after Nick has served time for stock swindling. Film producer Ray Stark, Miss Brice's son-in-law, had long wanted to make a movie based on the Fanny Brice story, but the original screenplay convinced him that it should first be done on the stage. At one time or another Mary Martin, Carol Burnett, and Anne Bancroft were announced for the leading role, but the assignment went to 22-year-old Barbra Streisand, whose only other Broadway experience had been in a supporting part in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*. However, Streisand, through performances in clubs and on television and recording had already begun her fast ascent to stardom, and she was hardly an unknown on the opening night of *Funny Girl*. The 1968 movie version, directed by William Wyler and Herbert Ross, was Miss Streisand's auspicious film debut.

GOOD NEWS

MUSIC: Ray Henderson
LYRICS: B. G. DeSylva and Lew Brown
BOOK: Laurence Schwab and B. G. DeSylva
DIRECTOR: Edgar MacGregor
CHOREOGRAPHER: Bobby Connolly
OPENED: 9/6/27, New York; a run of 557 performances

Good News inaugurated a series of bright and breezy DeSylva, Brown and Henderson musical comedies that captured the fast-paced spirit of America's flaming youth of the 1920s. In this collegiate caper, the setting is Tait College where the student body is composed of flappers and sheiks, and where the biggest issue is whether the school's football hero will be allowed to play in the big game against Colton despite his failing grade in astronomy. It's all silly, good-natured fun. There was an unsuccessful revival on Broadway in 1974 with Alice Faye and Gene Nelson. The MGM movie version of 1947 starred June Allyson, Peter Lawford and Mel Tormé.

GREASE

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey
DIRECTOR: Tom Moore
CHOREOGRAPHER: Patricia Birch
OPENED: 2/14/72, New York; a run of 3,388 performances

A surprise runaway hit reflecting the nostalgia fashion of the 1970s, *Grease* is the story of hip greaser Danny and his wholesome girl Sandy Dumbrowski; a loose plot that serves as an excuse for a light-hearted ride through the early rock 'n' roll of the 1950s. The show is currently the third longest running Broadway musical in history, after *A Chorus Line* and *Cats*. The 1978 movie version, starring John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John, is one of the top grossing musical movies of all time.

GUYS AND DOLLS

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Frank Loesser
BOOK: Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling
DIRECTOR: George S. Kaufman
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Kidd
OPENED: 11/24/50, New York; a run of 1,200 performances

Populated by the hard-shelled but soft-centered characters who inhabit the world of writer Damon Runyon, this "Musical Fable of Broadway" tells the tale of how Miss Sarah Brown of the Save-a-Soul Mission saves the souls of assorted Times Square riff-raff while losing her heart to the smooth-talking gambler, Sky Masterson. A more comic romance involves Nathan Detroit, who runs the "oldest established permanent floating crap game in New York," and Miss Adelaide, the star of the Hot Box nightclub (where she sings "Take Back Your Mink"), to whom he has been engaged for fourteen years, which explains her famous song, "Adelaide's Lament."

Guys and Dolls played on Broadway for 239 performances with an all black cast in 1976. In 1992, an enormously successful revival opened in New York, and a new cast recording was made of the show, with Faith Prince as Miss Adelaide. The 1955 film version stars Frank Sinatra, Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, and Vivian Blaine (the original Miss Adelaide).

GYPSY

MUSIC: Jule Styne
LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Arthur Laurents
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerome Robbins
OPENED: 5/21/59, New York; a run of 702 performances

Written for Ethel Merman, who gave the performance of her career as Gypsy Rose Lee's ruthless, domineering mother, *Gypsy* is one of the great scores in the mature musical comedy tradition. The idea for the musical began with producer David Merrick, who needed to read only one chapter in Miss Lee's autobiography to convince him of its stage potential. Originally, Stephen Sondheim was to have supplied the music as well as the lyrics, but Miss Merman, who had just come from a lukewarm production on Broadway, wanted the more experienced Jule Styne. In the story, Mama Rose is determined to escape from her humdrum life by pushing the vaudeville career of her daughter June. After June runs away to get married, she focuses all her attention on her other daughter, the previously neglected Louise. After a few years Louise turns into celebrated burlesque stripper Gypsy Rose Lee, and Rose suffers a breakdown when she realizes that she is no longer needed in her daughter's career ("Rose's Turn").

Gypsy also enjoyed a successful London engagement in 1973 with Angela Lansbury as Rose. This production opened in New York the following year and ran for 120 performances. Another revival, celebrating the 30th anniversary of the musical, with Tyne Daley in the Merman role, played in New York beginning in 1989 for 477 performances. (A new cast recording was released). A 1962 film version starred, alas, not Merman but Rosalind Russell.

HOUSE OF FLOWERS

MUSIC: Harold Arlen
BOOK LYRICS: Truman Capote
DIRECTOR: Peter Brook
CHOREOGRAPHER: Herbert Ross
OPENED: 12/20/54, New York; a run of 165 performances

This "musical Mardi Gras" provided a showcase for the talents of Pearl Bailey as Madame Fleur, a Carribean island madame whose "house of flowers" competed with the house of Madame Tango for the patronage of visiting sailors. Complications result when the girl Violet displays a preference for marrying her sweetheart to being sold to one of Fleur's wealthy clients. Capote wrote a short story based on his visits to the lively bordellos at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, which became the libretto for his only Broadway musical. Ottilie, originally played by Diahann Carroll, is the innocent girl who leaves the temptations of bordello life.

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Harold Rome
BOOK: Jerome Weidman
DIRECTOR: Arthur Laurents
CHOREOGRAPHER: Herbert Ross
OPENED: 3/22/62, New York; a run of 300 performances

Harry Bogen, the leading character in the show, is an unscrupulous conniver who uses and misuses people on his way to the top. Based on Jerome Weidman's bestselling novel, which the author adapted for the stage, the musical helped two young actors on their way to the top: Elliott Gould, who played Harry, and Barbra Streisand as the comedic, underappreciated secretary, Miss Marmelstein, in a supporting role and her Broadway debut. Set in New York's garment district in the 1930s, Harry rises in the business world through some shady deals until he finally outsmarts himself. At the end, though, there is a hint of redemption when he gets a new job and his estranged sweetheart, Ruthie, comes back to him. In "Who Knows" Ruthie is obviously trying to nudge her relationship with Harry along a bit.

MAME

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Jerry Herman
BOOK: Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee
DIRECTOR: Gene Sachs
CHOREOGRAPHER: Onna White
OPENED: 5/24/66, New York; a run of 1,508 performances

Ten years after premiering the comedy based on Patrick Dennis' fictional account of his free-wheeling *Auntie Mame*, playwrights Lawrence and Lee joined forces with Jerry Herman to transform their play into a hit musical. Angela Lansbury, after years of stage and screen performances, finally achieved her stardom in the title role. The show's big ballad, "If He Walked into My Life," is sung by Mame as she thinks that she's damaged her relationship with her now-grown nephew. A 1983 revival, also starring Miss Lansbury, had a brief run on Broadway. A film version, virtually the last old-fashioned musical movie made, was released in 1974, starring Lucille Ball and Robert Preston, and from the original cast, Bea Arthur. The non-musical film of the story, *Auntie Mame*, was released in 1957 and starred Rosalind Russell.

ME AND JULIET

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Alton
OPENED: 5/28/53, New York; a run of 358 performances

Me and Juliet was Rodgers and Hammerstein's valentine to show business, with its action — in *Kiss Me, Kate* fashion — taking place both backstage in a theatre and onstage during the performance of a play. Here the tale concerns a romance between a singer in the chorus and the assistant stage manager, whose newfound bliss is seriously threatened by the jealous electrician. A comic romantic subplot invovles the stage manager and the principal dancer. "We Deserve Each Other" is from the play portion of the show, with contemporary Carmen and Don José characters.

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: George Furth
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Larry Fuller
OPENED: 11/16/81, New York; a run of 16 performances

Founded on the George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart play of the same name, *Merrily We Roll Along* is an innovative conception in that it tells its tale backwards—from the present when Franklin Shepard is a rich, famous, but morally compromised film producer and composer, to his idealistic youth when he graduated from high school. The story centers around the enduring and changing friendship between three people. The Broadway production was not a success, but the tuneful score has gained a following.

LES MISÉRABLES

MUSIC: Claude-Michel Schönberg
LYRICS: Herbert Kretzmer and Alain Boublil
ORIGINAL FRENCH TEXT: Alain Boublil and Jean-Marc Natel
DIRECTORS: Trevor Nunn and John Caird
CHOREOGRAPHER: Kate Flatt
OPENED: 9/80, Paris; an initial run of 3 months; 10/8/85 , London; still running as of 6/1/93;
3/12/87, New York; still running as of 6/1/93

Les Misérables lends a pop opera texture to the 1200 page Victor Hugo epic novel of social injustice and the plight of the downtrodden. The original Parisian version contained only a few songs, and many more were added when the show opened in London. Thus, most of the show's songs were originally written in English. The plot is too rich to capsulize, but centers on Jean Valjean, who has gone to prison in previous years for stealing a loaf of bread, and takes place over several years in the first half of the 19th century. "I Dreamed a Dream" is sung by Fantine, ill and dying. Cosette, secretly in love with Marius, sings "On My Own."

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Rupert Holmes
DIRECTOR: Wilford Leach
CHOREOGRAPHER: Graciela Daniele
OPENED: 12/2/85, New York; a run of 608 performances

Rupert Holmes' lifelong fascination with Charles Dickens' unfinished novel was the catalyst for the play. Since there were no clues as to Drood's murderer or even if a murder had been committed, Holmes decided to let the audience provide the show's ending by voting how it turns out. The writer's second major decision was to offer the musical as if it were being performed by an acting company at London's Music Hall Royale in 1873, complete with such conventions as a Chairman (George Rose) to comment on the action and a woman (Betty Buckley) to play the part of Edwin Drood. The show was notable for the appearance of jazz legend Cleo Laine as the eccentric and mysterious Princess Puffer. On November 13, 1986, in an attempt to attract more theatre-goers, the musical's title was changed to *Drood.*

NINE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Maury Yeston
BOOK: Arthur Kopit, Mario Fratti
DIRECTOR: Tommy Tune
CHOREOGRAPHERS: Tommy Tune and Thommie Walsh
OPENED: 5/9/82, New York; a run of 732 performances

The influence of the director-choreographer was emphasized again with Tommy Tune's highly stylized, visually striking production of *Nine*, which, besides being a feast for the eyes is also one of the very few non-Sondheim Broadway scores to have true musical substance and merit from the 1970s and 1980s. The musical evolved from Yeston's fascination with Federico Fellini's semi-autobiographical 1963 film *8 1/2*. The story spotlights Guido Contini, a celebrated but tormented director in a mid-life crisis who has come to a Venetian spa for a rest, and his relationships with his wife, his mistress, his protégé, his producer, and his mother. Luisa, Guido's wife, sings about her unusual husband near the beginning of the show in "My Husband Makes Movies."

NO STRINGS

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Richard Rodgers
BOOK: Samuel Taylor
DIRECTOR & CHOREOGRAPHER: Joe Layton
OPENED: 3/15/62, New York; a run of 580 performances

Richard Rodgers' first musical after the death of his partner, Oscar Hammerstein II, and the only Broadway production in his long career for which the composer also served as his own lyricist. *No Strings* offered such innovations as hiding the orchestra backstage, featuring instrumentalists onstage to accompany the singers, having the principals and chorus move scenery and props in full view of the audience, and—to conform to the play's title—eliminating the orchestra's string section. The libretto is of a love affair between a fashion model (Diahann Carroll), and a former Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist, now a "Europe bum" (Richard Kiley). In the end, after enjoying the good life in Monte Carlo, Honfleir, Deauville, and St. Tropez, the writer, with no strings attached, returns home to the U.S. Though because of casting, the show was about an interracial romance, this was never commented on in the script. "The Sweetest Sounds" opens the show, sung as a kind of an overture to the evening.

OLIVER!

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Lionel Bart
DIRECTOR: Peter Coe
OPENED: 6/30/60, London; a run of 2,618 performances; 1/6/63, New York; a run of 744 performances

Oliver! established Lionel Bart as Britain's outstanding musical theatre talent of the 1960s when the musical opened in London. Until overtaken by *Jesus Christ Superstar*, *Oliver!* set the record as the longest-running musical in British history. Based on Charles Dickens' novel about the orphan Oliver Twist and his adventures as one of Fagin's pickpocketing crew, *Oliver!* also had the longest run of any British musical presented in New York in the 1960s. The show was revived on Broadway in 1984. In 1968, it was made into an Academy Award-winning movie produced by Columbia. "As Long As He Needs Me" is Nancy's song about her rough and abusive man, Bill Sykes.

ON THE TOWN

MUSIC: Leonard Bernstein
BOOK AND LYRICS: Betty Comden and Adolph Green
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerome Robbins
OPENED: 12/28/44, New York; a run of 463 performances

This major show was the Broadway debut of some very major talents: composer Leonard Bernstein, choreographer Jerome Robbins, and writers Betty Comden and Adolph Green. It was based on the Robbins-Bernstein ballet from the previous year, *Fancy Free*. The story is of three sailors on a 24 hour leave in New York City. They each meet a girl, of course. One of the boys, Chip, meets a cab driver named Hildy. They hit it off. Hildy brings Chip to her apartment, and is anxious to show off her relationship qualifications, and by the way, she can cook too. The 1949 film version largely replaced Bernstein's score.

ONCE UPON A MATTRESS

MUSIC: Mary Rodgers
LYRICS: Marshall Barer
BOOK: Jay Thompson, Dean Fuller and Marshall Barer
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGAPHER: Joe Layton
OPENED: 5/11/59, New York; a run of 460 performances

Once Upon a Mattress was first created as a one act musical by Mary Rodgers (daughter of Richard Rodgers) and Marshall Barer at an adult summer camp. They expanded the work, based on the fairy tale "The Princess and the Pea," into a full evening's entertainment that is notable as the stage debut of Carol Burnett as Princess Winnifred. Queen Agravain has ruled that her son will only marry someone of royal blood. Winnifred spends a sleepless night, disturbed by one lone pea, planted by the queen, under a pile of mattresses. Actually, an accomplice had secretly stuffed the bed with an arsenol of uncomfortability. In "Shy" Princess Winnifred introduces herself.

PETER PAN

MUSIC: Mark Charlap, additional music by Jule Styne
LYRICS: Carolyn Leigh, additional lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerome Robbins
OPENED: 10/20/54, New York; a run of 152 performances

Although many actresses have portrayed Peter Pan in almost as many productions, Mary Martin and this version of the story are perhaps the best known and loved. In spite of a modest run on Broadway, this production found a vast new audience through numerous television broadcasts. Peter Pan was first presented in New York in 1905 with Maude Adams as Peter, revived in 1924 with Marilyn Miller, who added two Jerome Kern songs to the show. In 1950 Jean Arthur played Peter to Boris Karloff's Captain Hook, with five songs by Leonard Bernstein. A 1979 revival of the 1954 musical ran 551 performances and starred Sandy Duncan.

PLAIN AND FANCY

MUSIC: Albert Hague
LYRICS: Arnold B. Horwitt
BOOK: Joseph Stein and Will Glickman
DIRECTOR: Morton Da Costa
CHOREOGRAPHER: Helen Tamiris
OPENED: 1/27/55, New York; a run of 461 performances

The setting of *Plain and Fancy* was Amish country in Pennsylvania, where two worldly New Yorkers (Richard Derr and Shirl Conway) have gone to sell a farm they had inherited—but not before they had a chance to meet the God-fearing people and appreciate their simple but unyielding way of living. The warm and atmospheric score was composed by Albert Hague, familiar to television viewers as the bearded music teacher in the series *Fame*.

THE SECRET GARDEN

MUSIC: Lucy Simon
LYRICS AND BOOK: Marsha Norman
DIRECTOR: Susan H. Schulman
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Lichtefeld
OPENED: 4/25/91, New York; 706 performances

Based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett, the story is of an orphaned child, Mary Lennox, who is sent to live with her uncle Archibald in Yorkshire in the nineteenth century. He is absorbed in grief over the death of his young wife ten years earlier, and the house is gloomy and mysterious. Mary finds her dead aunt's "secret garden," passionately nurtures it to life, and Archie also comes back to life once he can let go of his grief. The song "Hold On" is sung by the warm and caring servant Martha, in her local Yorkshire accent, to the frightened and insecure Mary.

SHE LOVES ME

MUSIC: Jerry Bock
LYRICS: Sheldon Harnick
BOOK: Joe Masteroff
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Carol Haney
OPENED: 4/23/63, New York; a run of 301 performances

The closely integrated, melody drenched score of *She Loves Me* is certainly one of the best ever written for a musical comedy. It was based on a Hungarian play, *Parfumerie*, by Miklos Laszlo, that had already been used as the basis for two films, *The Shop Around the Corner* and *In the Good Old Summertime* (with a change of locale to the U.S.) Set in the 1930s in what could only be Budapest, the tale is of the people who work in Maraczek's Parfumerie, principally the constantly quabbling sales clerk Amalia Balash (Barbara Cook) and the manager Georg Nowack (Daniel Massey). It is soon revealed that they are anonymous pen pals who agree to meet one night at the Café Imperiale, though neither knows the other's identity. Ilona is an illiterate clerk at the store, a comic but attractive recipient of the attention of men. Taking the advice of her friend, Amalia, she makes a trip to the library, and well...The musical is well represented on the original cast album, which on two disks preserves practically every note of the show's music.

SONG AND DANCE

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Don Black, Richard Maltby Jr.
ADAPTATION: Richard Maltby Jr.
DIRECTOR: Richard Maltby Jr.
CHOREOGRAPHER: Peter Martins
OPENED: 9/18/85, New York; a run of 474 performances

The "Dance" of the title originated in 1979 when Andrew Lloyd Webber composed a set of variations on Paganini's A minor Capriccio that seemed to him to be perfect for a ballet. The "Song" originated a year later with a one-woman television show, *Tell Me on a Sunday*, which consisted entirely of musical pieces. Two years after that both works were presented together in London as a full evening's entertainment, now connected with a bit of plot. In New York, this unconventional package won high praise for Bernadette Peters, whose task in Act I was to create, without dialogue or other actors, the character of a free-spirited English girl who has dalliances in America with four men.

SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK AND DIRECTION: James Lapine
OPENED: 5/2/84, New York; a run of 604 performances

The centerpiece of this ambitious show is George Seurat's great painting "A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte." It is an intimate and personal musical concerned with the creative process itself, its obsessions, consequences, and rewards. The piece received the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1985. An adaptation of the Broadway production (starring Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters) was made for television, and is available for purchase on videotape. "Everybody Loves Louis," sung by Dot after she and George have split up, is about her new beau, Louis, the baker.

THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG

MUSIC: Marvin Hamlisch
LYRICS: Carole Bayer Sager
BOOK: Neil Simon
DIRECTOR: Robert Moore
CHOREOGRAPHER: Patricia Birch
OPENED: 2/11/79, New York; a run of 1,082 performances

They're Playing Our Song was based in part on composer Marvin Hamlisch's often tempestuous romance with lyricist Carole Bayer Sager. In the quasi-drame à clef musical, Vernon Gersch, a wise-cracking neurotic song writer, and Sonia Walsk, a wise-cracking, neurotic lyric writer, try to have both a professional and personal relationship, despite constant interruptions caused by telephone calls from Sonia's former lover. To tell their story, the authors hit upon the notion of having only two real characters in the musical, though each has three singing alter egos, and their songs express how they feel about their work as well as about each other.

VICTOR/VICTORIA

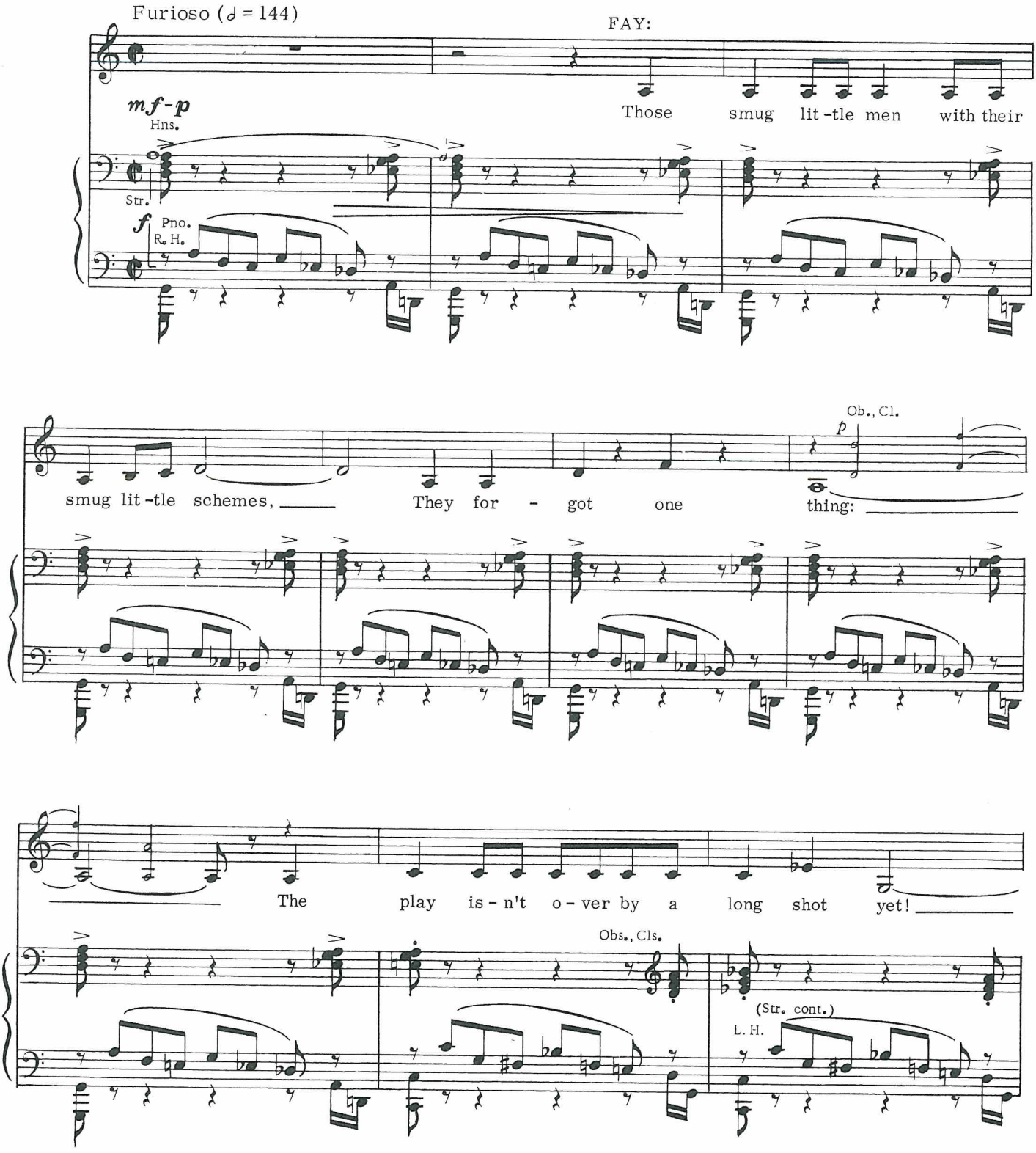
MUSIC: Henry Mancini; additonal musical material by Frank Wildhorn
LYRICS: Leslie Bricusse
BOOK: Blake Edwards
DIRECTOR: Blake Edwards
CHOREOGRAPHER: Rob Marshall
OPENED: 10/25/95, New York; a run of 734 performances

After a 35-year absence, Julie Andrews made her ballyhooed return to Broadway in this stage adaptation of her 1982 film musical, directed and co-written by her husband, Blake Edwards. Desperate for a job in Depression-era Paris, singer Victoria (Andrews) is persuaded by her friend, the aging self-described "drag queen" Toddy, to pose as a female impersonator named Victor—making her a woman pretending to be a man pretending to be a woman. (S)he's a smash, and attracts the attentions of a Chicago gangster who feels strangely attracted to "Victor." The gangster's randy girlfriend tries to rekindle his interest with the comically bawdy "Paris Makes Me Horny," running down a list of other cities and what they're good for—but always returning to the title refrain.

THERE WON'T BE TRUMPETS

from *Anyone Can Whistle*

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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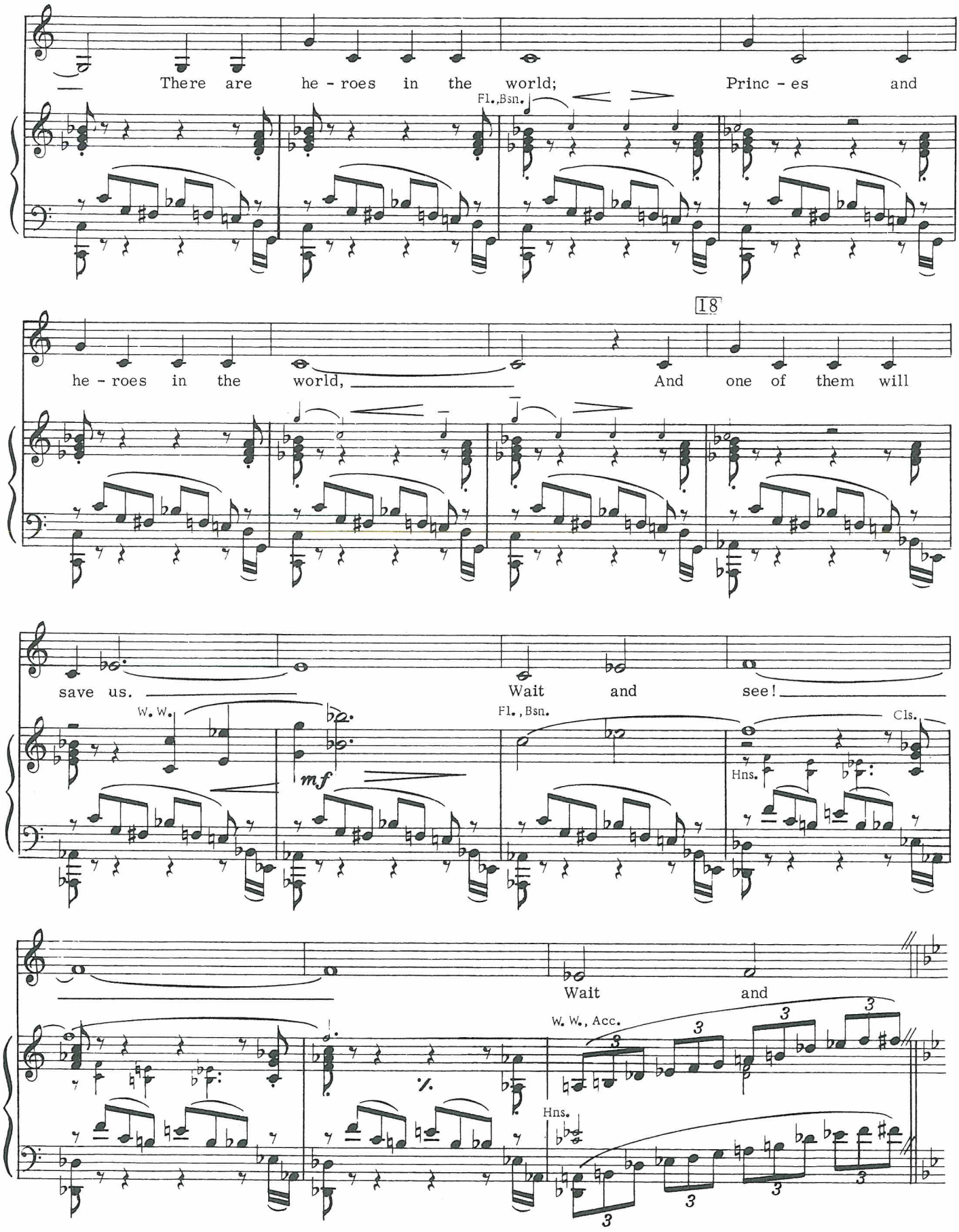
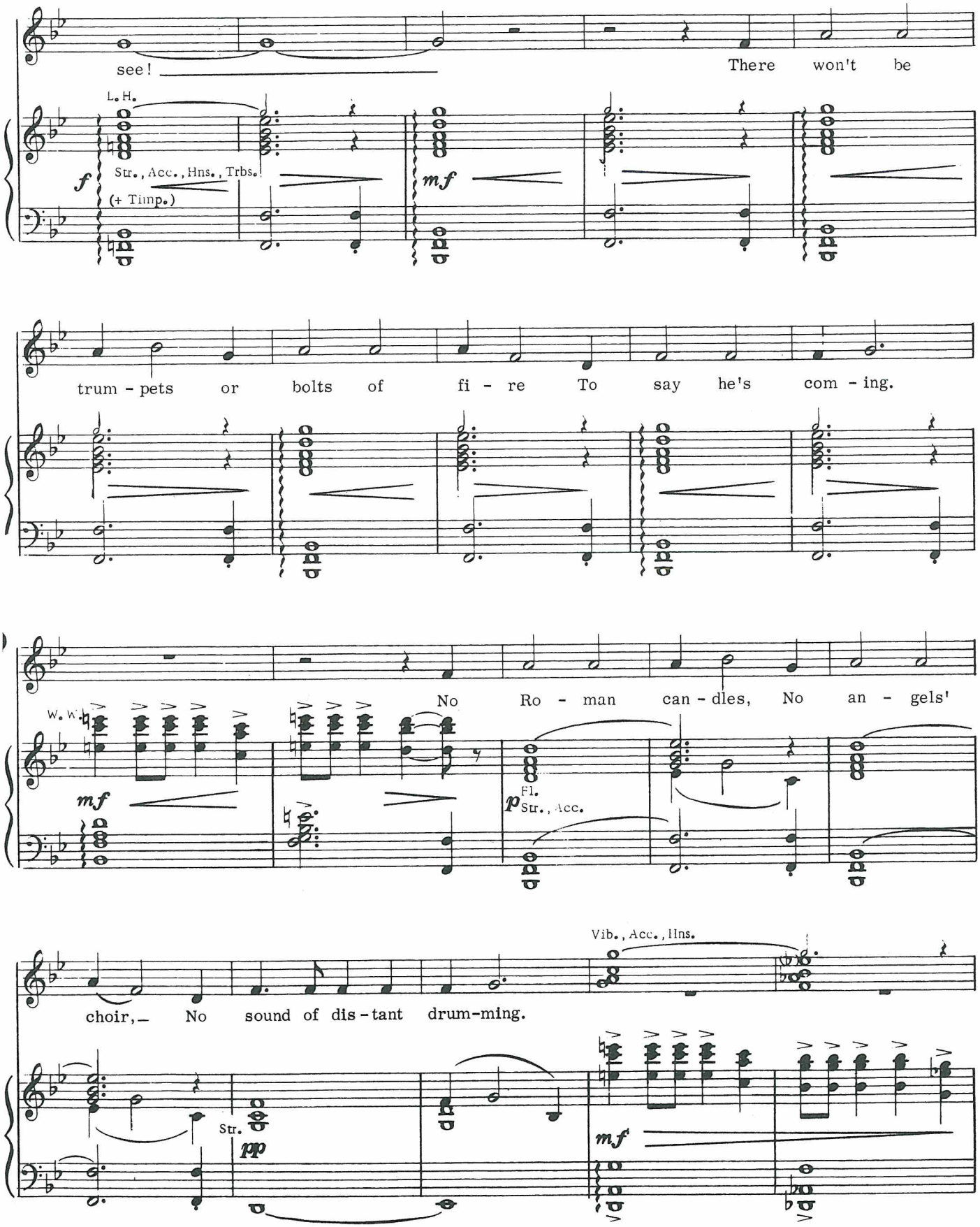
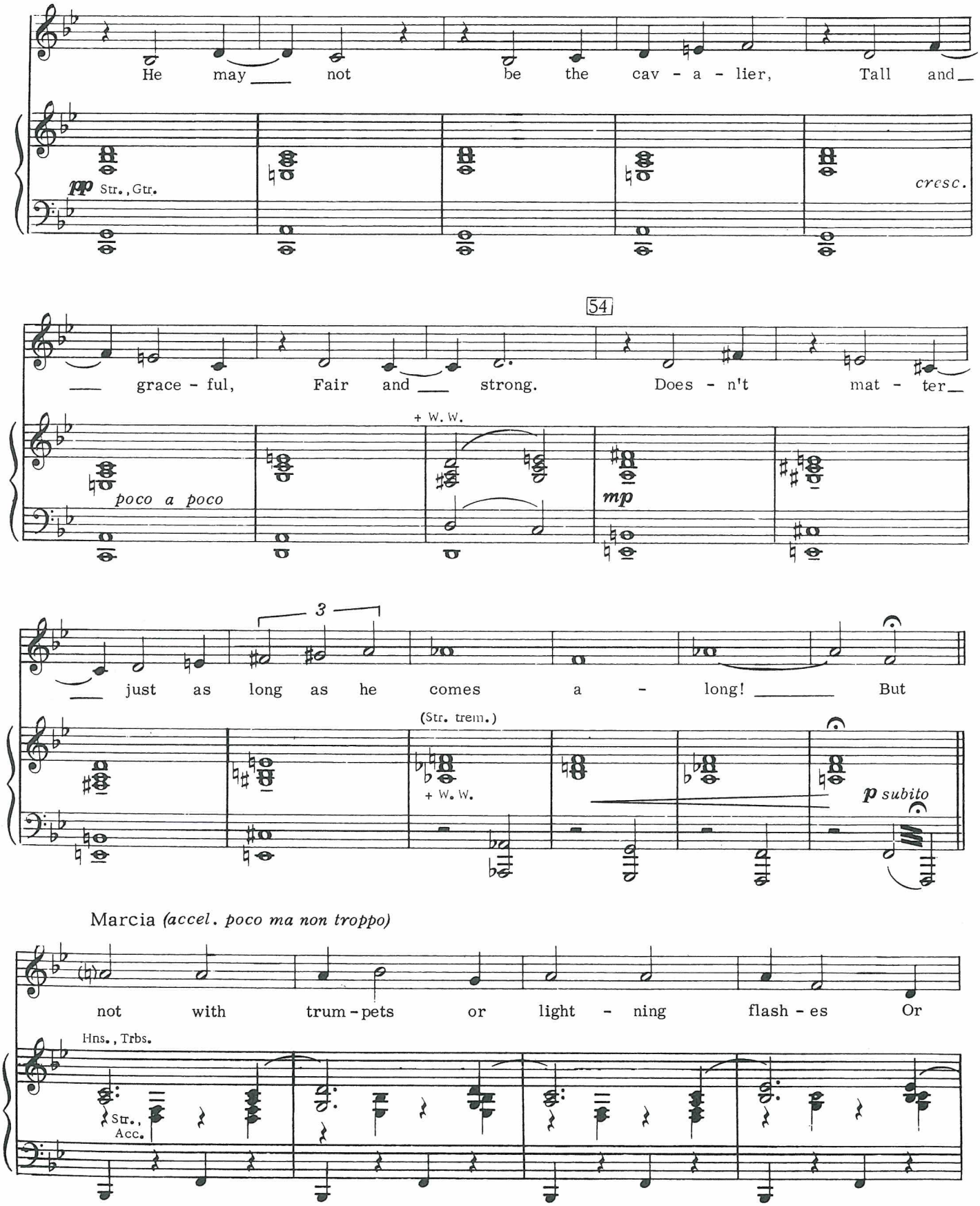
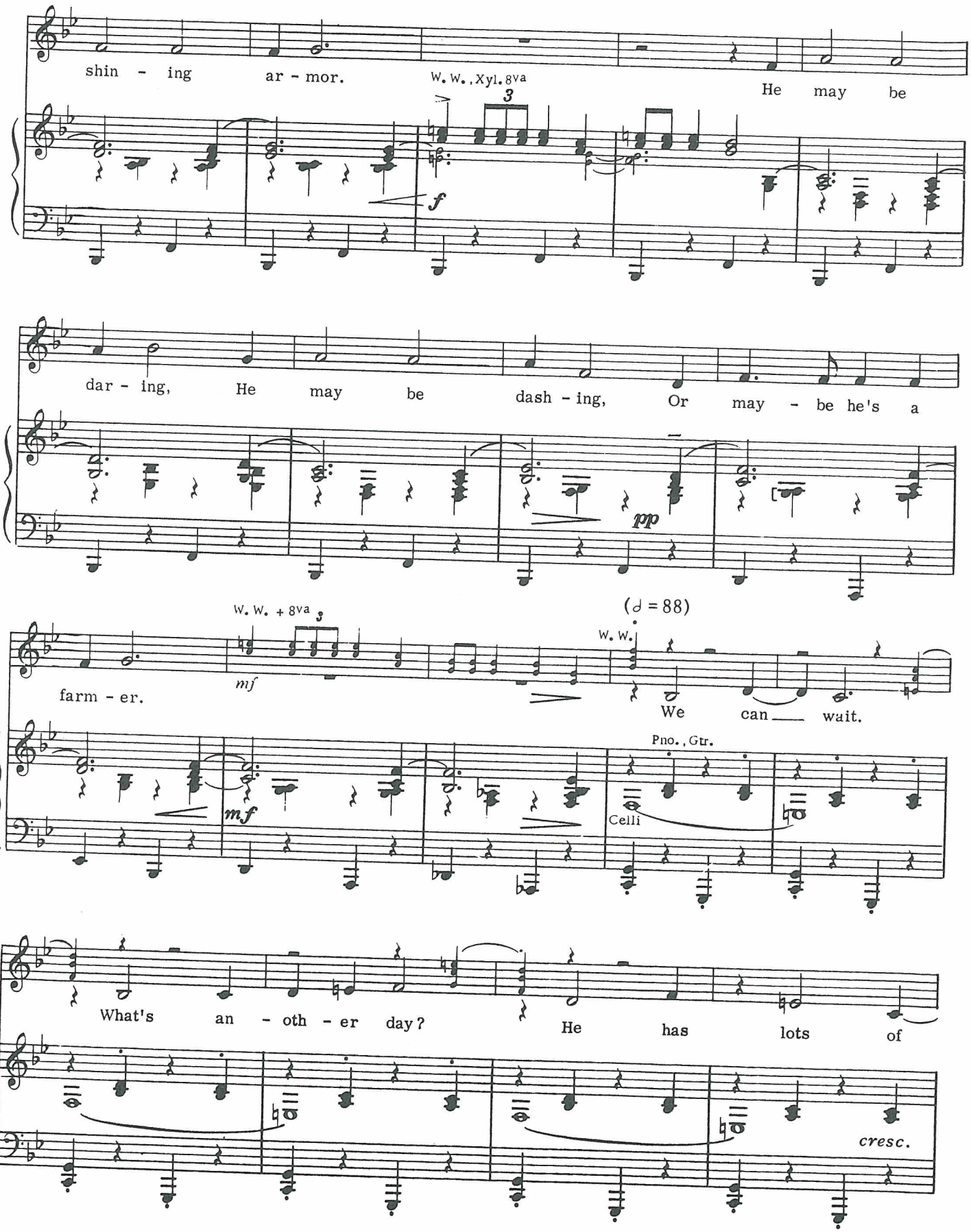
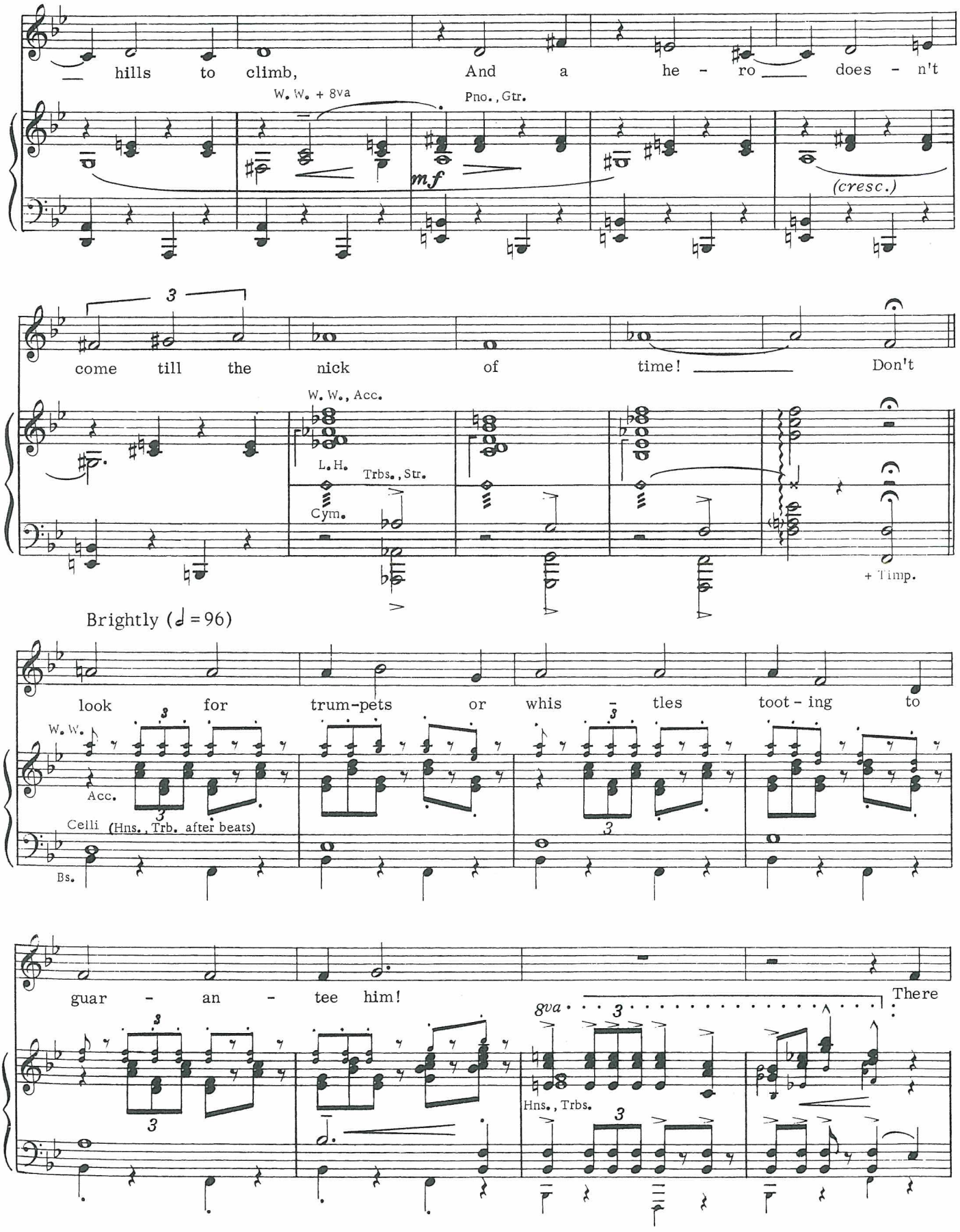
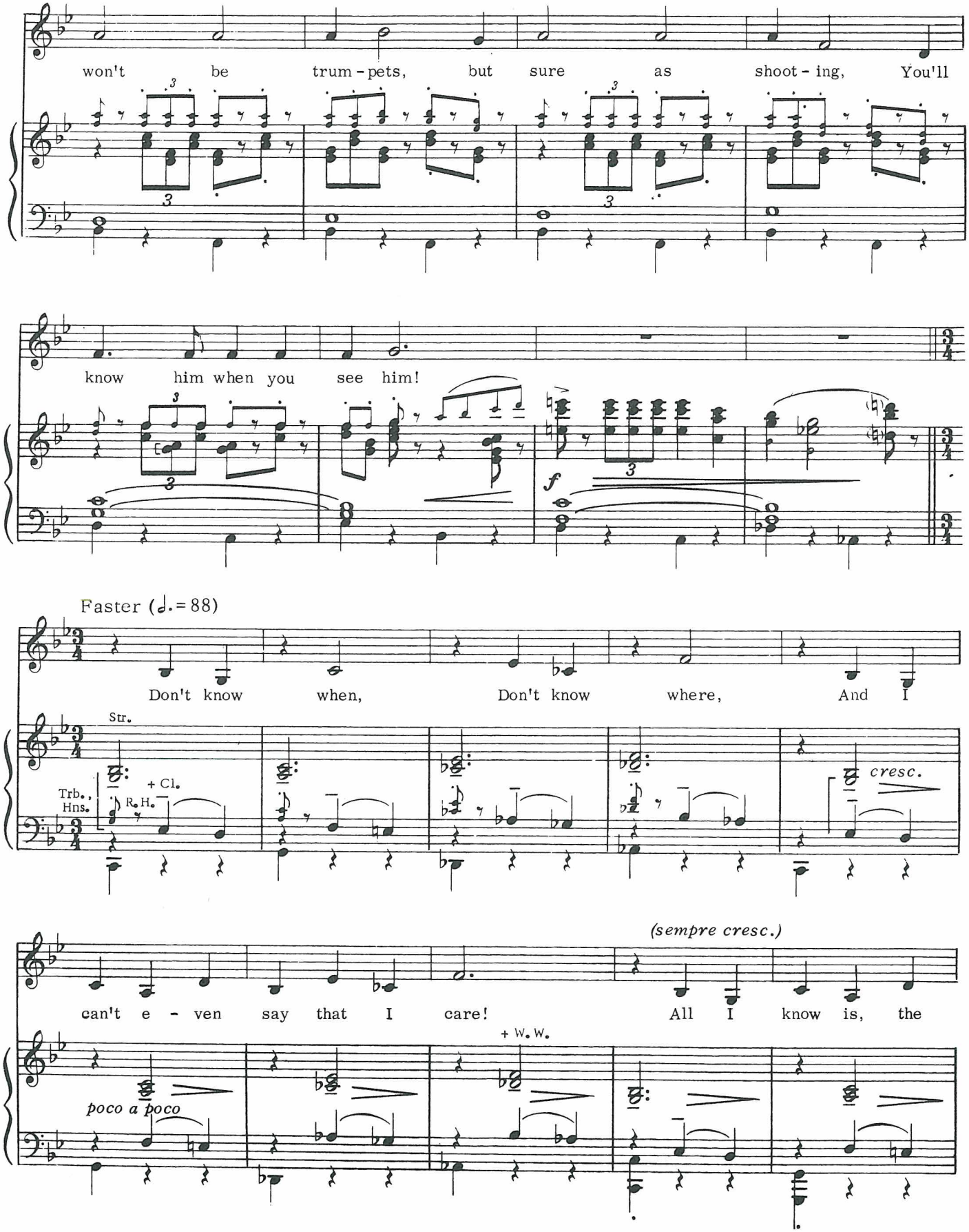

There are he - roes in the world; Princ - es and
Fl., Bsn.
18
he - roes in the world, And one of them will
save us. Wait and see!
W. W.
mf
Fl., Bsn.
Cls.
Hns.
Wait and
W. W., Acc.
Hns.

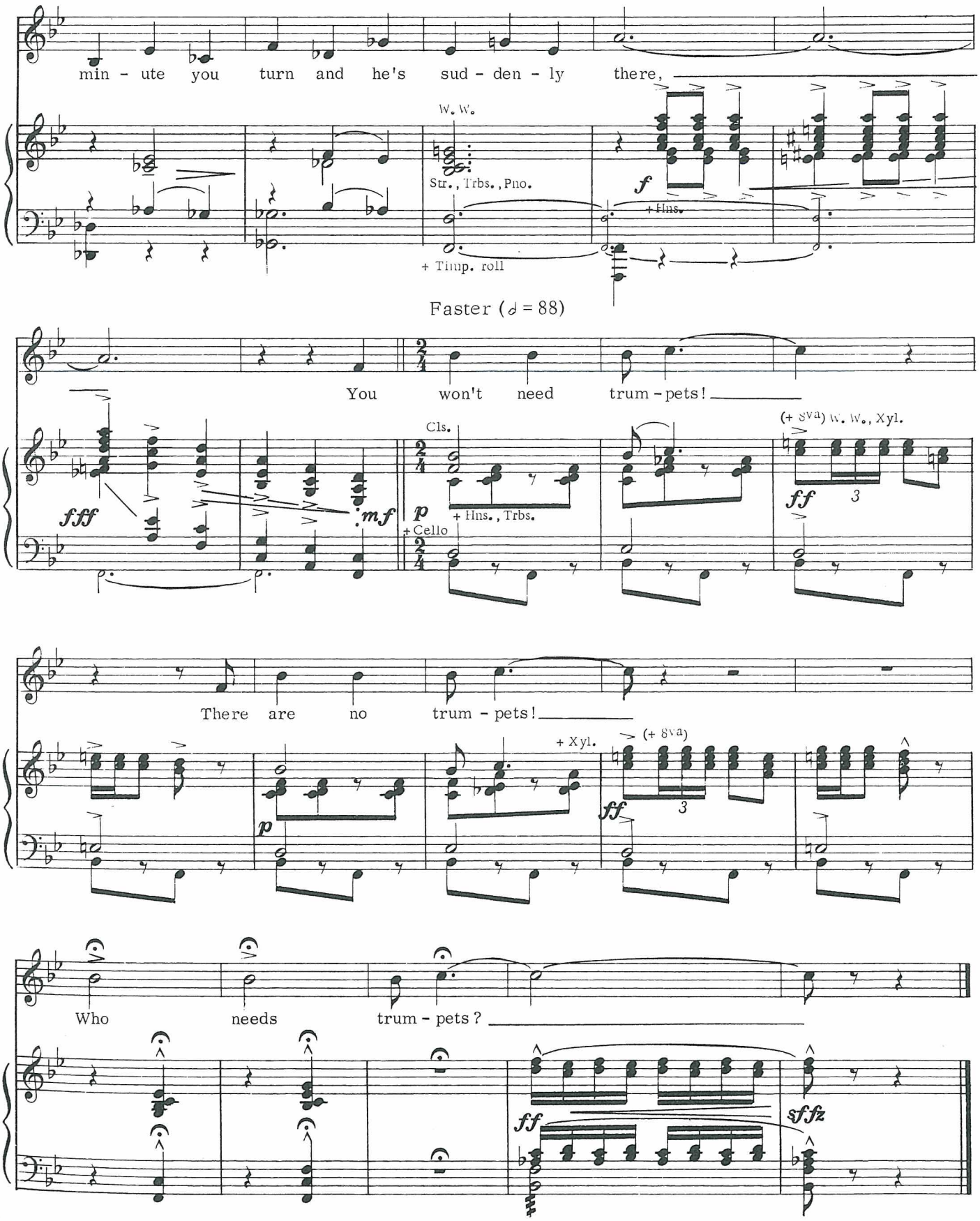

see!
There won't be
L. H.
f
Str., Acc., Hns., Trbs.
(+ Timp.)
mf
trum - pets or bolts of fi - re To say he's com - ing.
No Ro - man can - dles, No an - gels'
W. W.
mf
p
Fl.
Str., Acc.
Vib., Acc., Hns.
choir, No sound of dis - tant drum-ming.
Str.
pp
mf


He may not be the cav - a - lier, Tall and
pp Str., Gtr.
cresc.
54
grace - ful, Fair and strong. Does - n't mat - ter
poco a poco
+ W. W.
mp
3
just as long as he comes a - long! But
(Str. trem.)
+ W. W.
p subito
Marcia (accel. poco ma non troppo)
not with trum - pets or light - ning flash - es Or
Hns., Trbs.
Str., Acc.


shin - ing ar - mor.
W. W., Xyl. 8va
3
He may be
f
dar - ing, He may be dash - ing, Or may - be he's a
pp
W. W. + 8va
3
(♩ = 88)
W. W.
mf
farm - er.
We can wait.
Pno., Gtr.
mf
Celli
What's an - oth - er day?
He has lots of
cresc.


hills to climb, And a he - ro does - n't
W. W. + 8va
Pno., Gtr.
mf
(cresc.)
come till the nick of time! Don't
W. W., Acc.
L. H.
Trbs., Str.
Cym.
+ Timp.
Brightly (♩ = 96)
look for trum-pets or whis - tles toot - ing to
W. W.
Acc.
Celli (Hns., Trb. after beats)
Bs.
guar - an - tee him!
There
8va
Hns., Trbs.

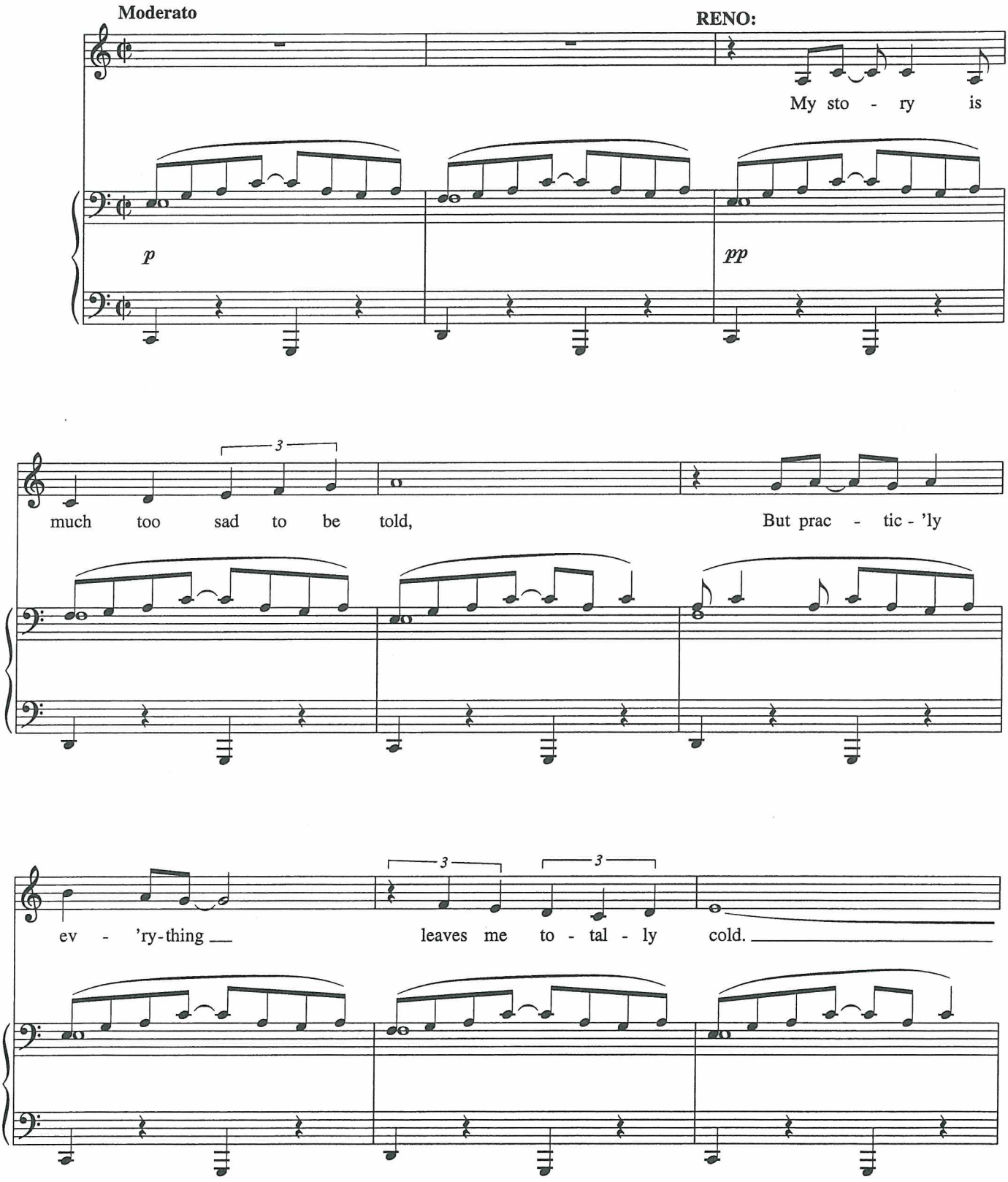

won't be trum - pets, but sure as shoot - ing, You'll
know him when you see him!
f
Faster (♩.= 88)
Don't know when, Don't know where, And I
Str.
+ Cl.
R. H.
Trb., Hns.
cresc.
(sempre cresc.)
can't e - ven say that I care! All I know is, the
poco a poco
+ W. W.


min - ute you turn and he's sud - den - ly there,
W. W.
Str., Trbs., Pno.
+ Timp. roll
+ Hns.
Faster (♩ = 88)
You won't need trum - pets!
Cls.
+ Hns., Trbs.
+ Cello
(+ 8va) W. W., Xyl.
There are no trum - pets!
+ Xyl.
(+ 8va)
Who needs trum - pets?

I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU

from *Anything Goes*

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER



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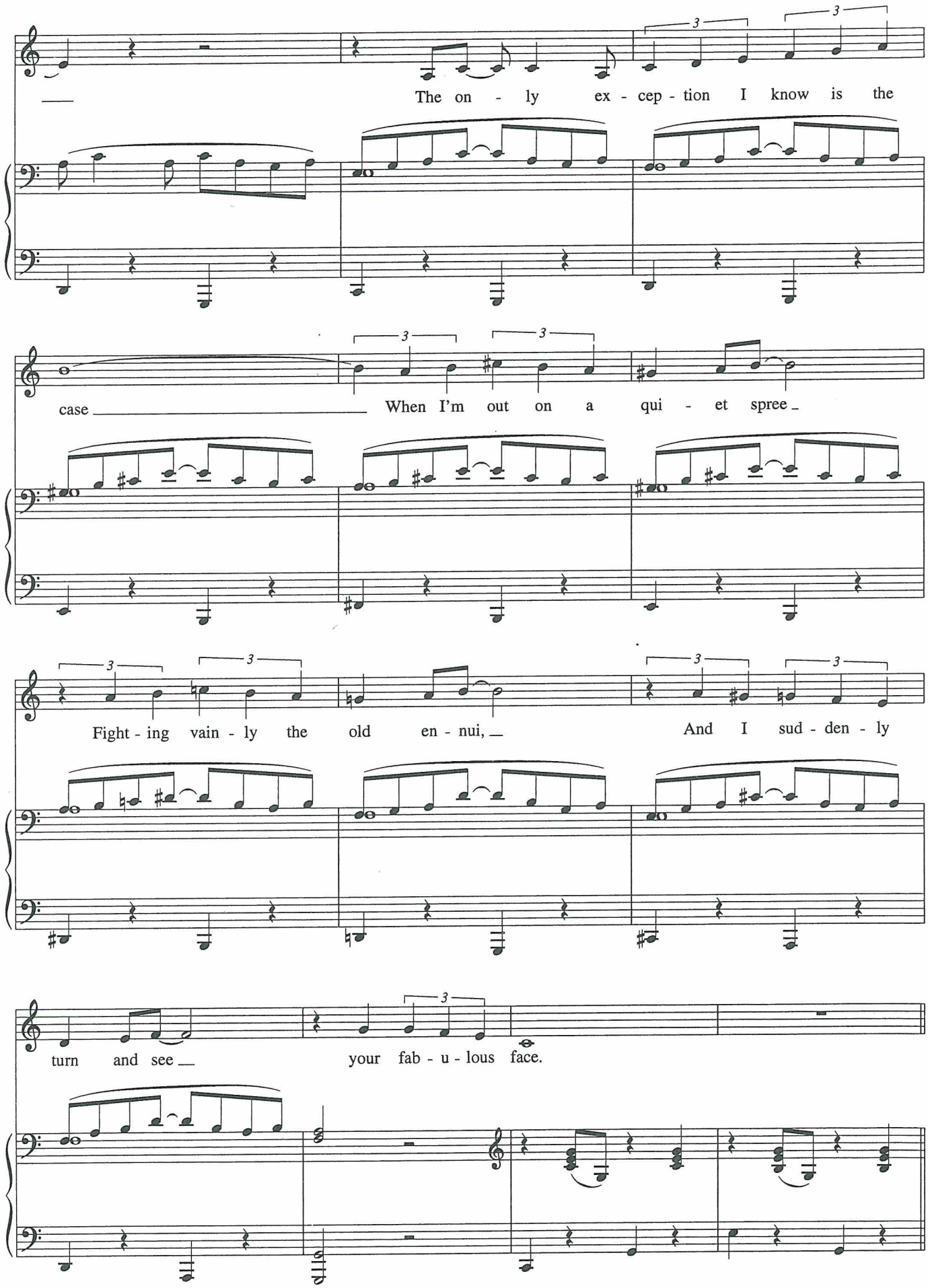
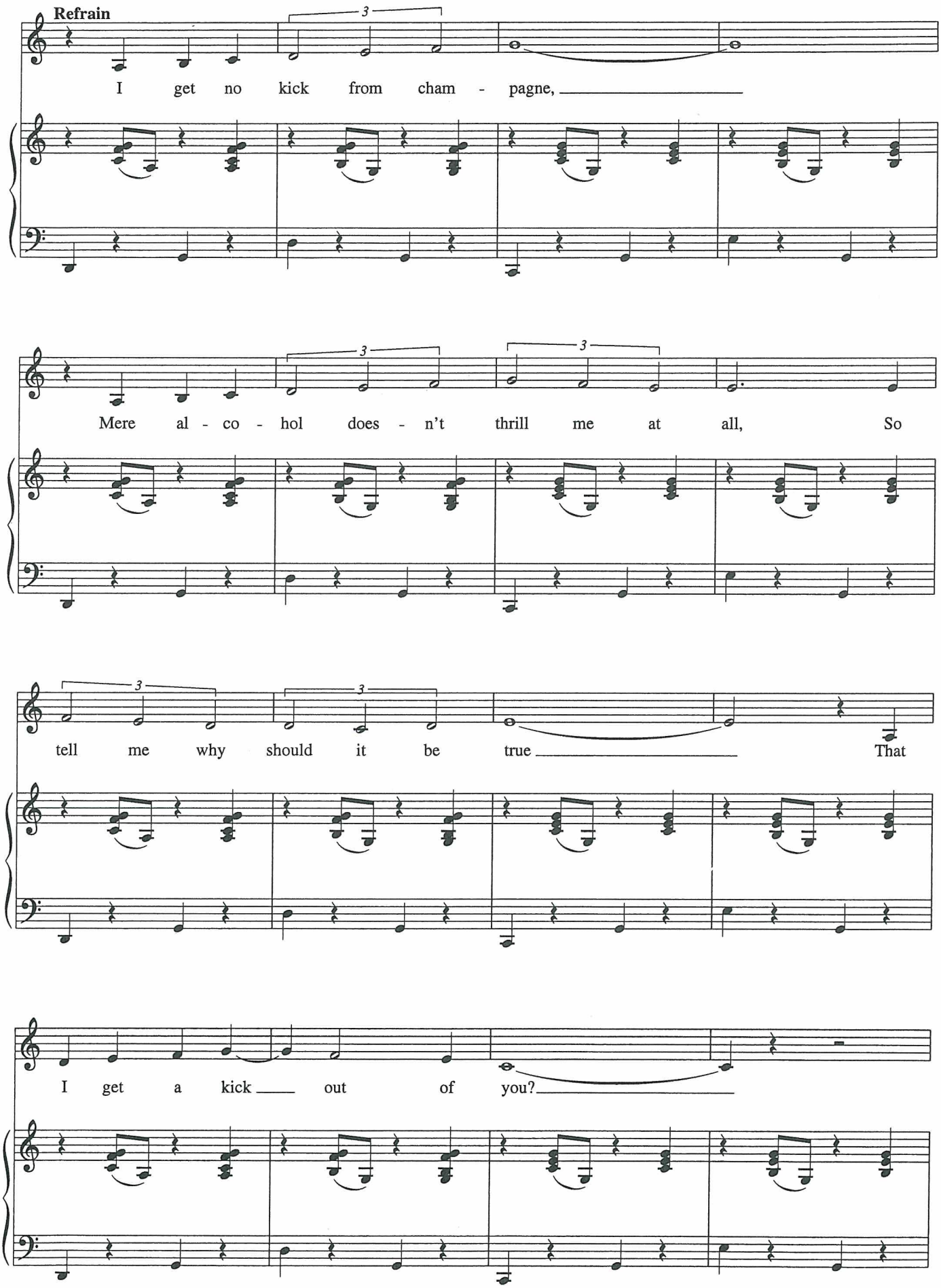
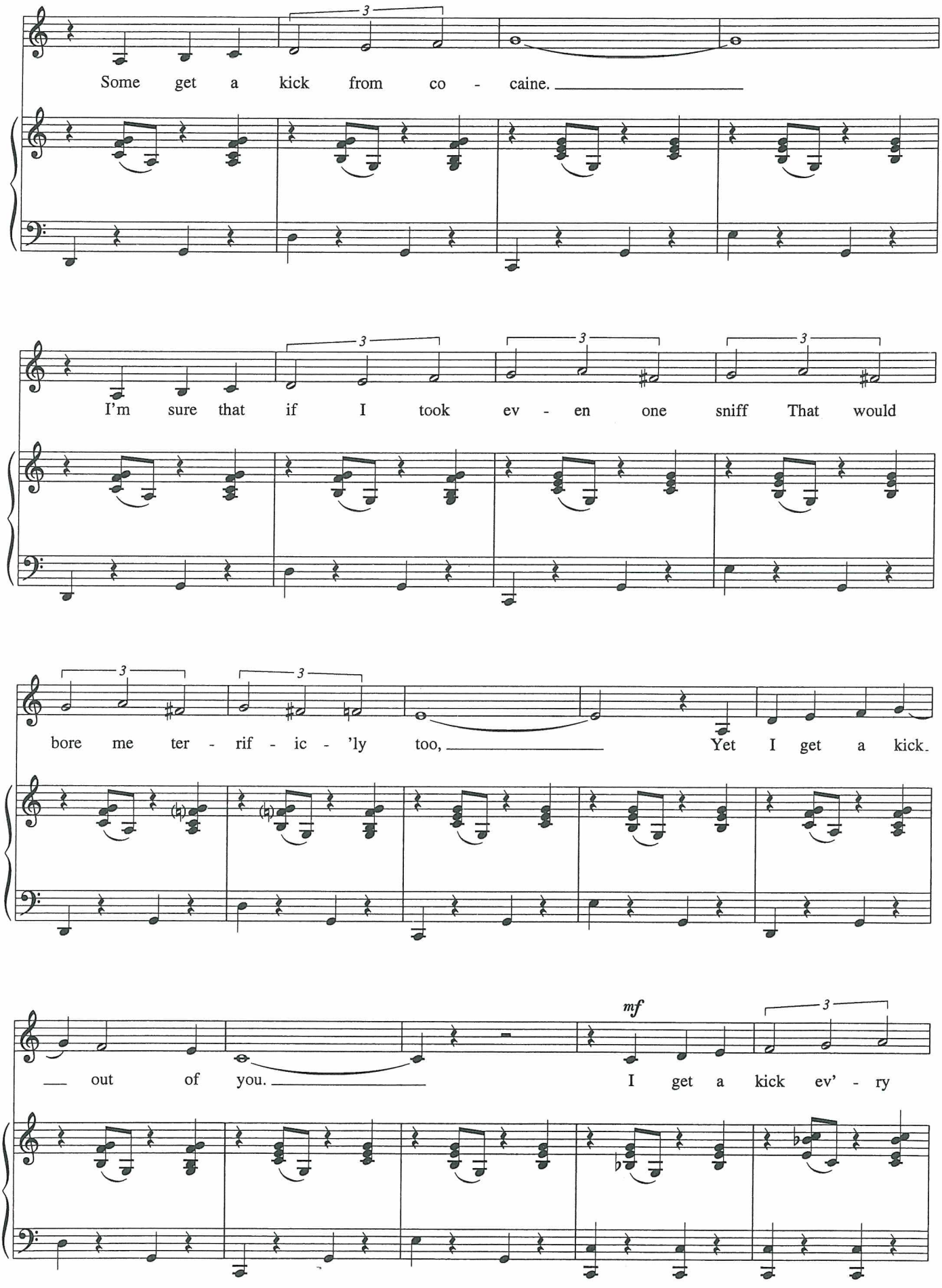
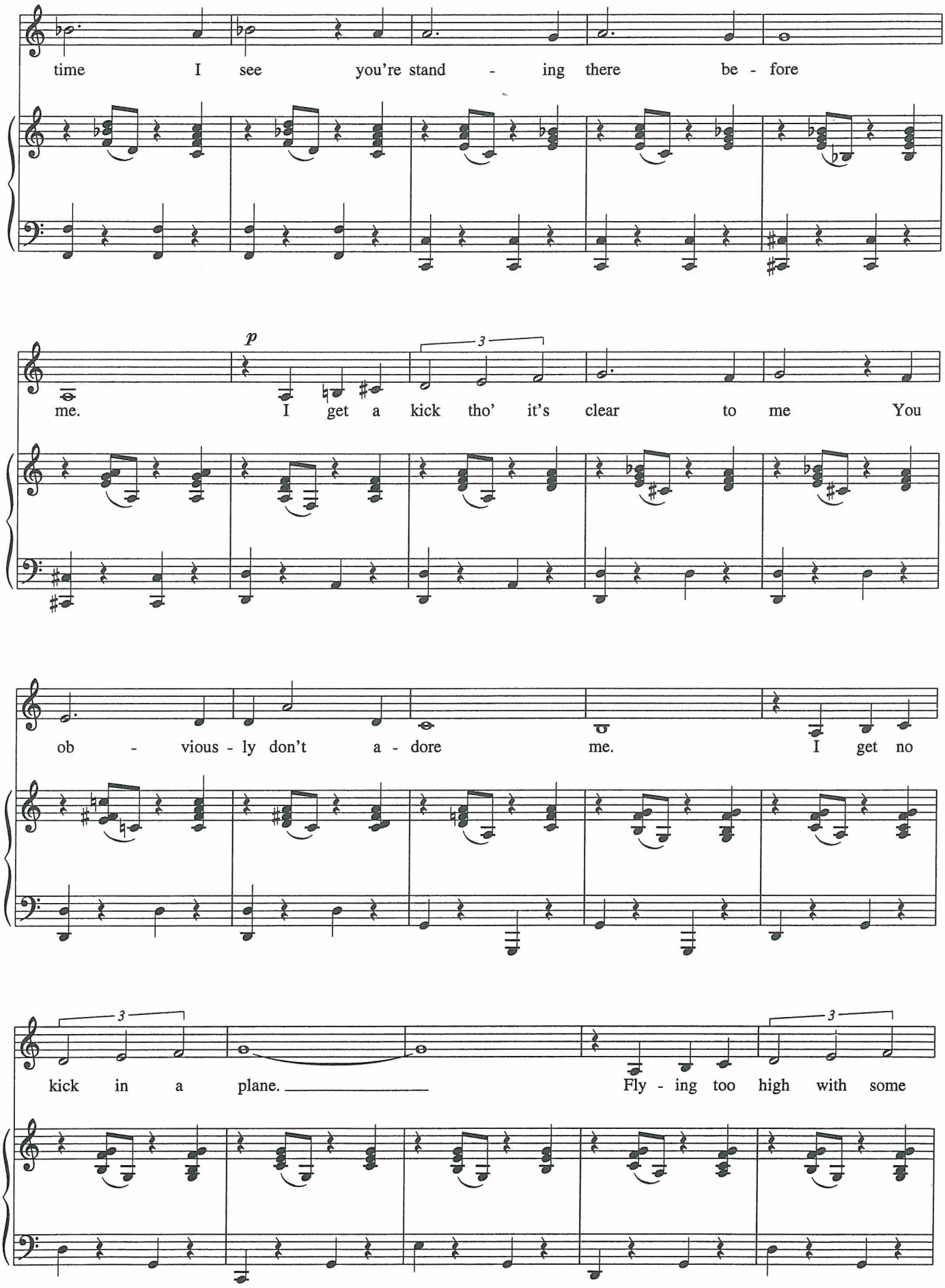
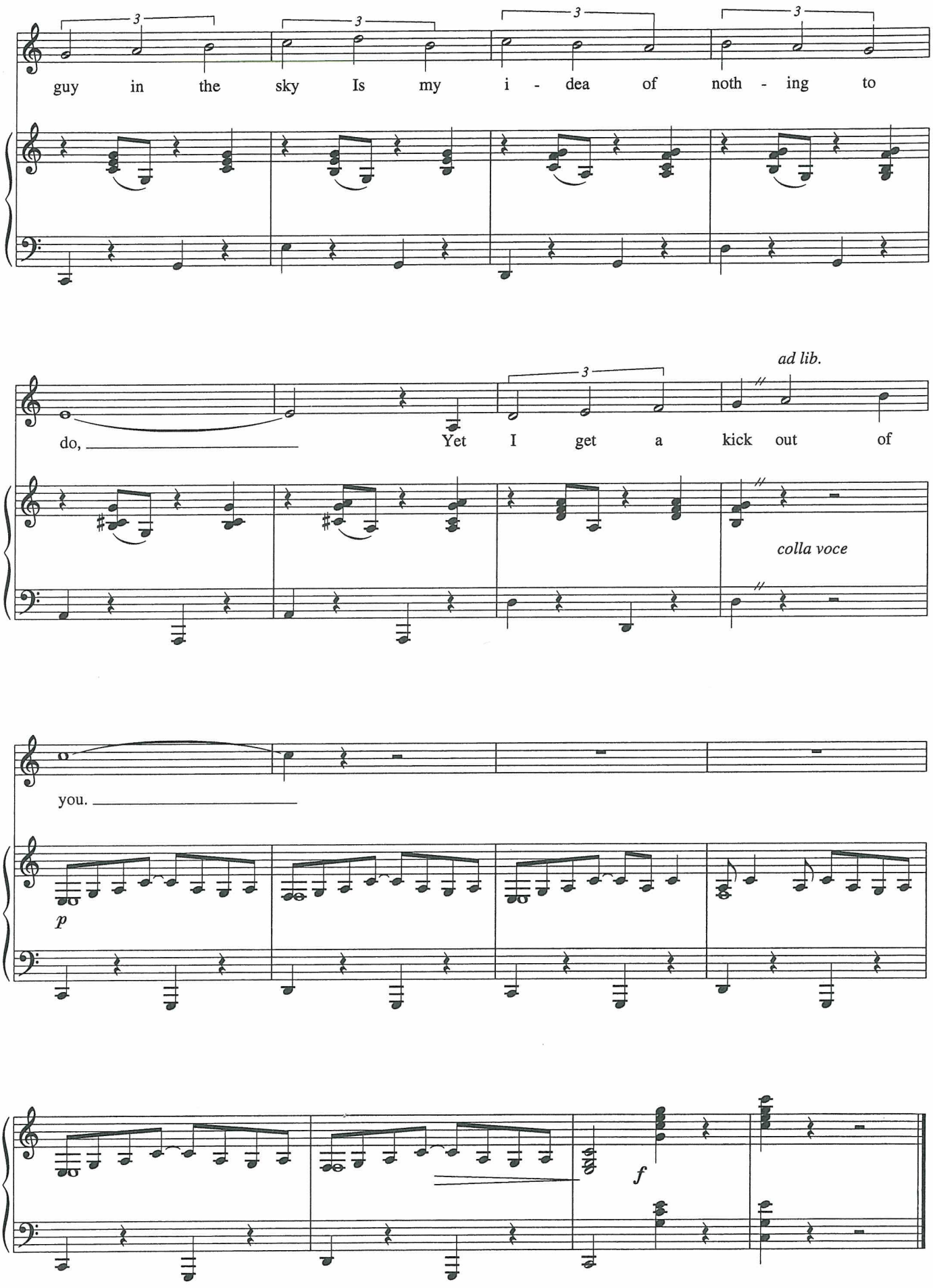

The on - ly ex - cep - tion I know is the
case When I'm out on a qui - et spree
Fight - ing vain - ly the old en - nui, And I sud - den - ly
turn and see your fab - u - lous face.


Refrain
I get no kick from cham - pagne,
Mere al - co - hol does - n't thrill me at all, So
tell me why should it be true That
I get a kick out of you?


Some get a kick from co - caine.
I'm sure that if I took ev - en one sniff That would
bore me ter - rif - ic - 'ly too, Yet I get a kick
out of you. I get a kick ev' - ry
mf

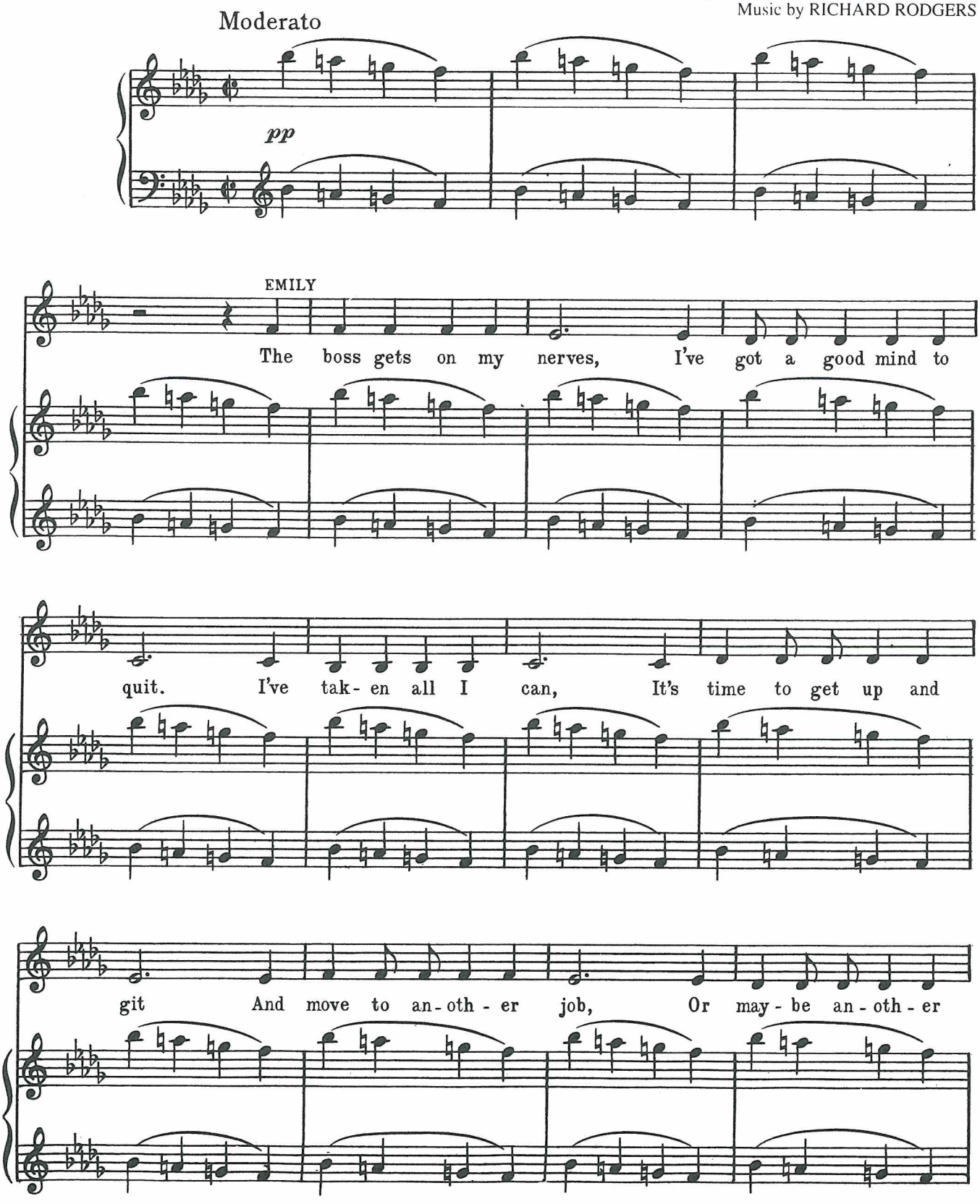

time I see you're stand - ing there be - fore
p
me. I get a kick tho' it's clear to me You
ob - vious - ly don't a - dore me. I get no
kick in a plane. Fly - ing too high with some


guy in the sky Is my i - dea of noth - ing to
do, Yet I get a kick out of
ad lib.
colla voce
you.
p
f

THE GENTLEMAN IS A DOPE

from *Allegro*

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



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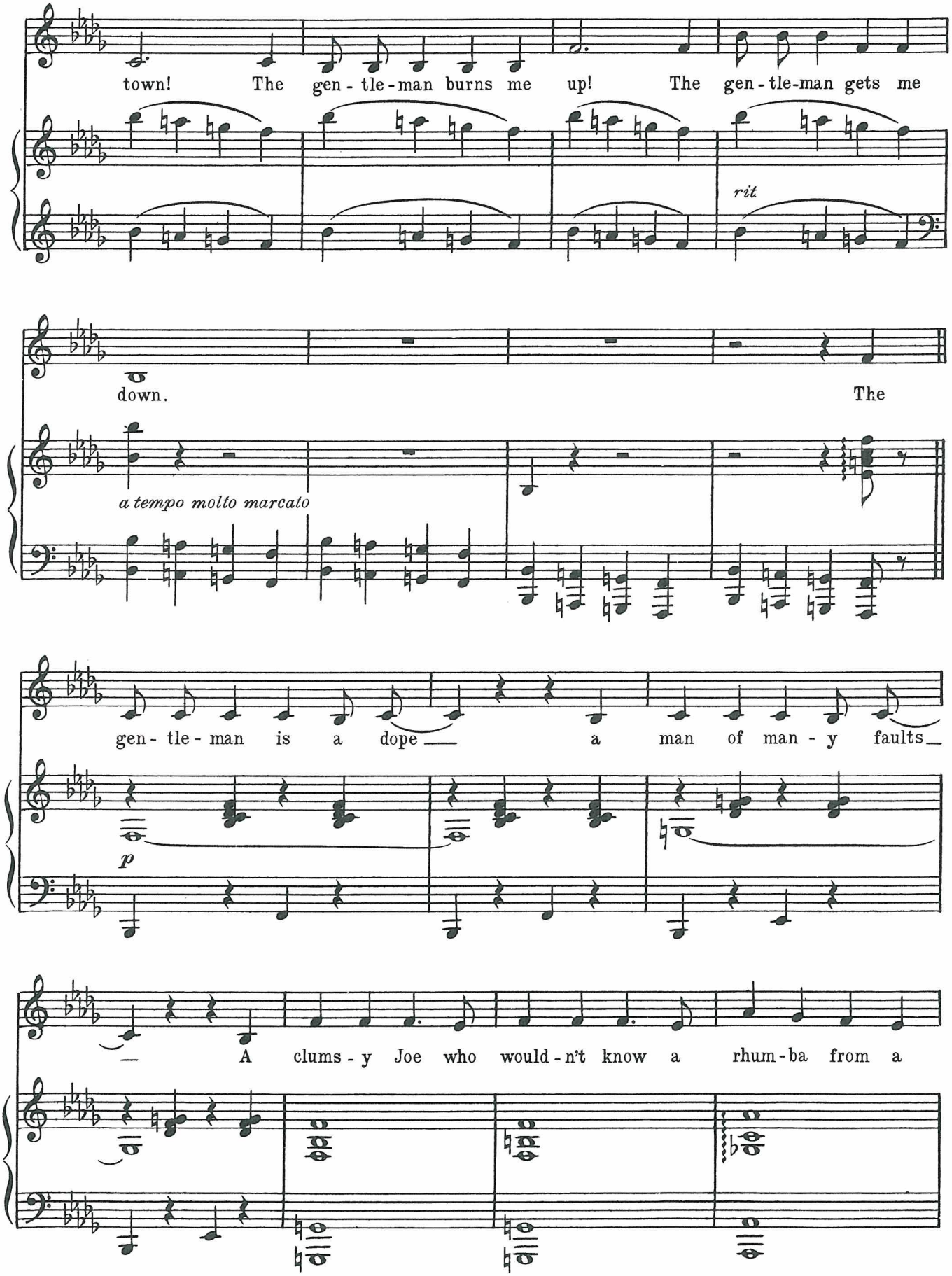
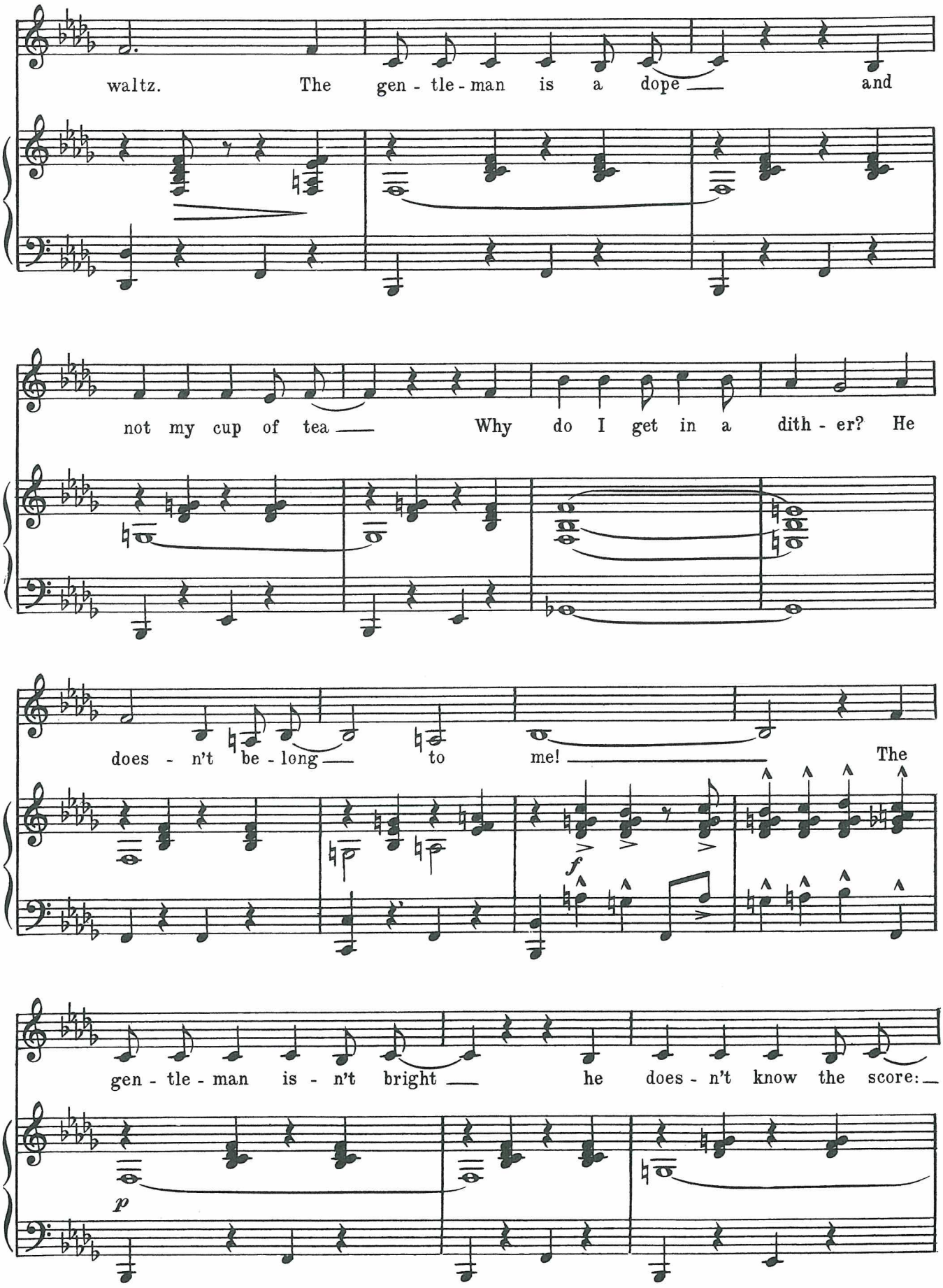
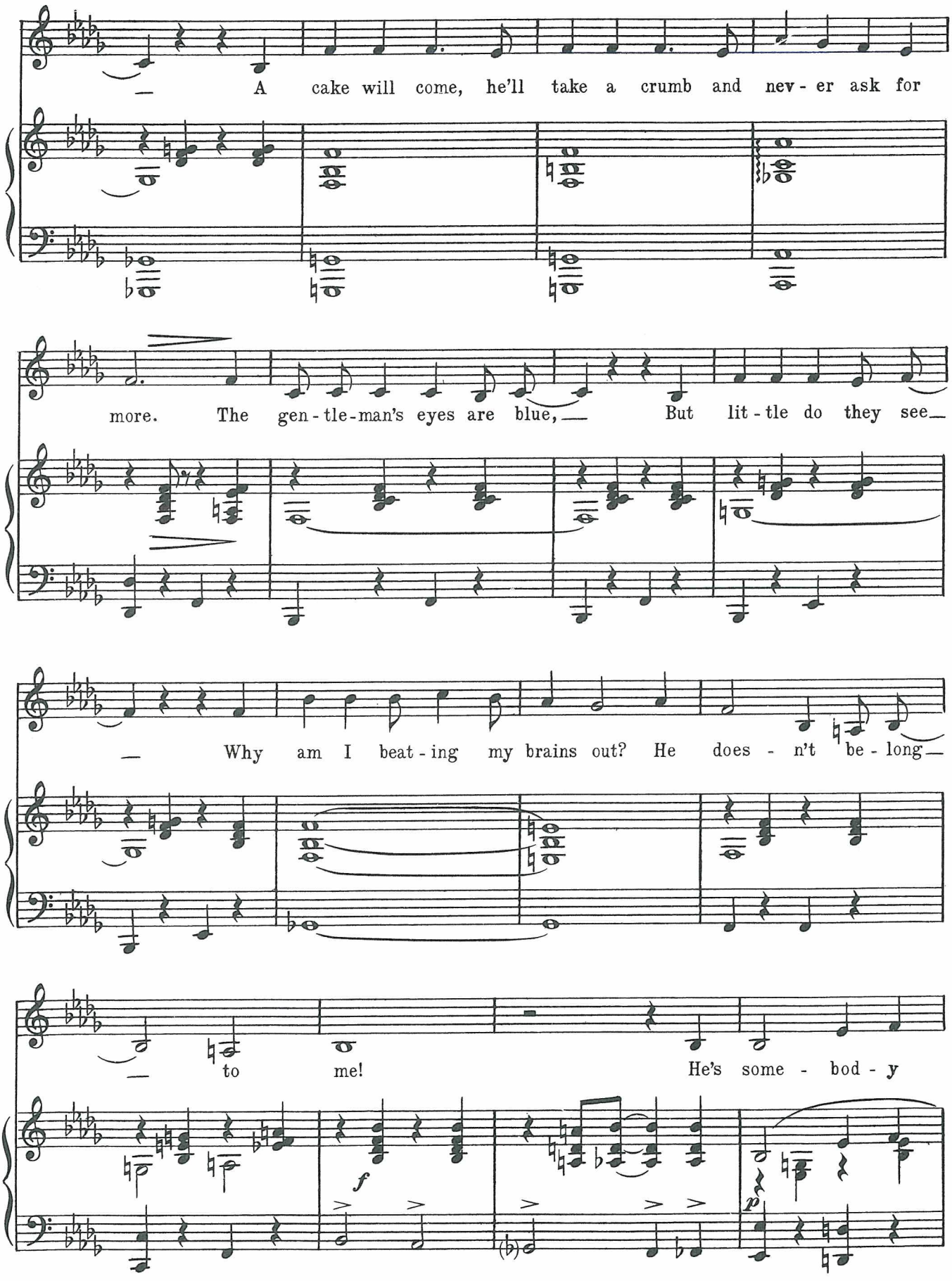
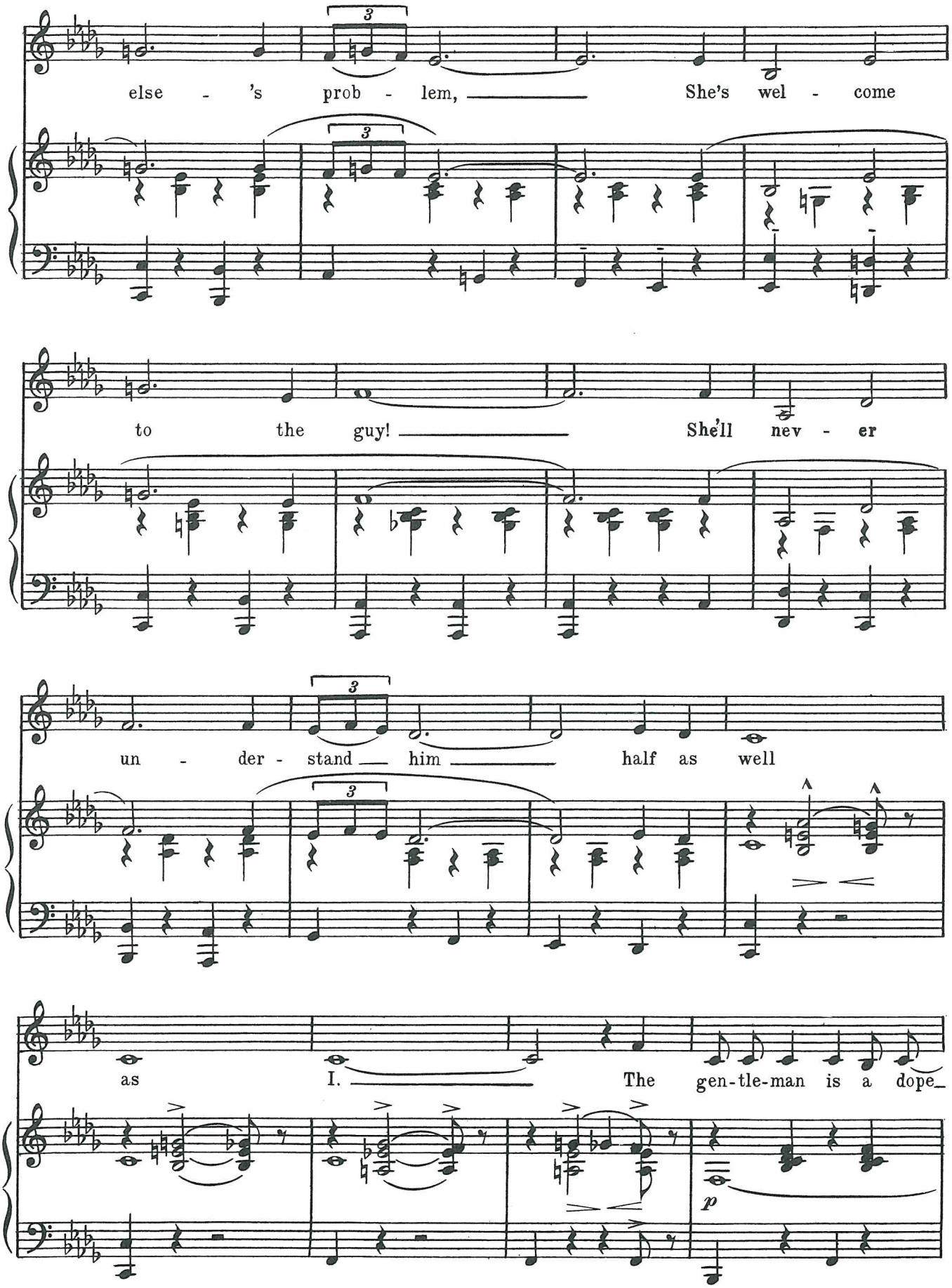
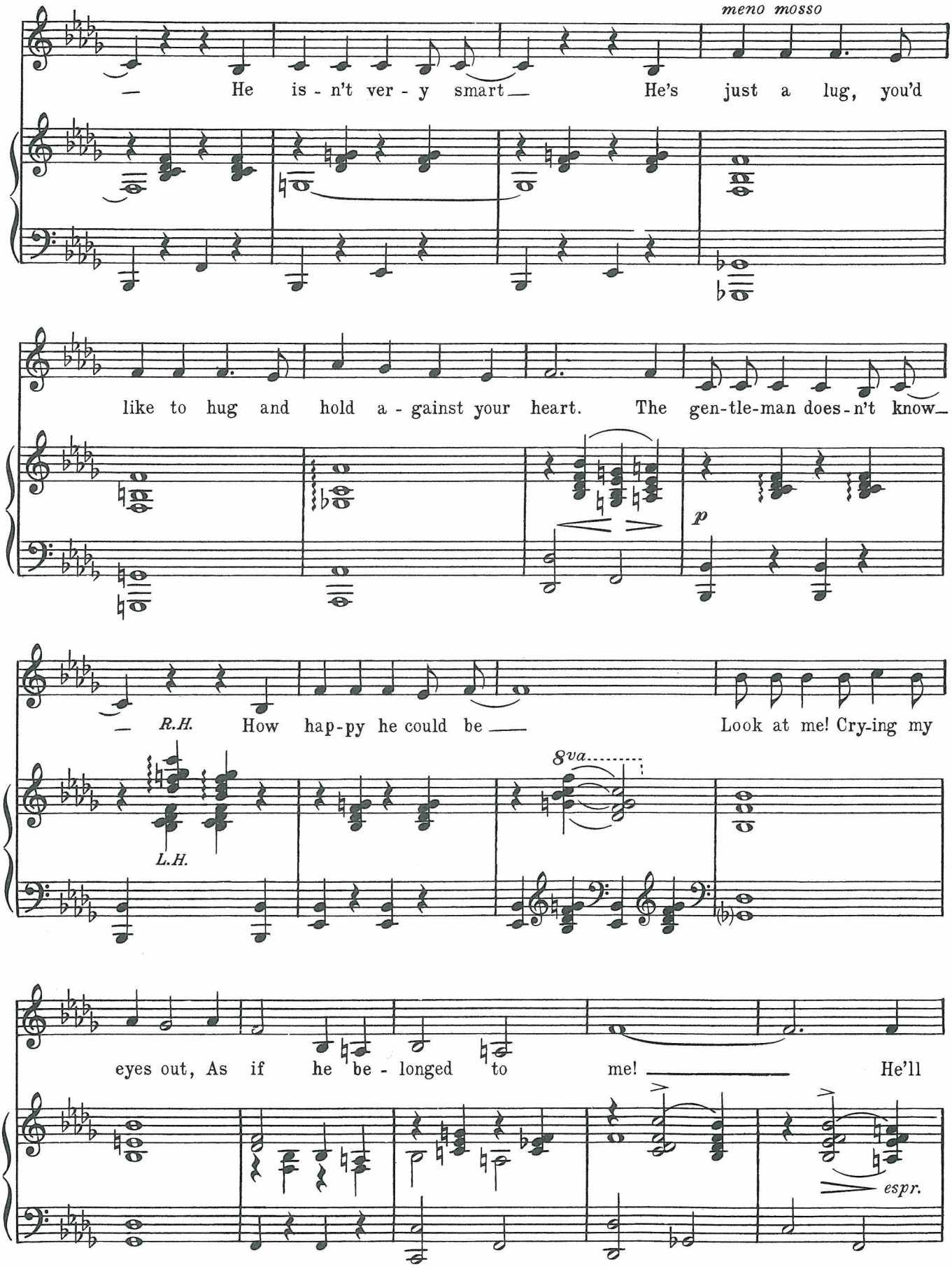
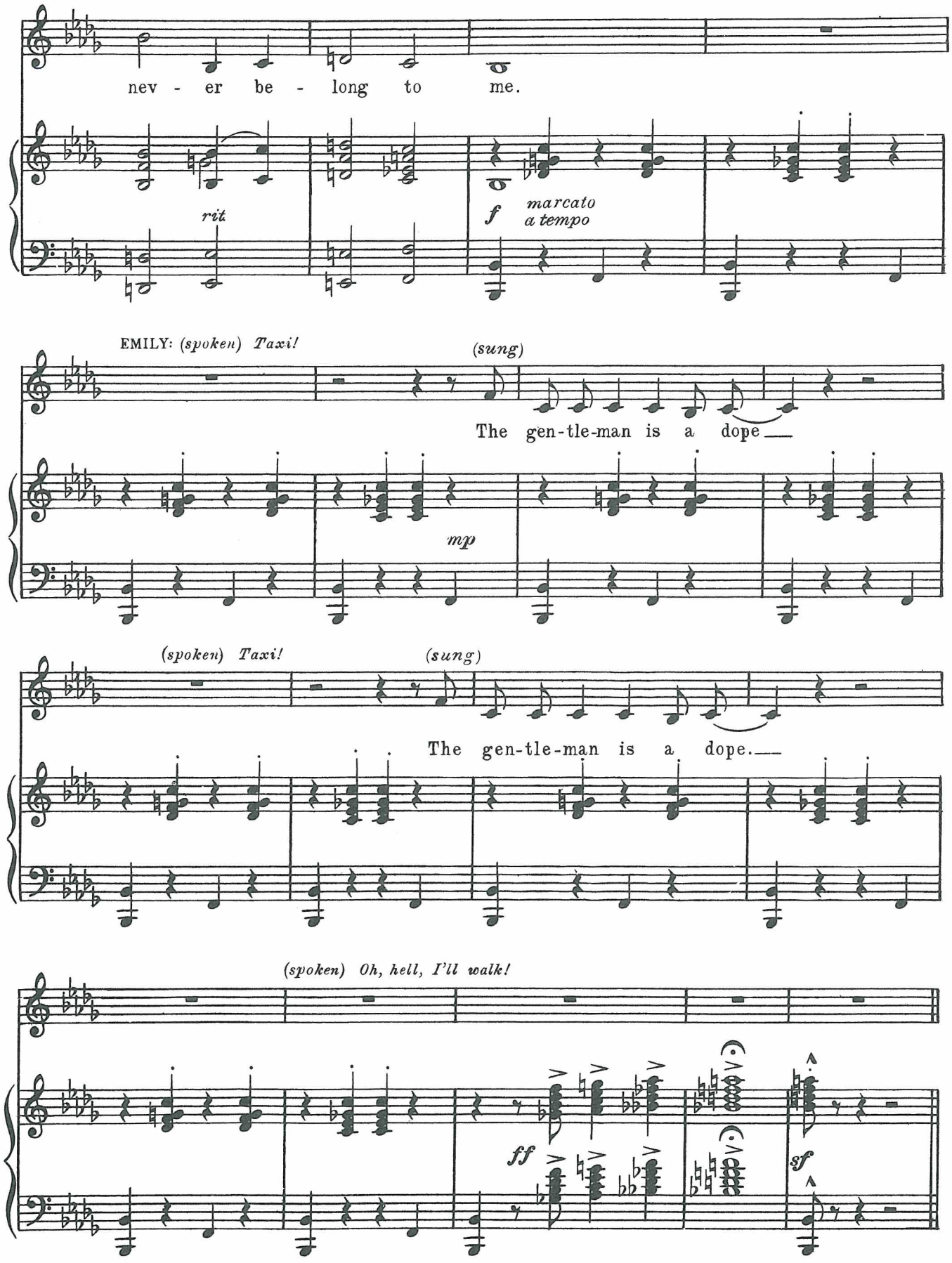

town! The gen - tle - man burns me up! The gen - tle - man gets me
rit
down.
The
a tempo molto marcato
gen - tle - man is a dope a man of man - y faults
p
A clums - y Joe who would - n't know a rhum - ba from a


waltz. The gen - tle - man is a dope and
not my cup of tea Why do I get in a dith - er? He
does - n't be - long to me! The
f
gen - tle - man is - n't bright he does - n't know the score:
p


— A cake will come, he'll take a crumb and nev - er ask for
more. The gen - tle - man's eyes are blue, — But lit - tle do they see —
— Why am I beat - ing my brains out? He does - n't be - long —
— to me! He's some - bod - y
f
p


else - 's prob - lem, She's wel - come
to the guy! She'll nev - er
un - der - stand him half as well
as I. The gen-tle-man is a dope
p

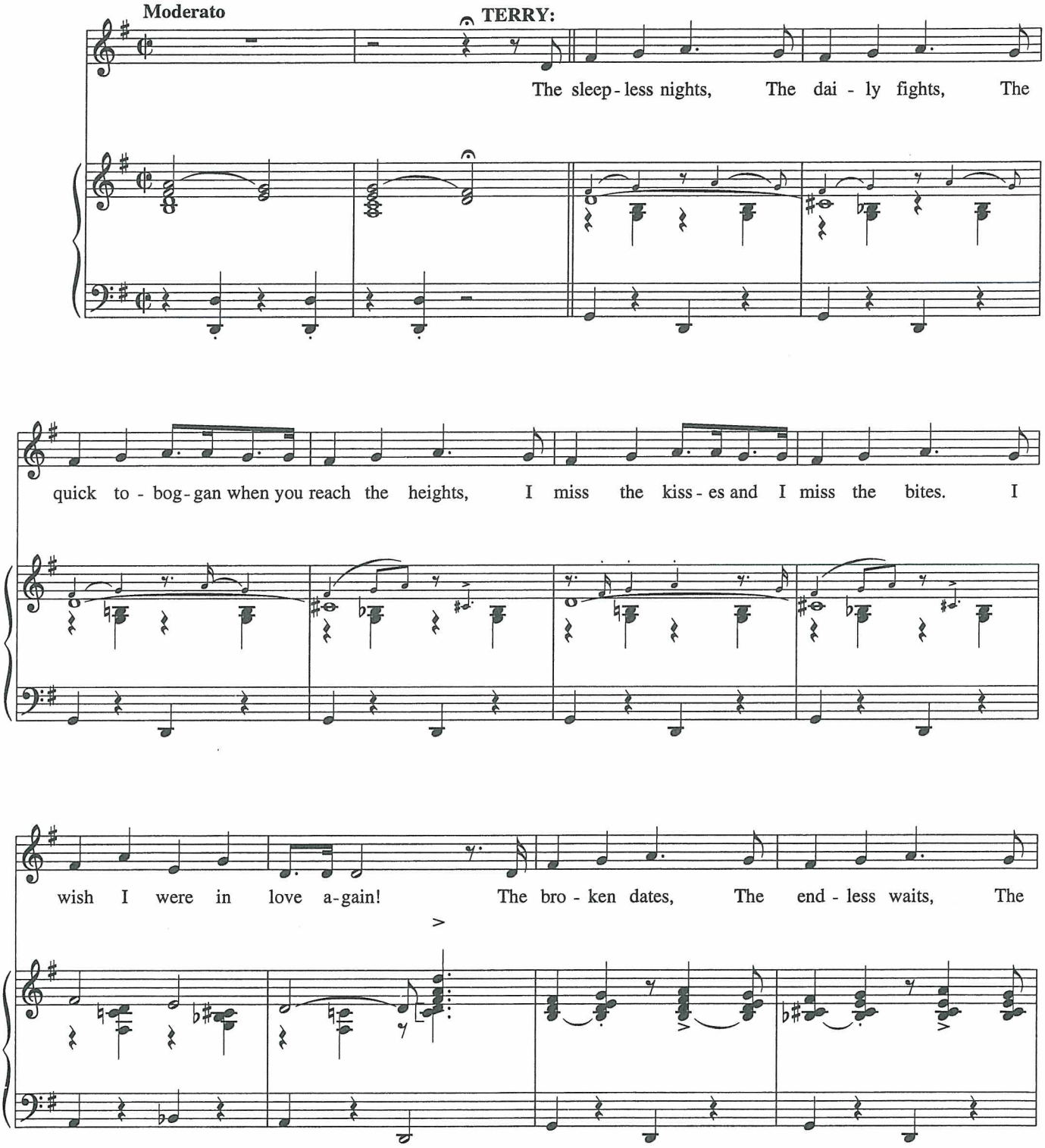

meno mosso
He is - n't ver - y smart He's just a lug, you'd
like to hug and hold a - gainst your heart. The gen-tle-man does - n't know
p
R.H.
How hap-py he could be
Look at me! Cry-ing my
L.H.
8va
eyes out, As if he be - longed to me! He'll
esp r.


nev - er be - long to me.
rit
f marcato
a tempo
EMILY: (spoken) Taxi!
(sung)
The gen-tle-man is a dope
mp
(spoken) Taxi!
(sung)
The gen-tle-man is a dope.
(spoken) Oh, hell, I'll walk!
ff
sf

I WISH I WERE IN LOVE AGAIN

from *Babes in Arms*

Lyrics by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



This is a duet in the show.

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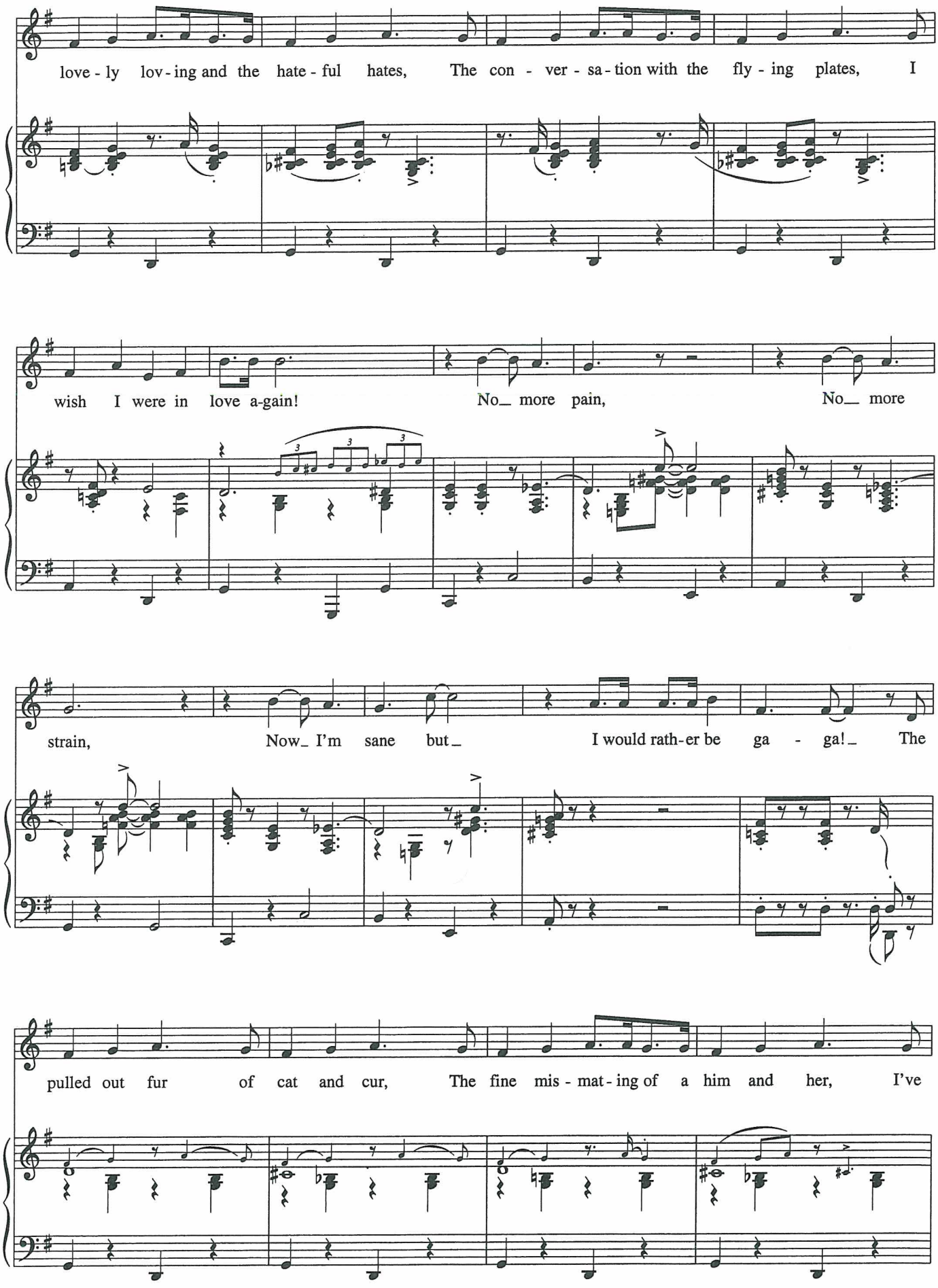
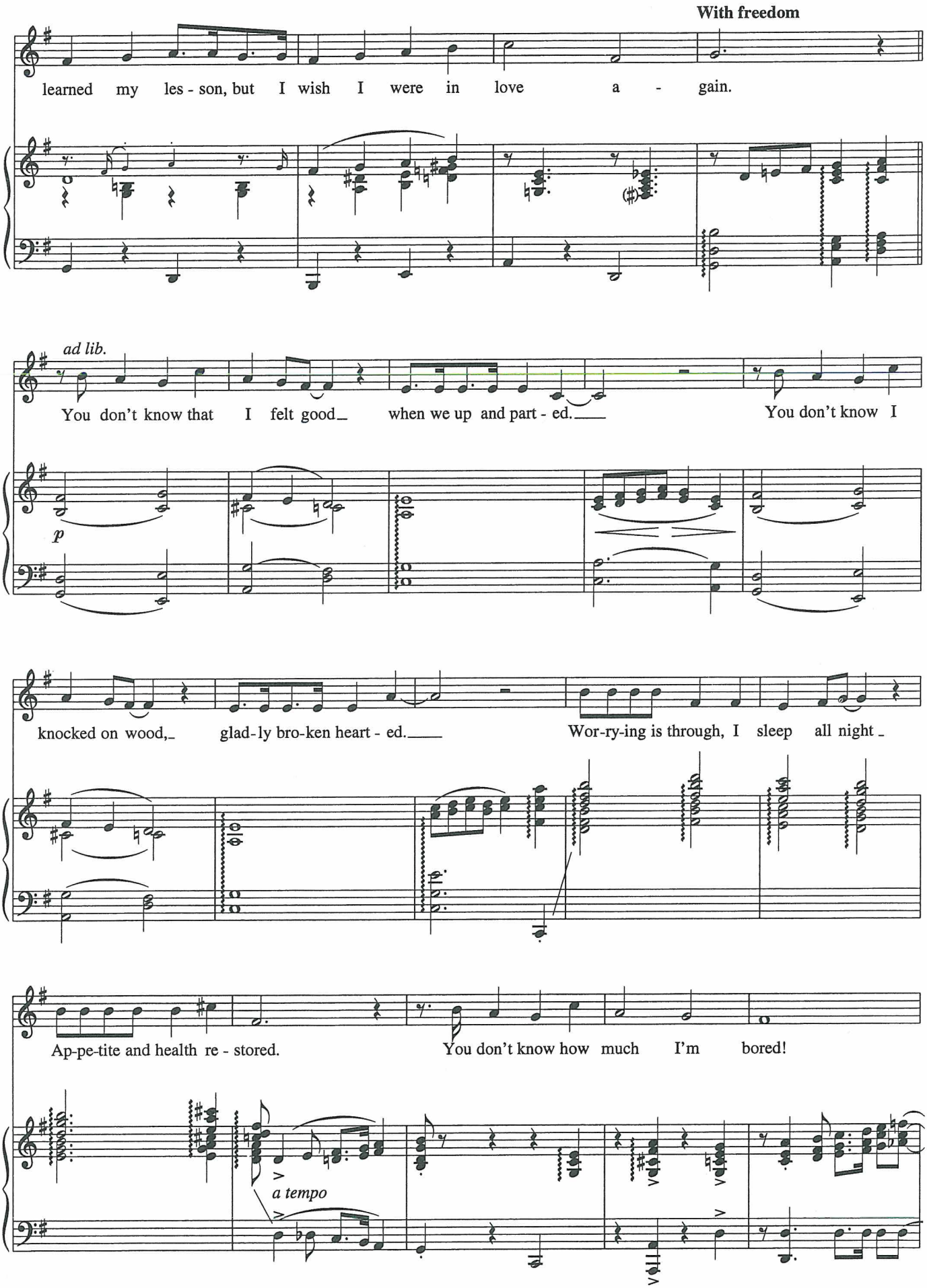
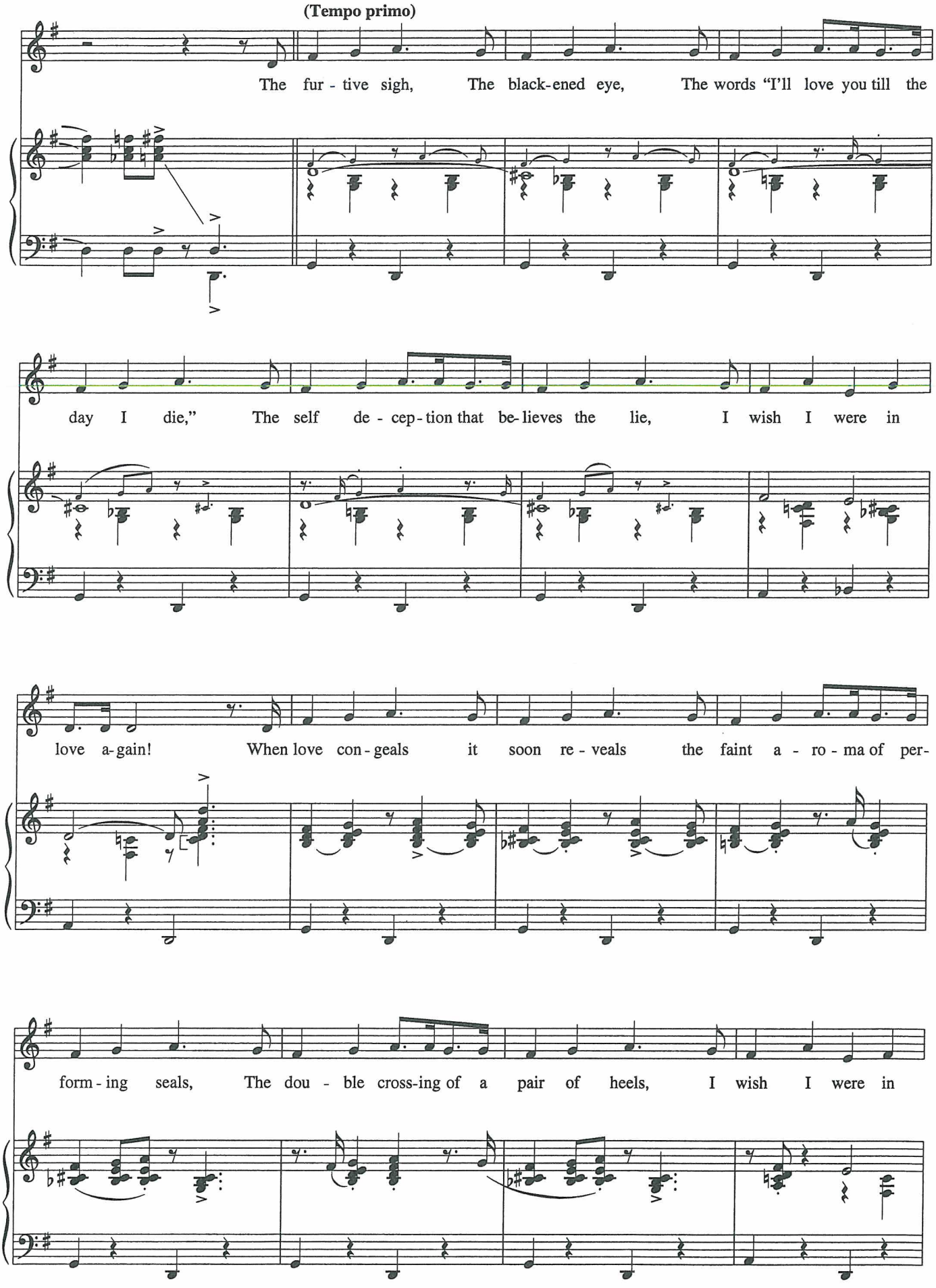
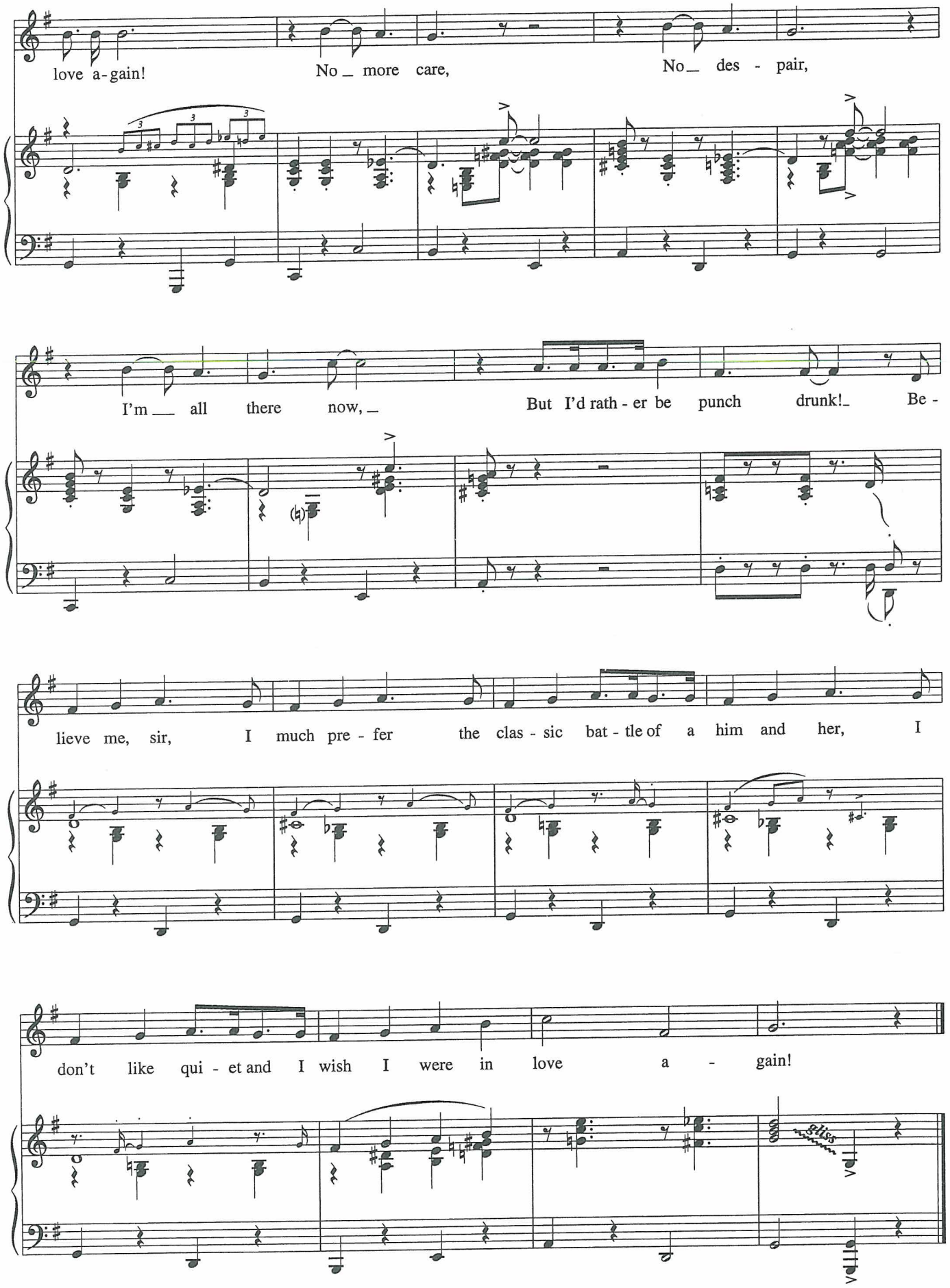

love - ly lov - ing and the hate - ful hates, The con - ver - sa - tion with the fly - ing plates, I
wish I were in love a-gain! No_ more pain, No_ more
strain, Now_ I'm sane but_ I would rath-er be ga - ga!_ The
pulled out fur of cat and cur, The fine mis - mat - ing of a him and her, I've


With freedom
learned my les - son, but I wish I were in love a - gain.
ad lib.
You don't know that I felt good_ when we up and part - ed.___ You don't know I
p
knocked on wood,_ glad-ly bro-ken heart - ed.___ Wor-ry-ing is through, I sleep all night _
Ap-pe-tite and health re - stored. You don't know how much I'm bored!
a tempo

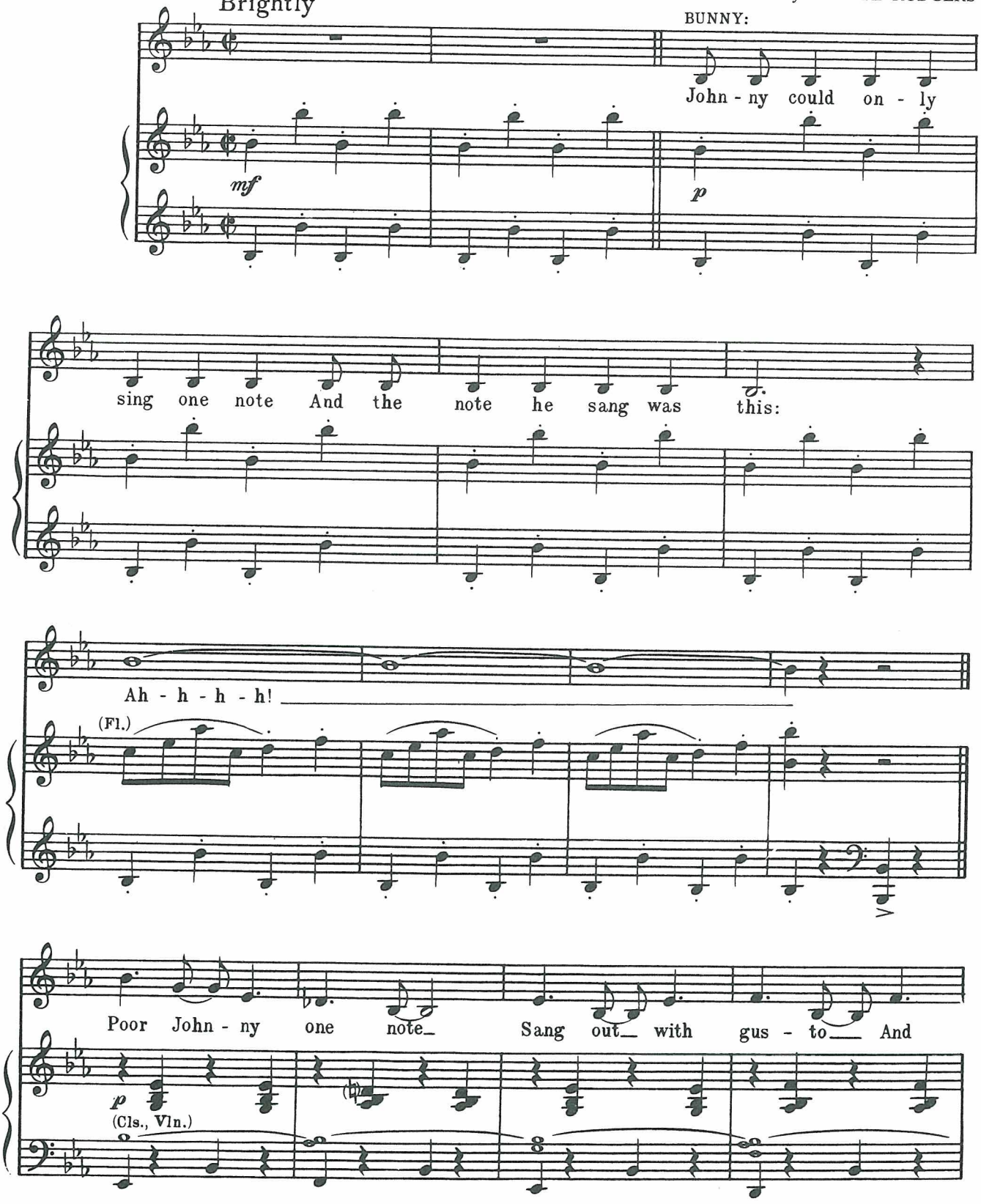

(Tempo primo)
The fur - tive sigh, The black-ened eye, The words "I'll love you till the
day I die," The self de - cep - tion that be-lieves the lie, I wish I were in
love a-gain! When love con - geals it soon re - veals the faint a - ro - ma of per-
form - ing seals, The dou - ble cross-ing of a pair of heels, I wish I were in


love a - gain! No _ more care, No _ des - pair,
I'm _ all there now, _ But I'd rath - er be punch drunk! _ Be -
lieve me, sir, I much pre - fer the clas - sic bat - tle of a him and her, I
don't like qui - et and I wish I were in love a - gain!
8va

JOHNNY ONE NOTE

from *Babes in Arms*

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



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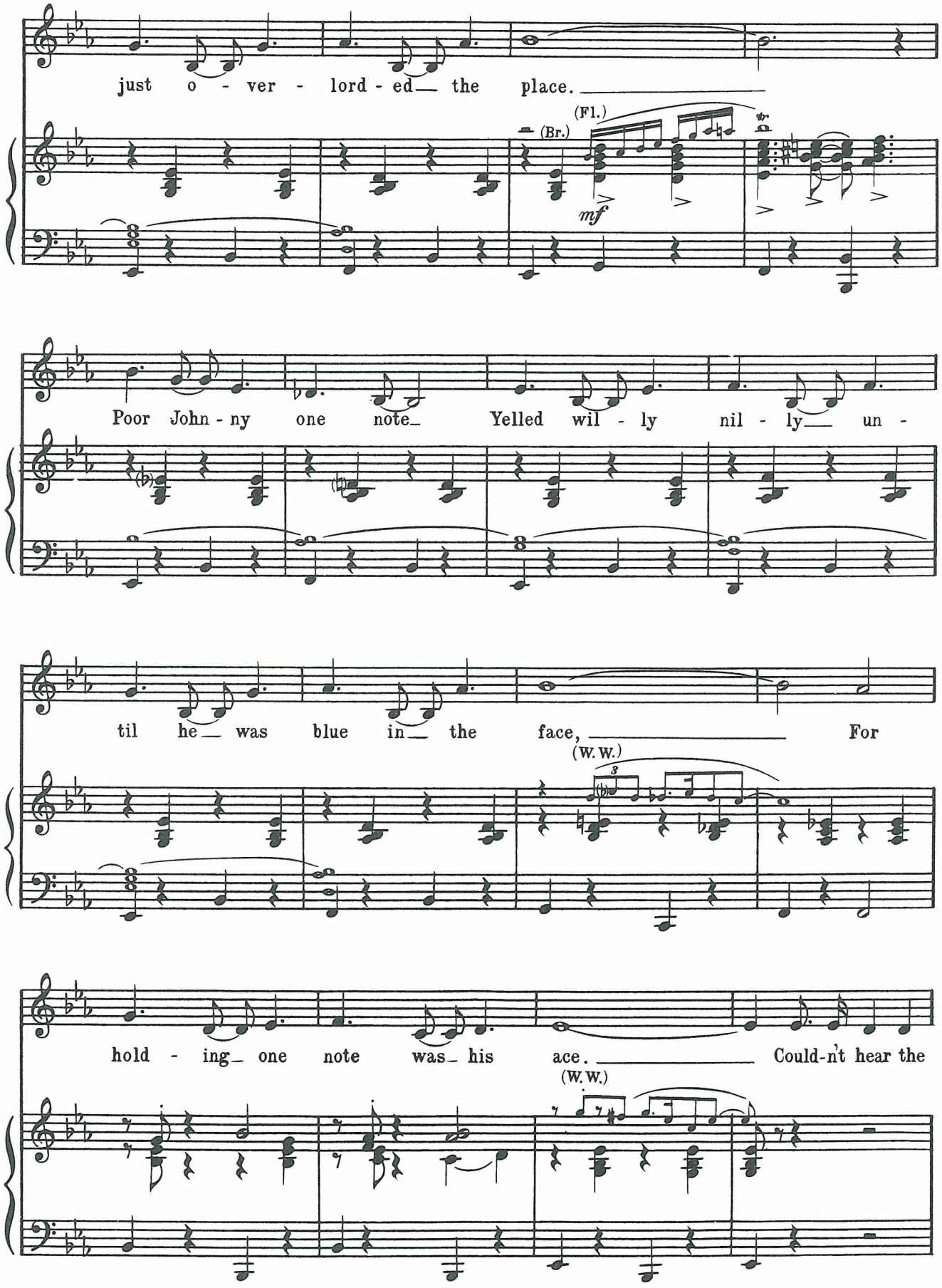
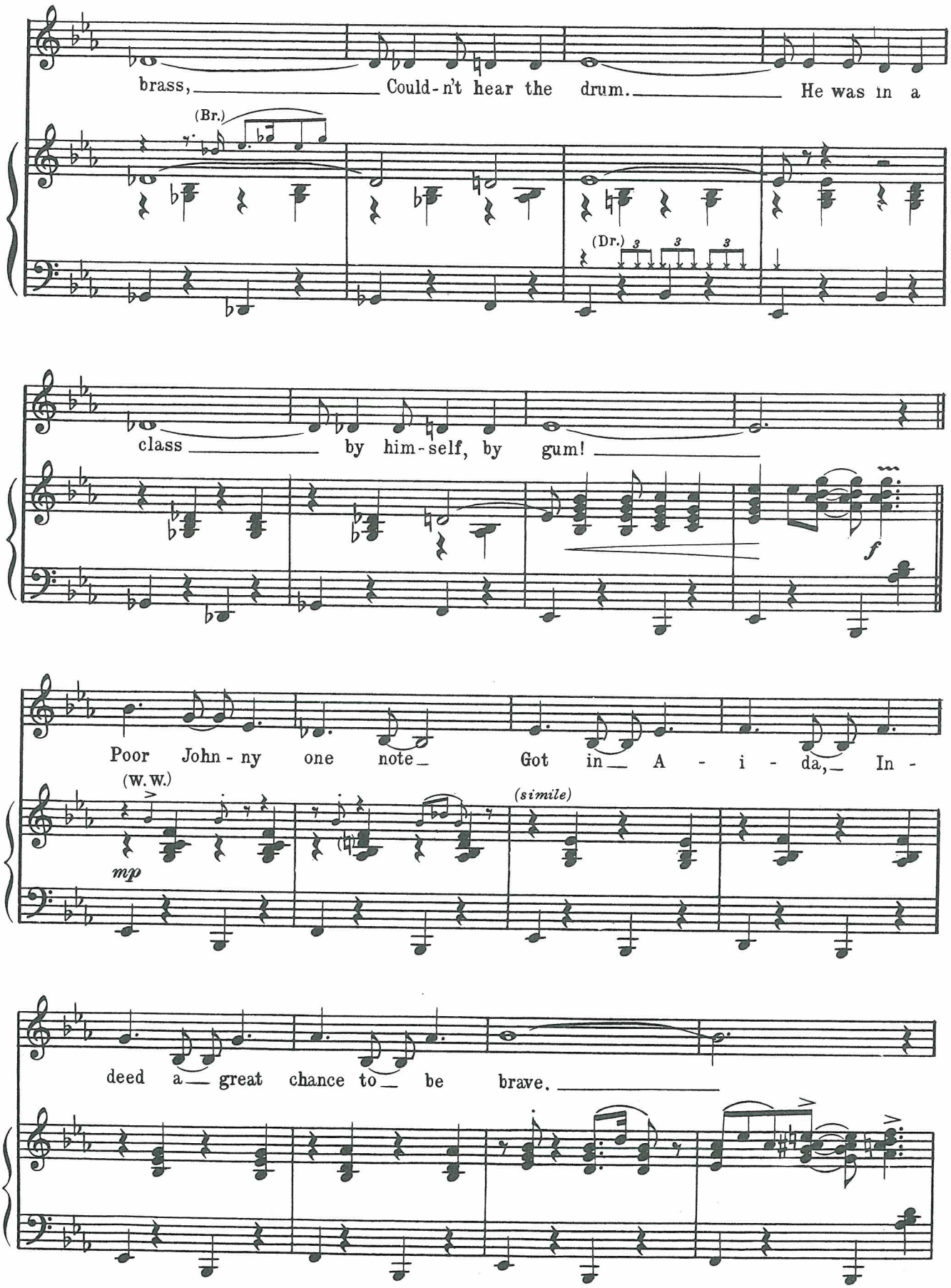
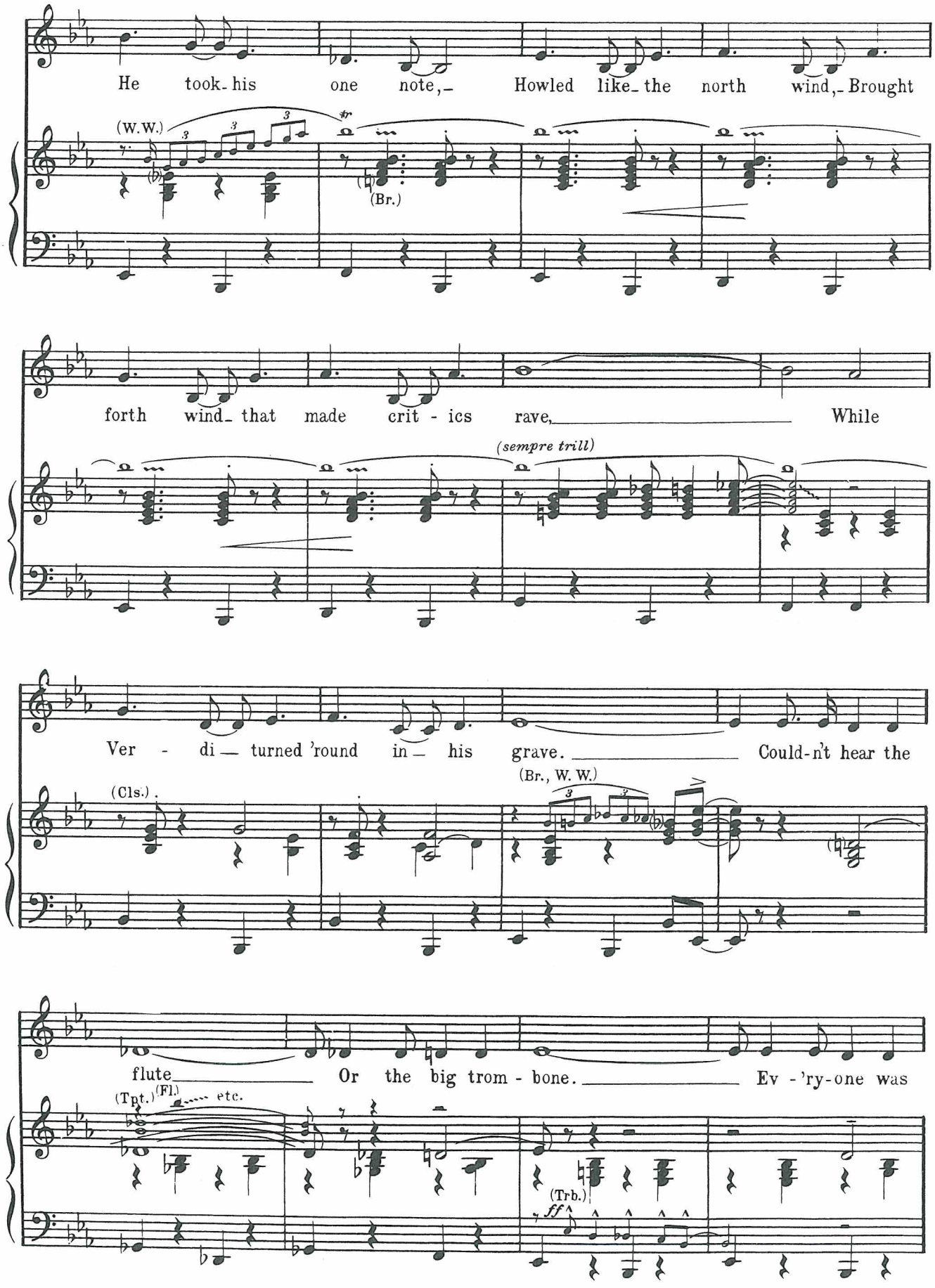
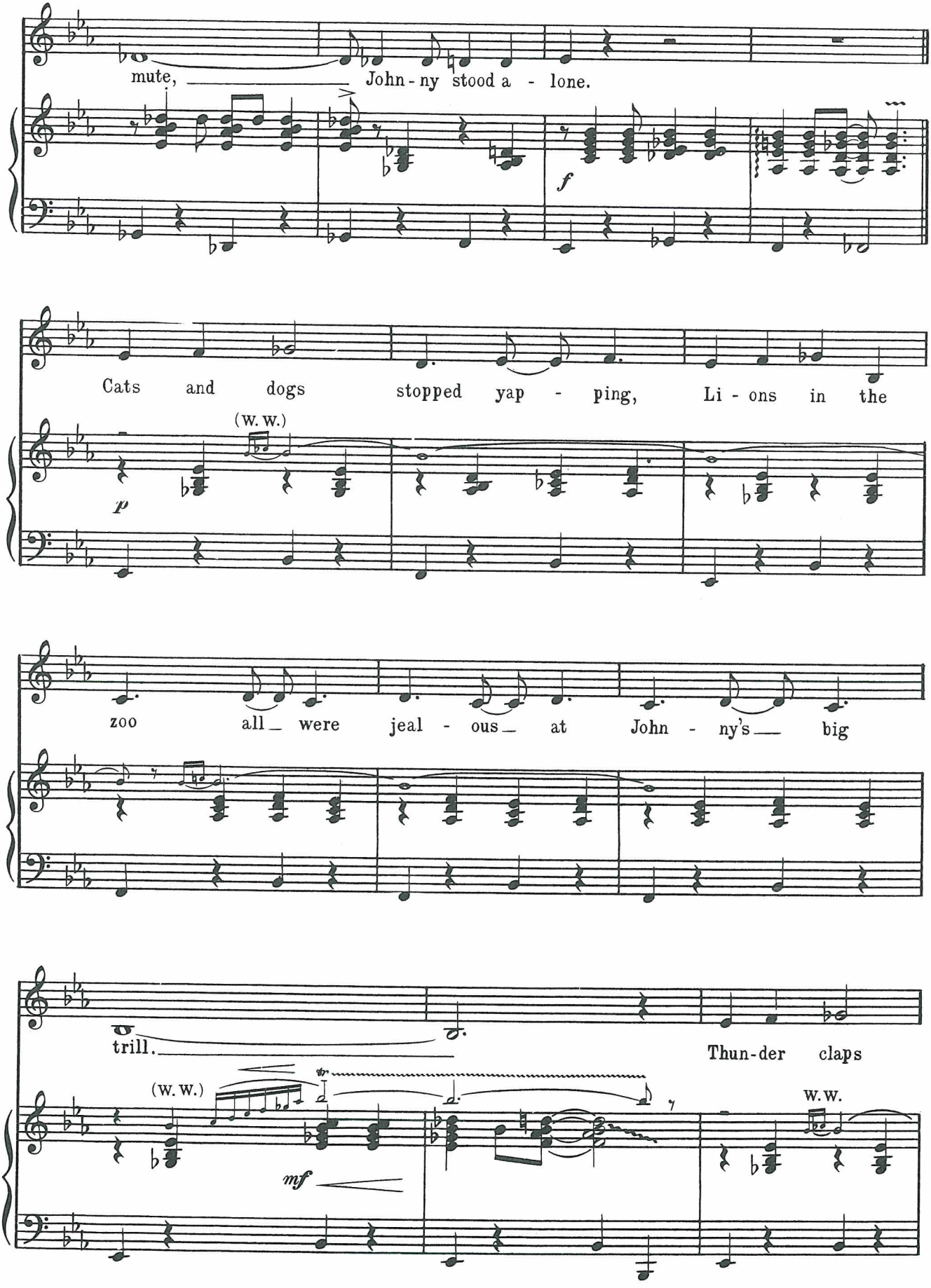
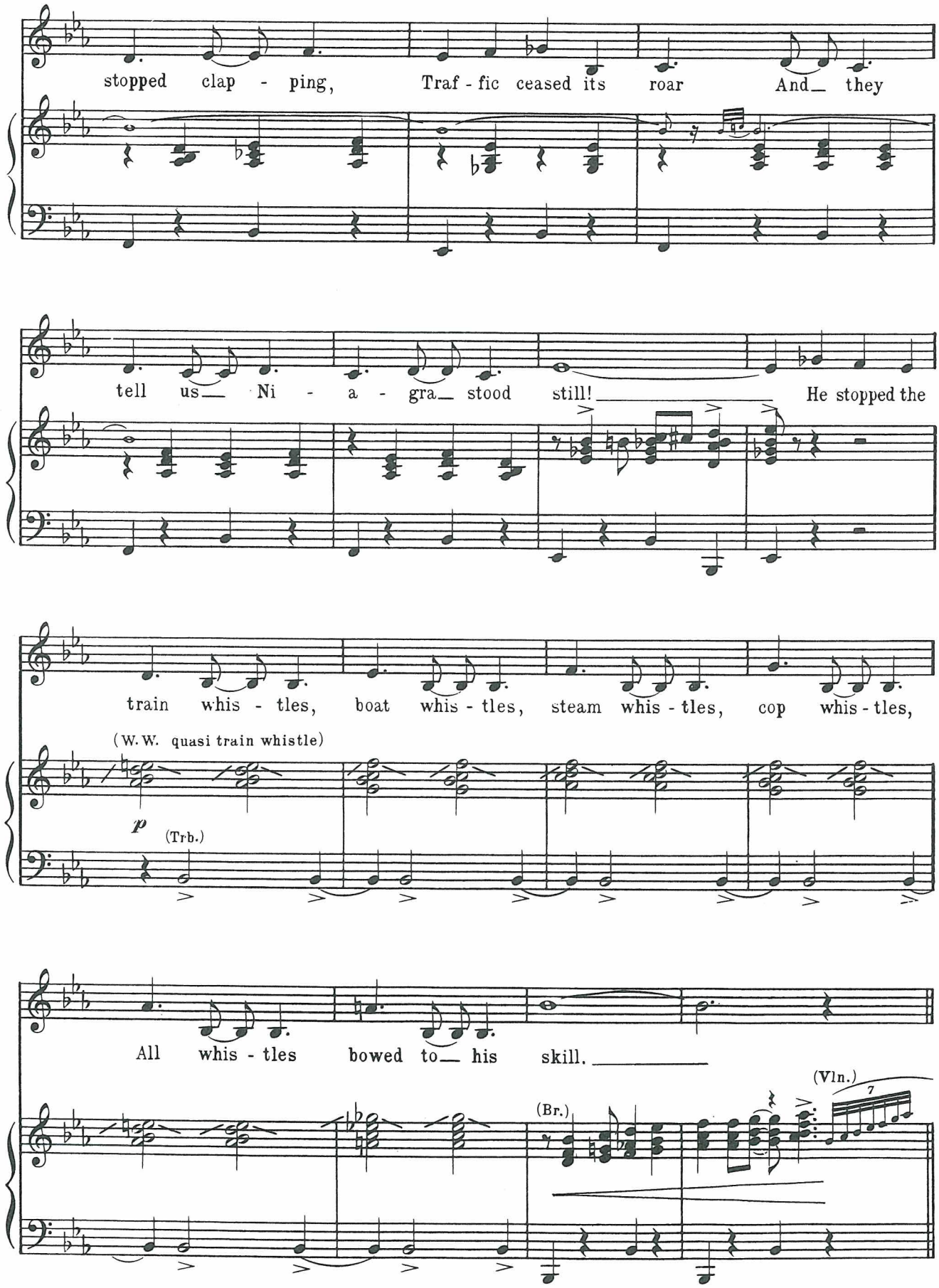
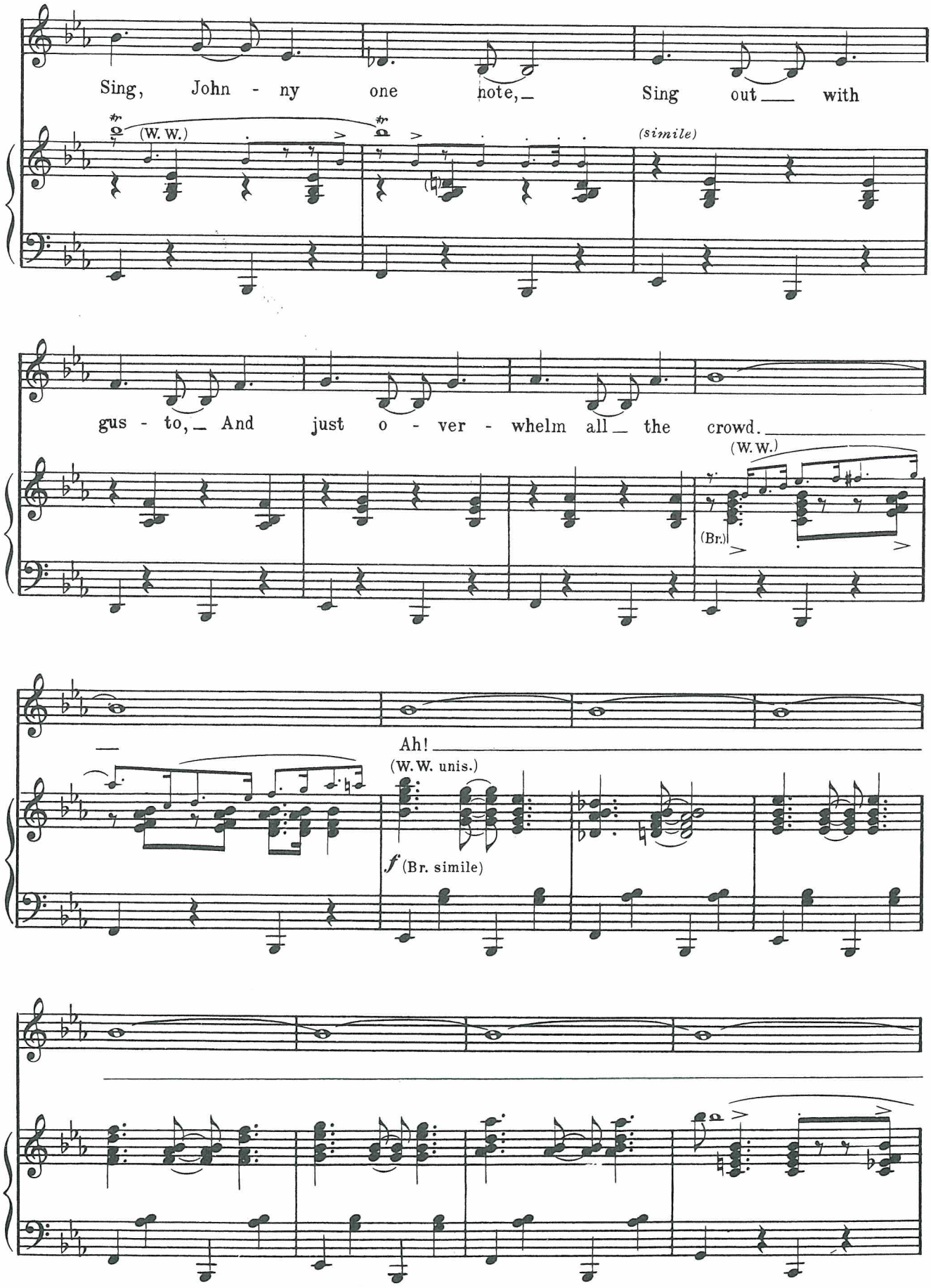

just o - ver - lord - ed the place.
(Br.)
(Fl.)
mf
Poor John - ny one note Yelled wil - ly nil - ly un -
til he was blue in the face, For
(W.W.)
hold - ing one note was his ace. Could-n't hear the
(W.W.)

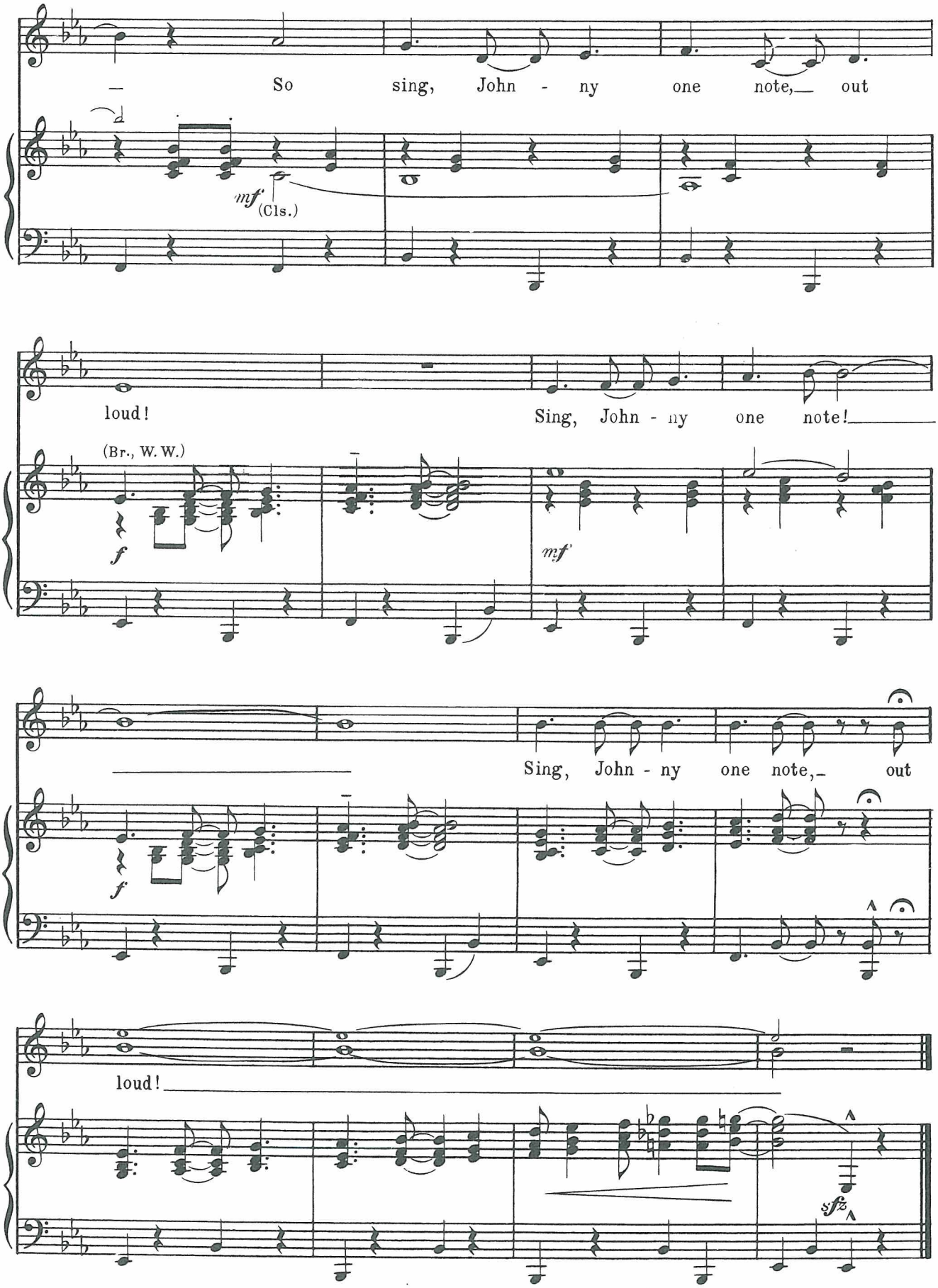

brass, Could-n't hear the drum. He was in a
(Br.)
(Dr.)
class by him-self, by gum!
f
Poor John-ny one note Got in A-i-da, In-
(W.W.)
mp
(simile)
deed a great chance to be brave.


He took his one note, Howled like the north wind, Brought
(W.W.)
(Br.)
forth wind that made crit - ics rave, While
(sempre trill)
Ver - di turned 'round in his grave. Could-n't hear the
(Cls.)
(Br., W. W.)
flute Or the big trom - bone. Ev - 'ry-one was
(Tpt.)
(Fl.)
etc.
(Trb.)
ff


mute, John-ny stood a - lone.
f
Cats and dogs stopped yap - ping, Li - ons in the
(w.w.)
p
zoo all were jeal - ous at John - ny's big
trill.
Thun-der claps
(w.w.)
mf
w.w.


stopped clap - ping, Traf - fic ceased its roar And they
tell us Ni - a - gra stood still! He stopped the
train whis - tles, boat whis - tles, steam whis - tles, cop whis - tles,
(W. W. quasi train whistle)
p
(Trb.)
All whis - tles bowed to his skill.
(Br.)
(Vln.)
7

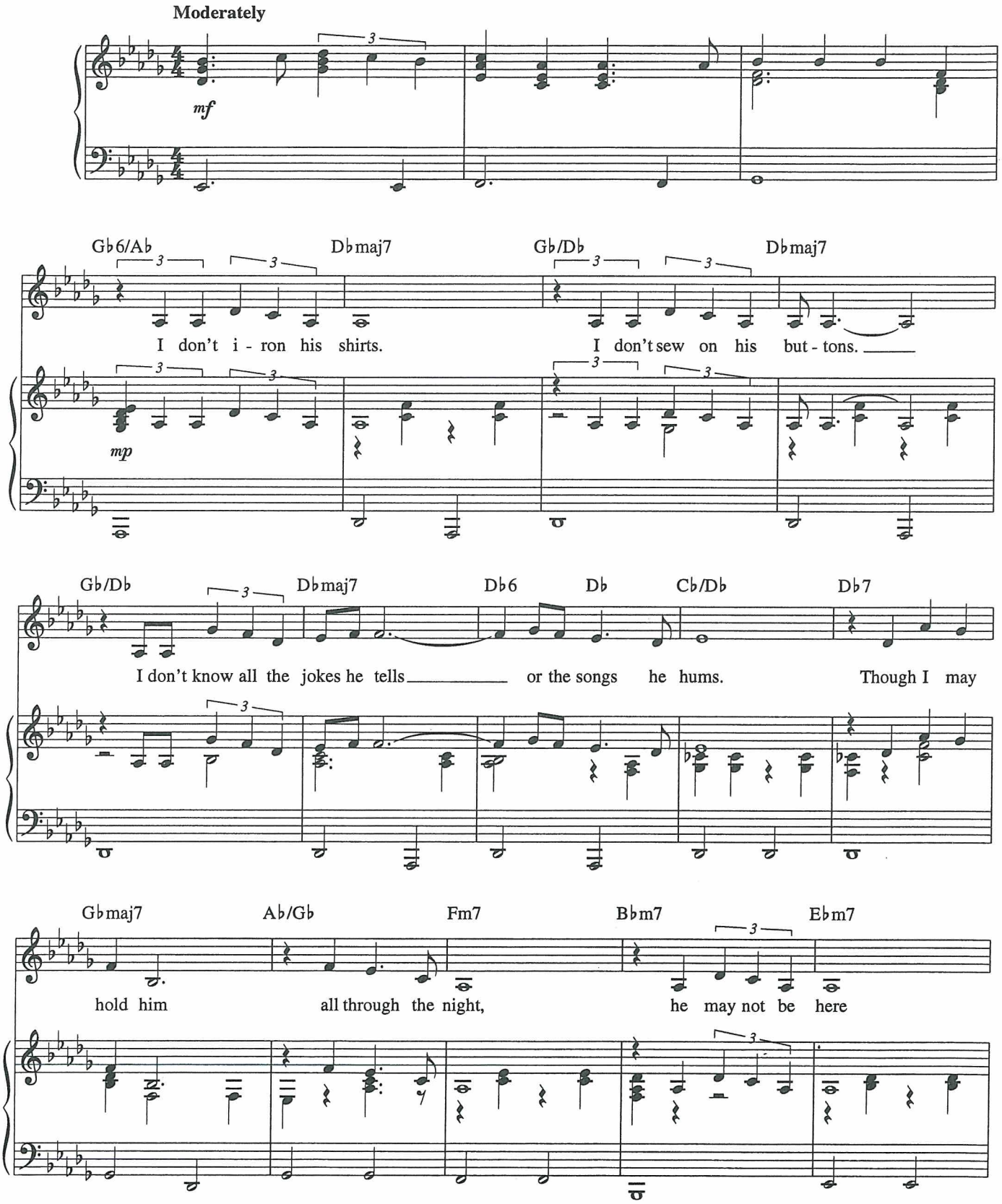

Sing, John - ny one note, Sing out with
(W. W.)
(simile)
gus - to, And just o - ver - whelm all the crowd.
(W. W.)
(Br.)
Ah!
(W. W. unis.)
f (Br. simile)


So sing, John - ny one note, out
mf
(Cls.)
loud!
Sing, John - ny one note!
(Br., W. W.)
f
mf
Sing, John - ny one note, out
f
loud!
sfz

FIFTY PERCENT

from *Ballroom*

Lyrics by ALAN and MARILYN BERGMAN
Music by BILLY GOLDENBERG



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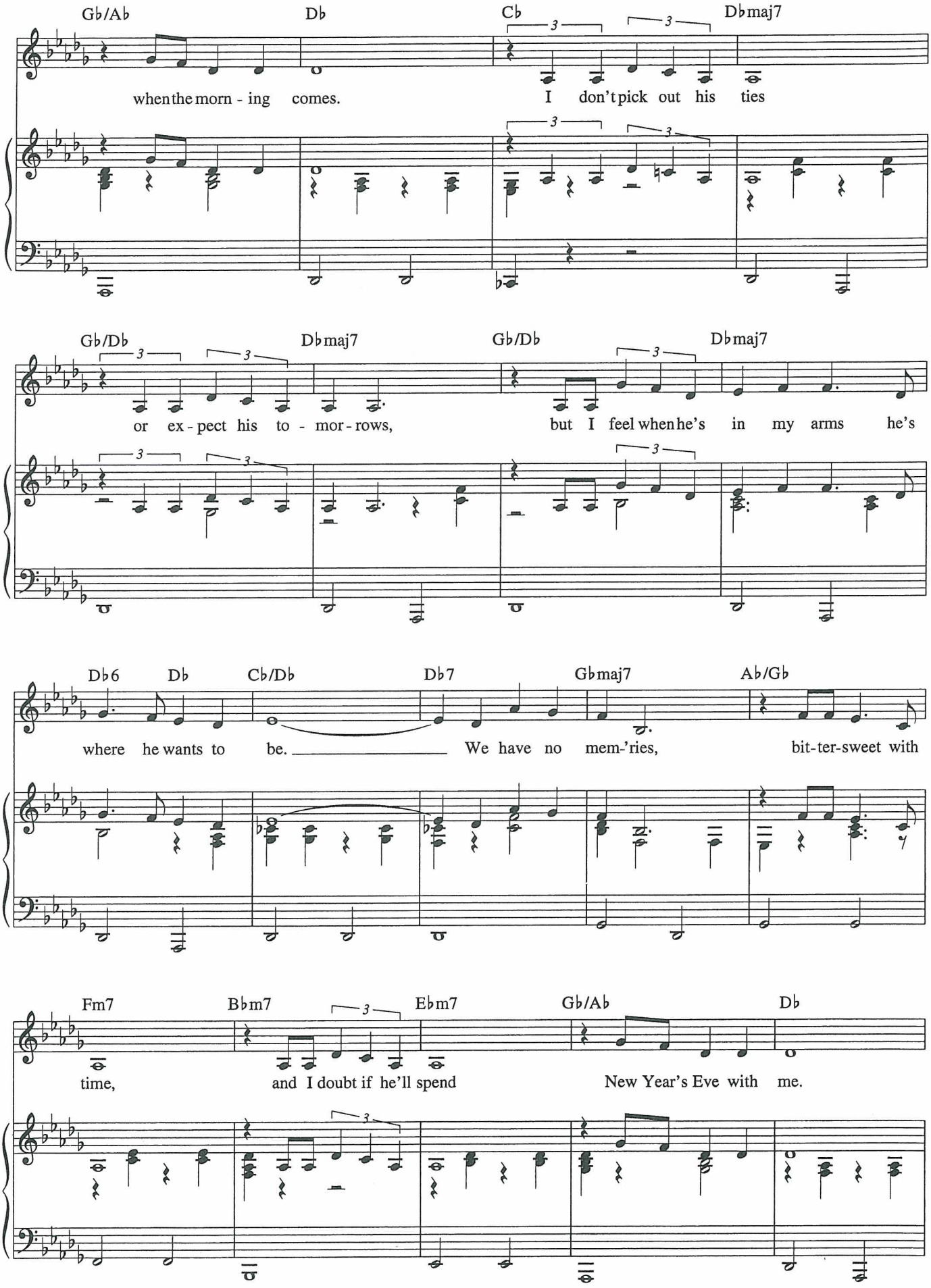
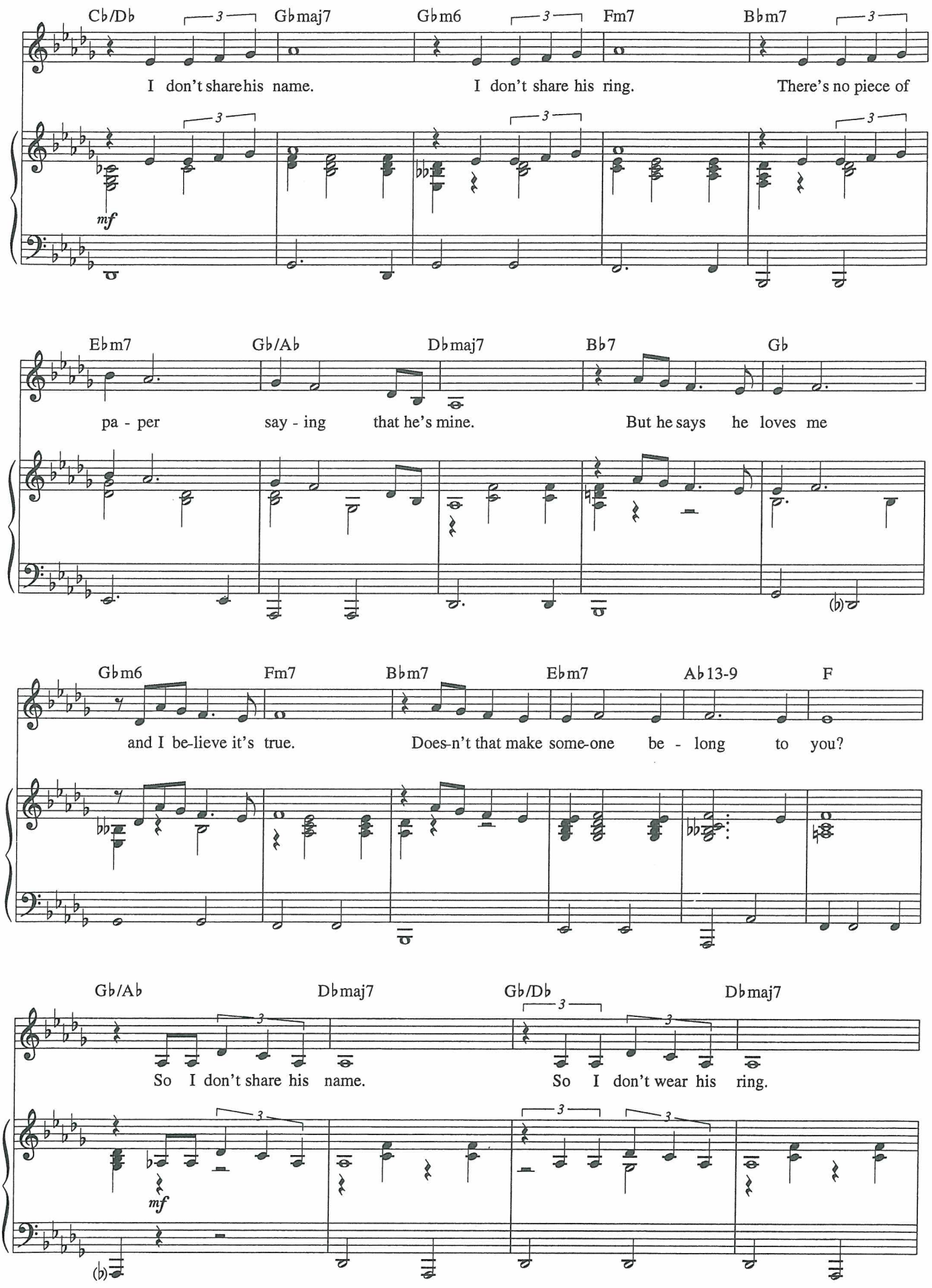
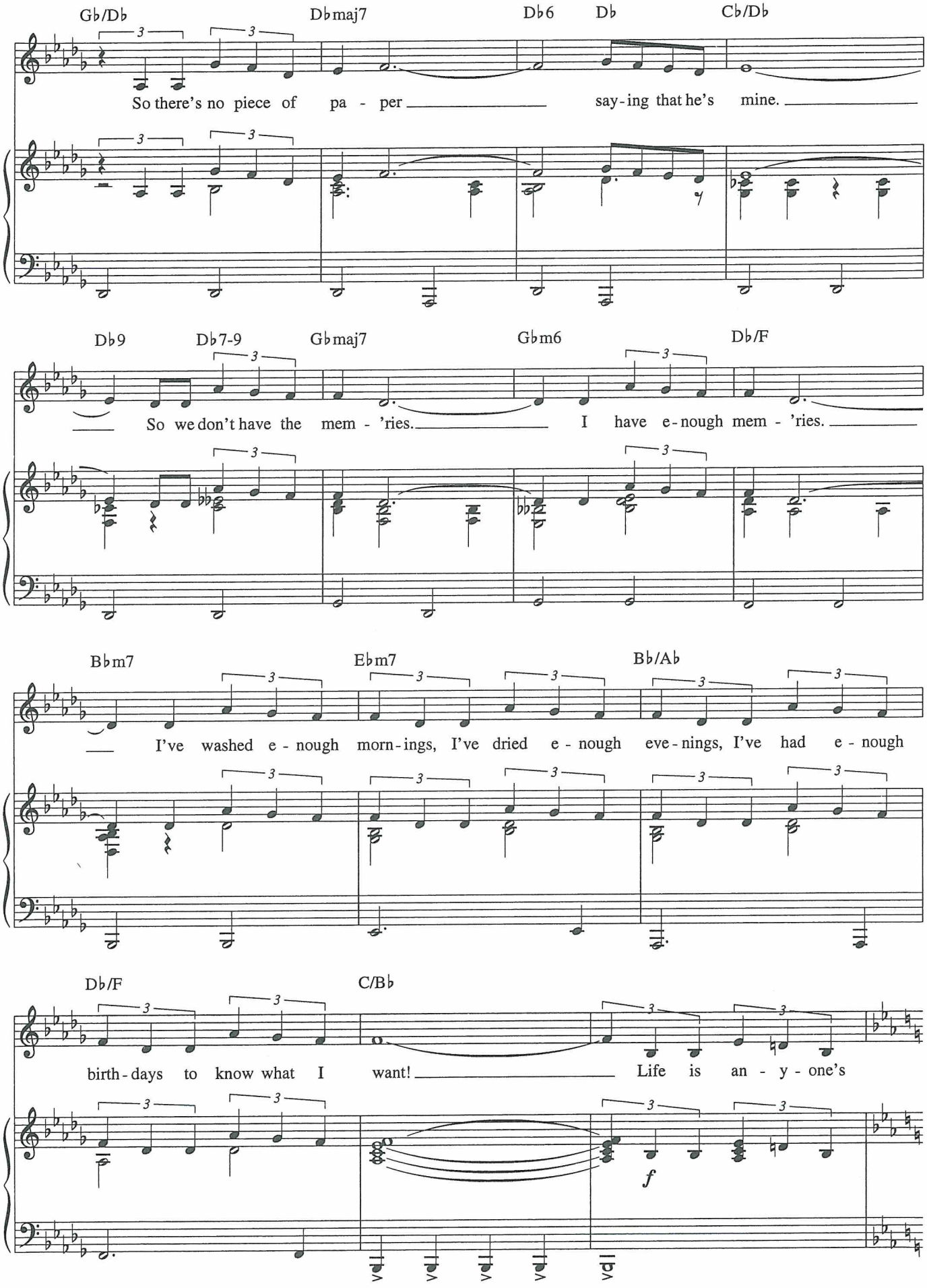
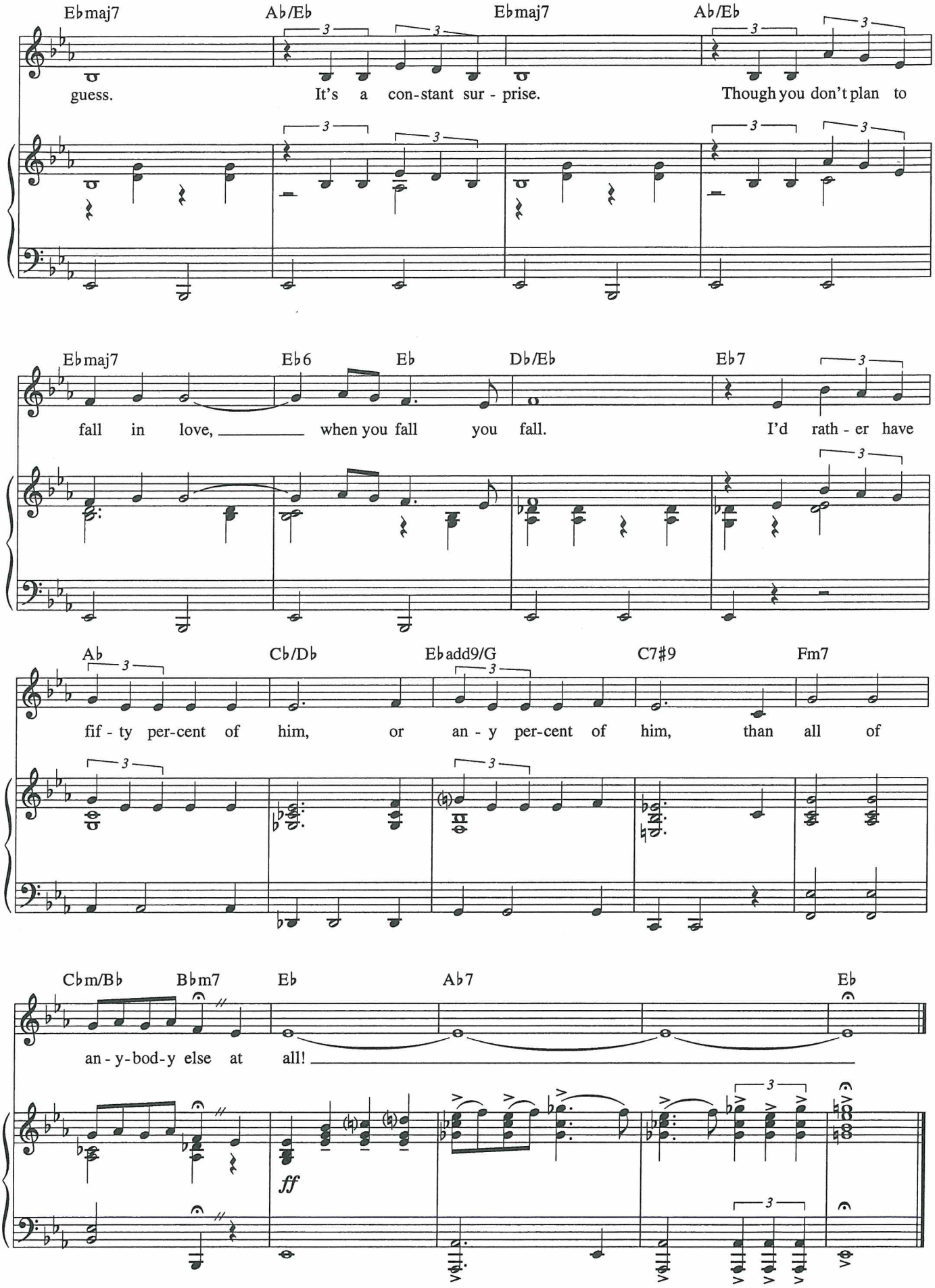

Gb/Ab
Db
Cb
Dbmaj7
when the morn - ing comes.
I don't pick out his ties
Gb/Db
Dbmaj7
Gb/Db
Dbmaj7
or ex - pect his to - mor - rows,
but I feel when he's in my arms he's
Db6
Db
Cb/Db
Db7
Gbmaj7
Ab/Gb
where he wants to be.
We have no mem-'ries,
bit-ter-sweet with
Fm7
Bbm7
Ebm7
Gb/Ab
Db
time,
and I doubt if he'll spend
New Year's Eve with me.


Cb/Db
Gbmaj7
Gbm6
Fm7
Bbm7
I don't share his name.
I don't share his ring.
There's no piece of
mf
Ebm7
Gb/Ab
Dbmaj7
Bb7
Gb
pa - per
say - ing
that he's mine.
But he says he loves me
Gbm6
Fm7
Bbm7
Ebm7
Ab13-9
F
and I be-lieve it's true.
Does-n't that make some-one be - long to you?
Gb/Ab
Dbmaj7
Gb/Db
Dbmaj7
So I don't share his name.
So I don't wear his ring.
mf

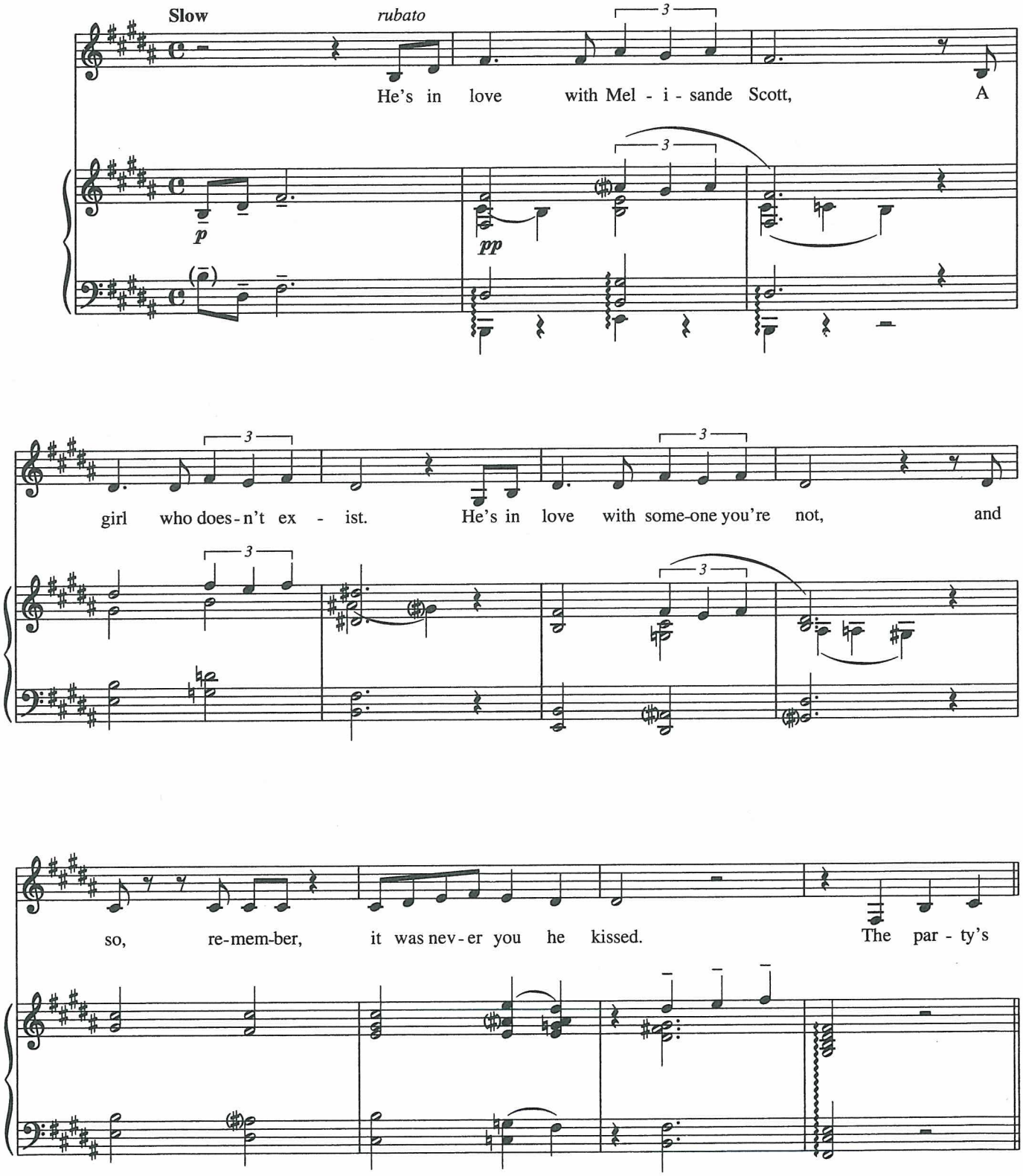

Gb/Db
Dbmaj7
Db6
Db
Cb/Db
So there's no piece of pa - per say-ing that he's mine.
Db9
Db7-9
Gbmaj7
Gbm6
Db/F
So we don't have the mem - 'ries. I have e-nough mem - 'ries.
Bbm7
Ebm7
Bb/Ab
I've washed e - nough morn-ings, I've dried e - nough eve-nings, I've had e - nough
Db/F
C/Bb
birth-days to know what I want! Life is an - y - one's
f


Ebmaj7 Ab/Eb Ebmaj7 Ab/Eb
guess. It's a con-stant sur - prise. Though you don't plan to
Ebmaj7 Eb6 Eb Db/Eb Eb7
fall in love, when you fall you fall. I'd rath - er have
Ab Cb/Db Ebadd9/G C7#9 Fm7
fif - ty per-cent of him, or an - y per-cent of him, than all of
Cbm/Bb Bbm7 Eb Ab7 Eb
an - y-bod-y else at all!
ff

THE PARTY'S OVER

from *Bells Are Ringing*

Words by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE



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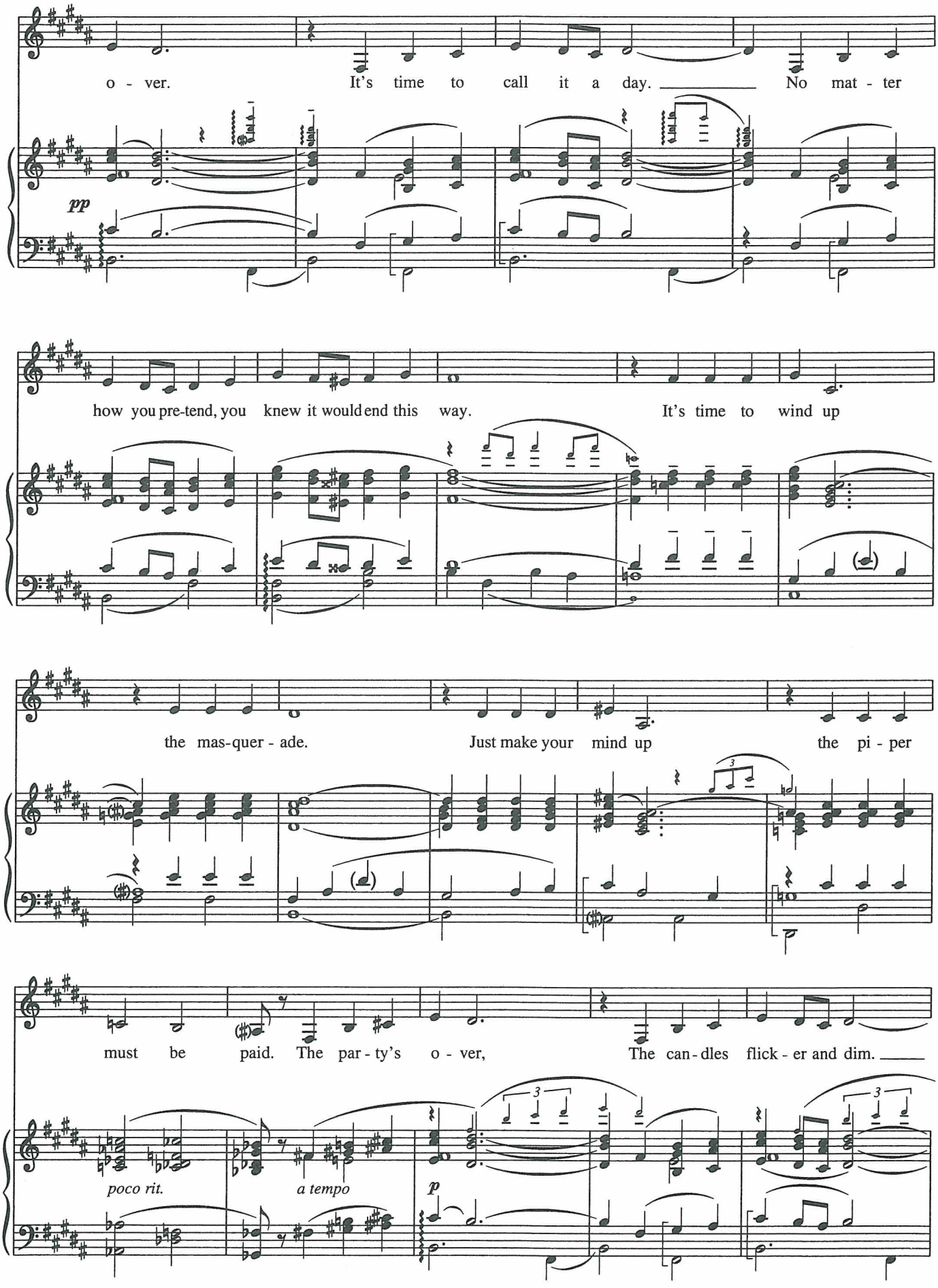
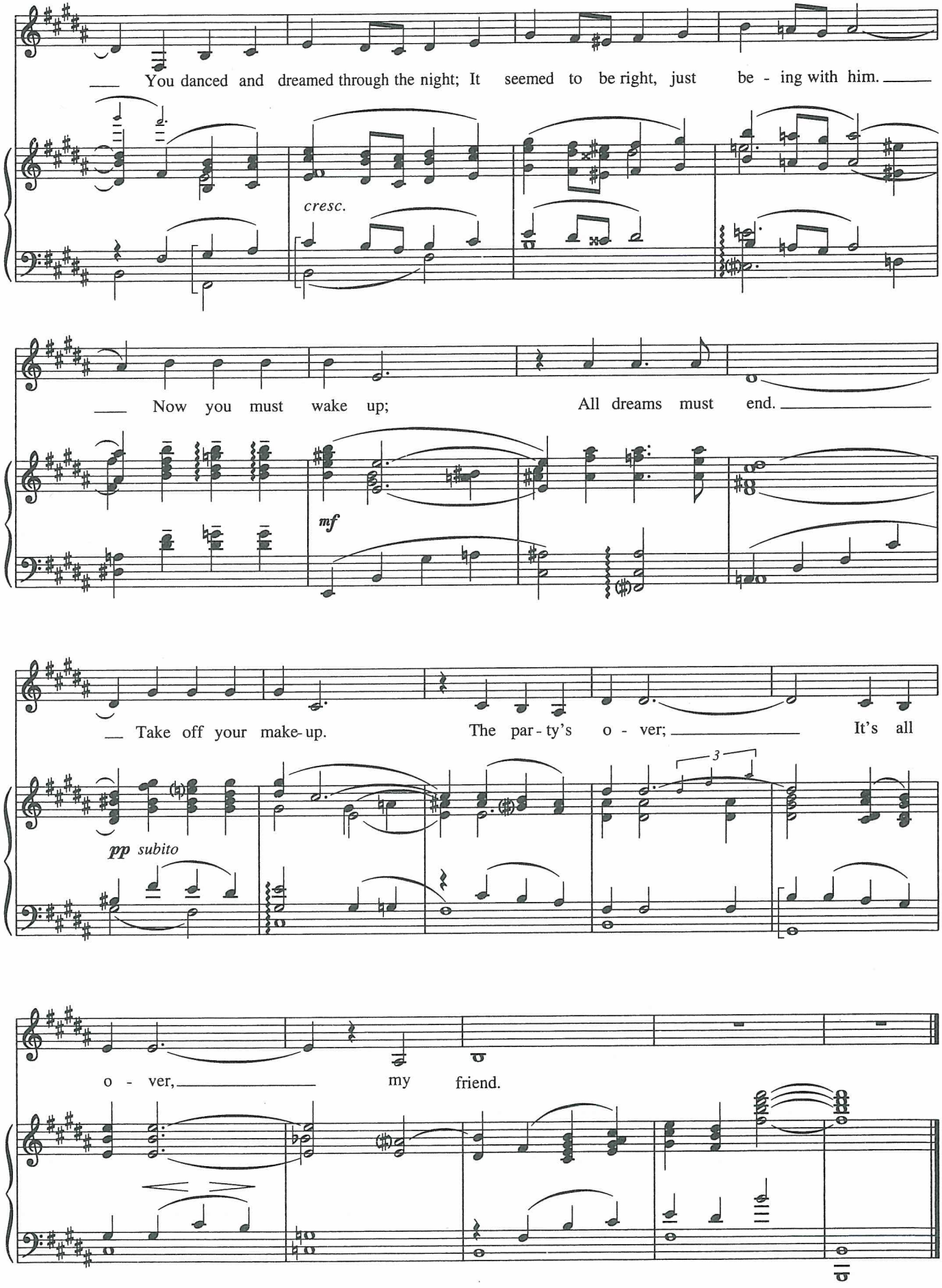
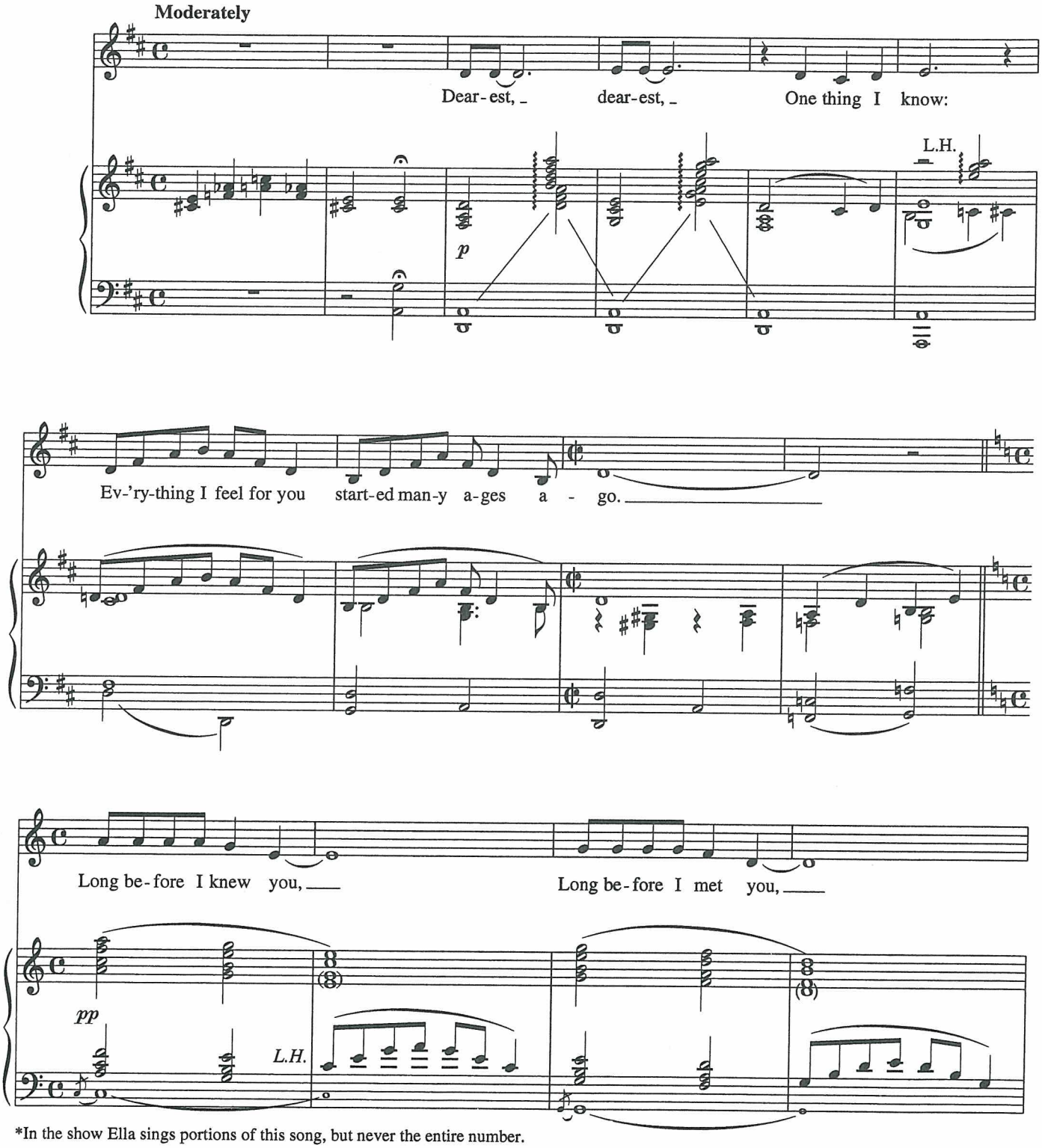

o - ver. It's time to call it a day. No mat - ter
pp
how you pre-tend, you knew it would end this way. It's time to wind up
the mas-quer - ade. Just make your mind up the pi - per
must be paid. The par - ty's o - ver, The can - dles flick - er and dim.
poco rit.
a tempo
p


You danced and dreamed through the night; It seemed to be right, just be - ing with him.
cresc.
Now you must wake up; All dreams must end.
mf
Take off your make-up. The par - ty's o - ver; It's all
pp subito
3
o - ver, my friend.

LONG BEFORE I KNEW YOU

from *Bells Are Ringing*

Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN
and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE



*In the show Ella sings portions of this song, but never the entire number.

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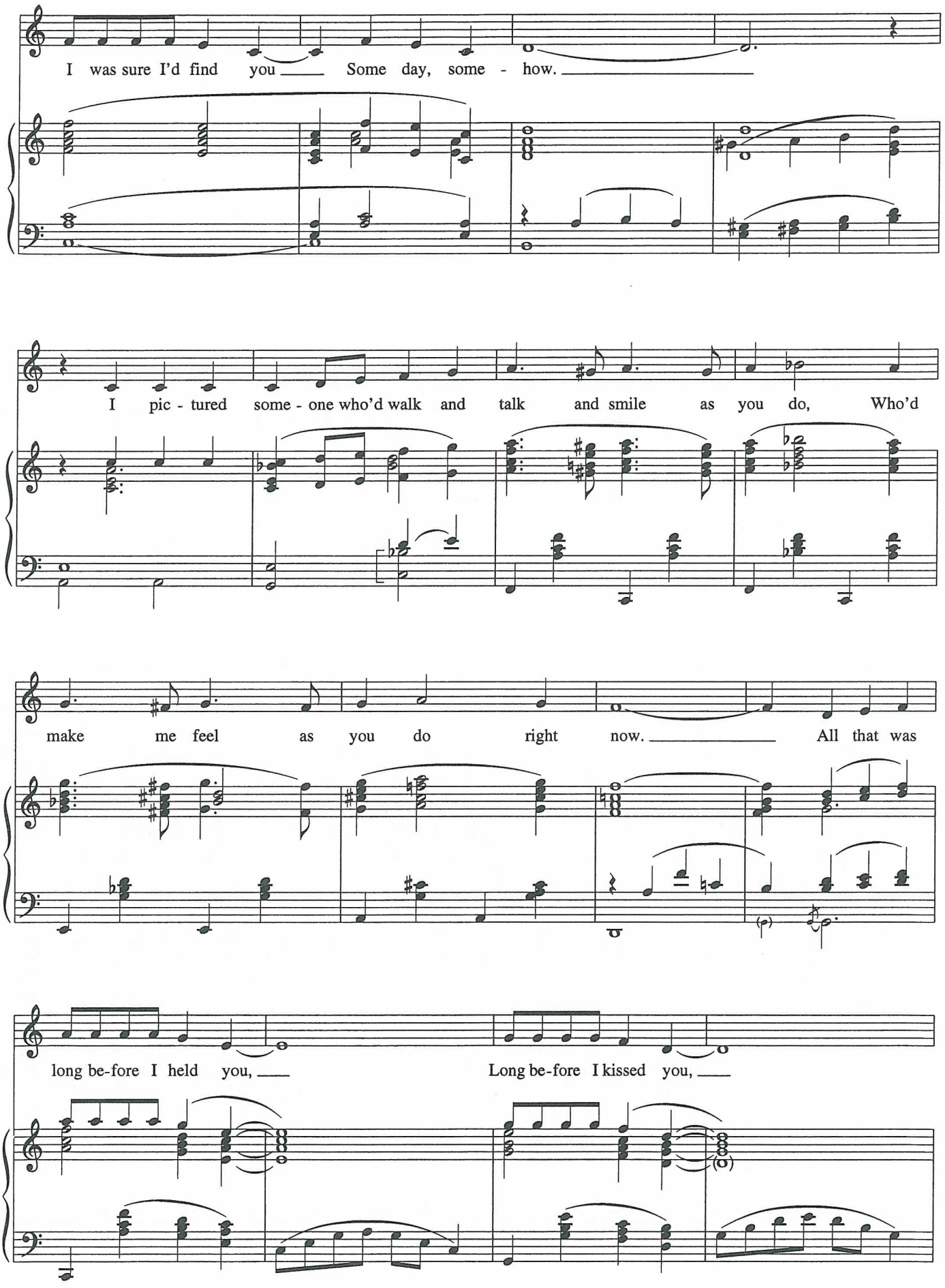
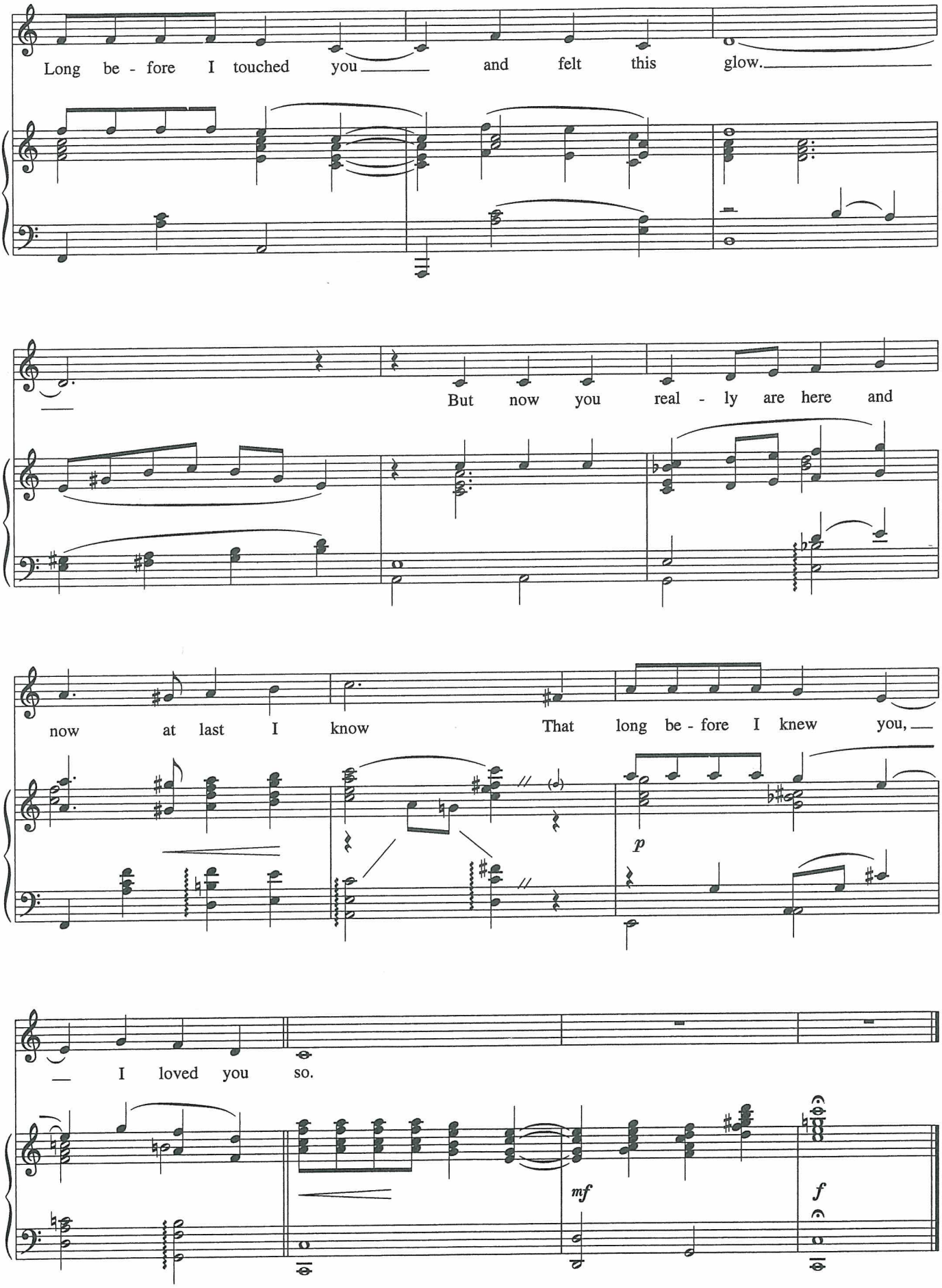

I was sure I'd find you Some day, some - how.
I pic - tured some - one who'd walk and talk and smile as you do, Who'd
make me feel as you do right now. All that was
long be-fore I held you, Long be-fore I kissed you,

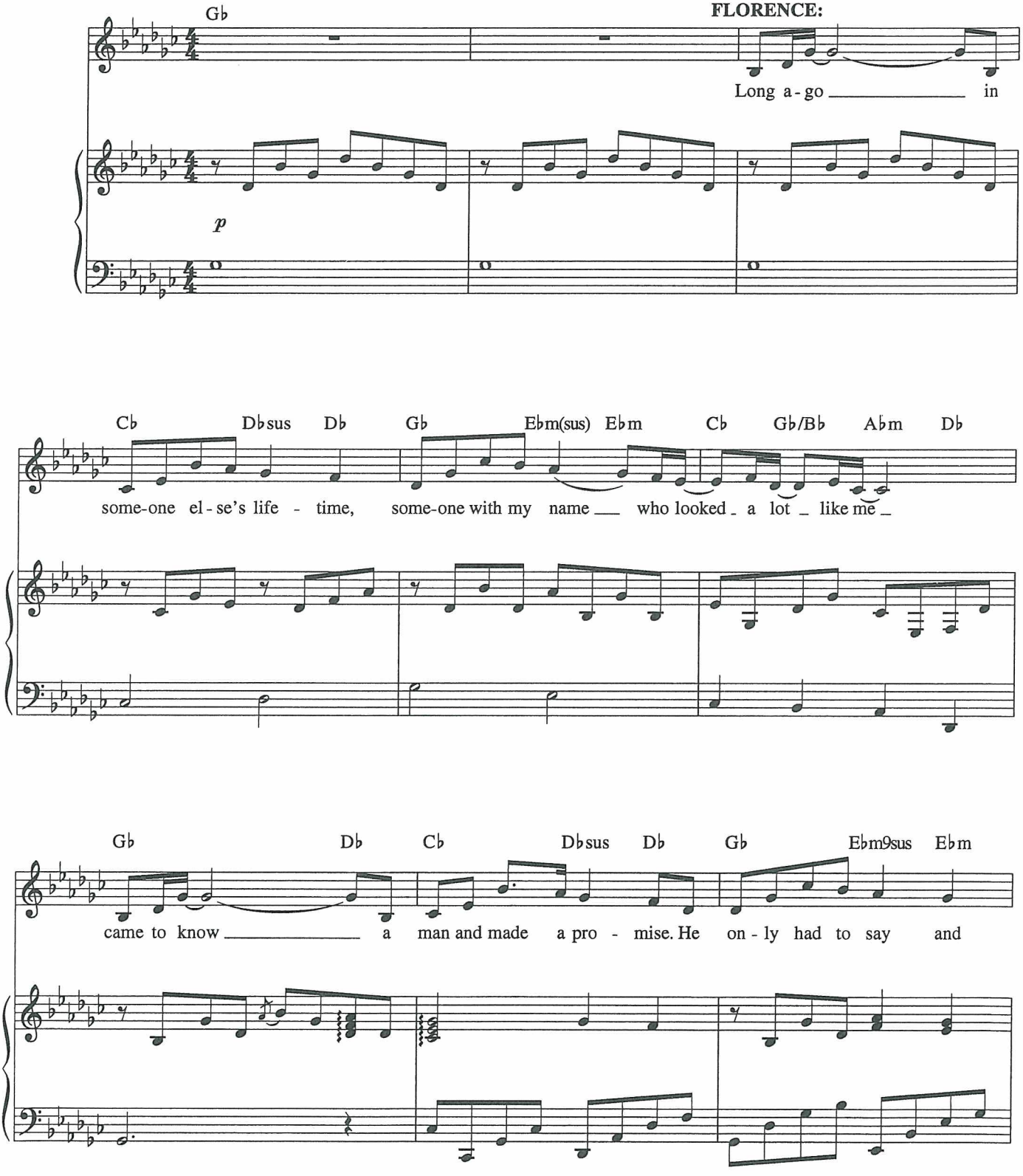

Long be - fore I touched you and felt this glow.
But now you real - ly are here and
now at last I know That long be - fore I knew you,
p
I loved you so.
mf
f

SOMEONE ELSE'S STORY

from *Chess*

Words and Music by
BENNY ANDERSSON, TIM RICE
and BJORN ULVAEUS

Slow 8 - Beat Ballad



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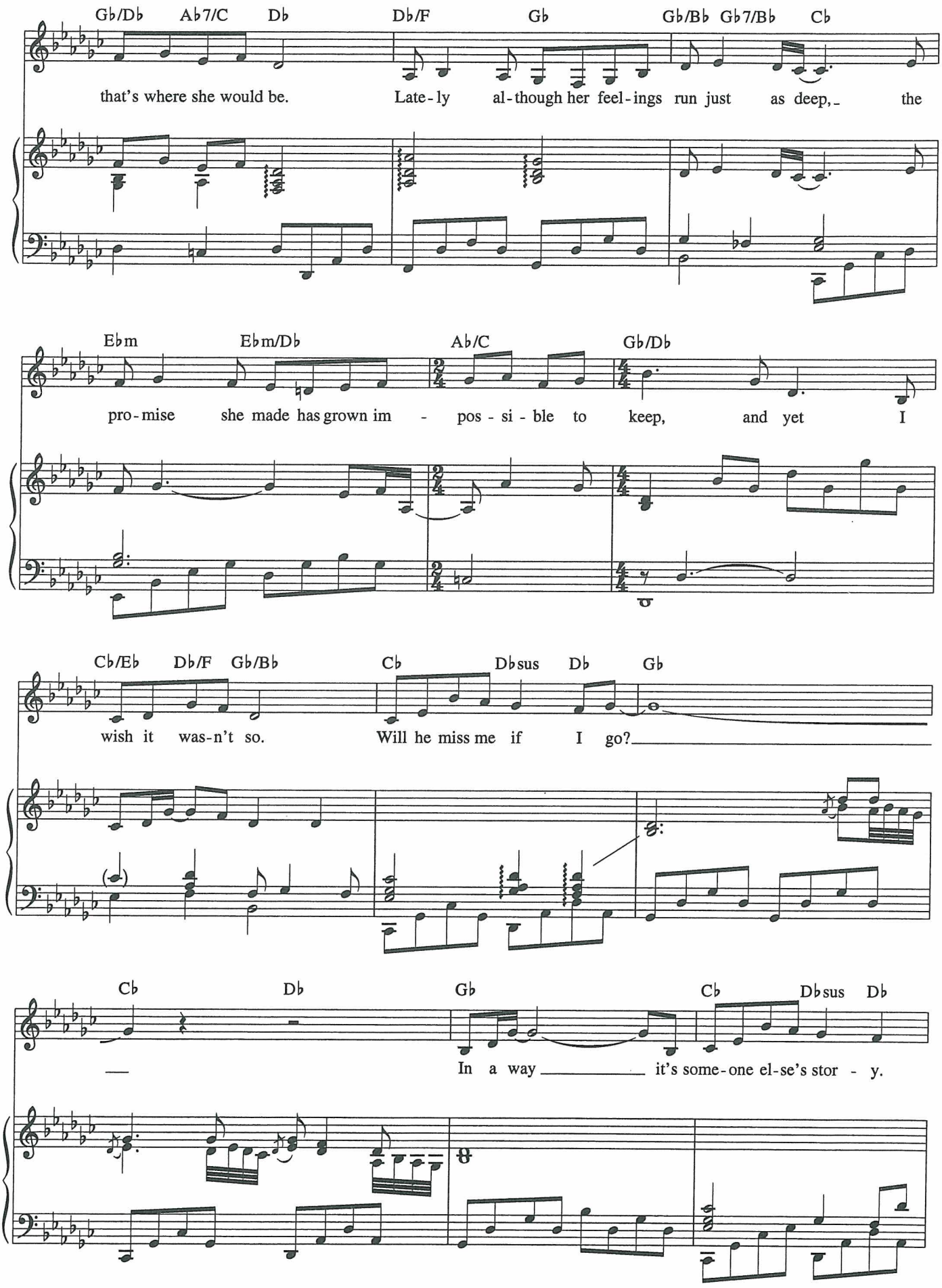
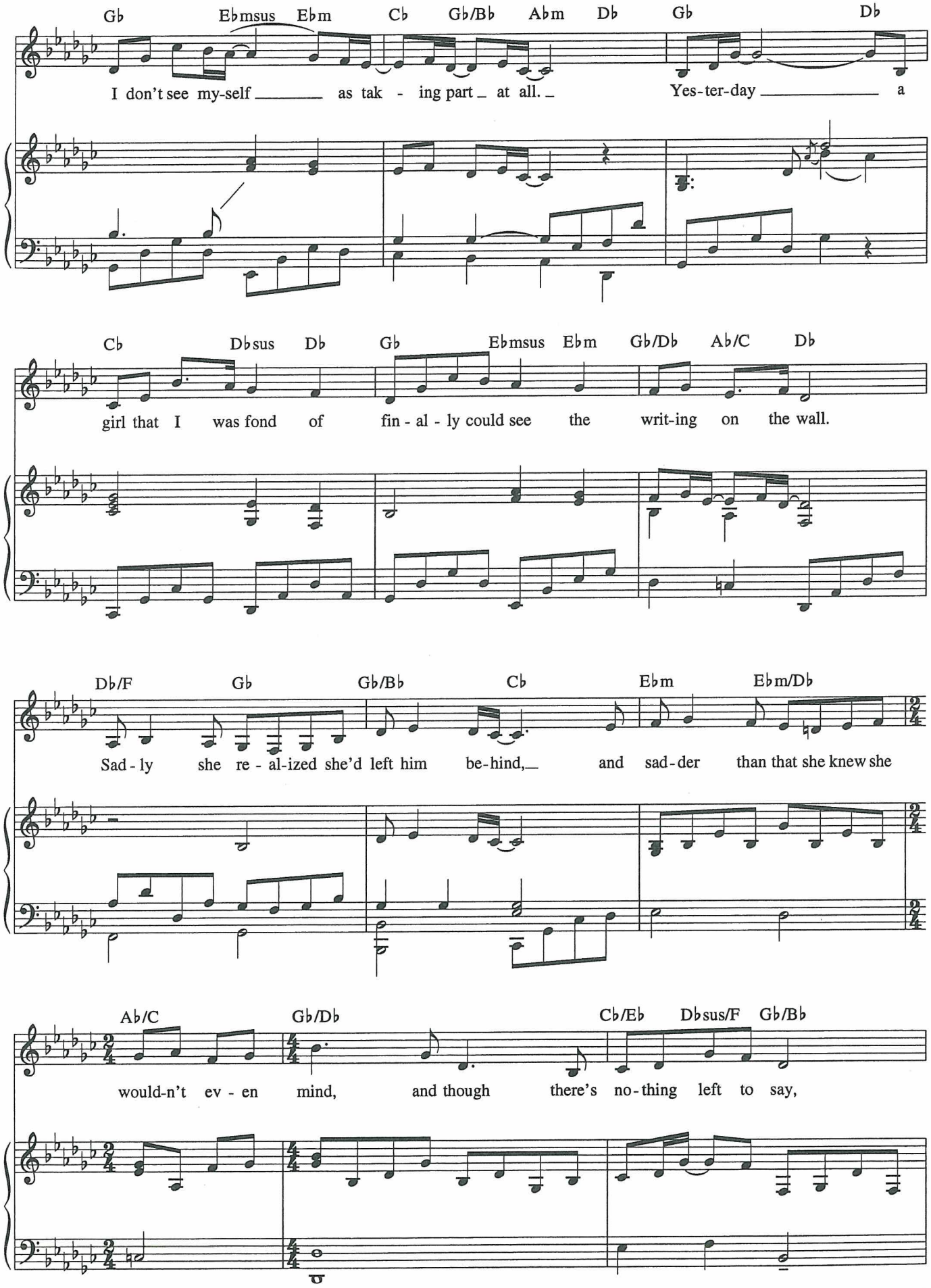
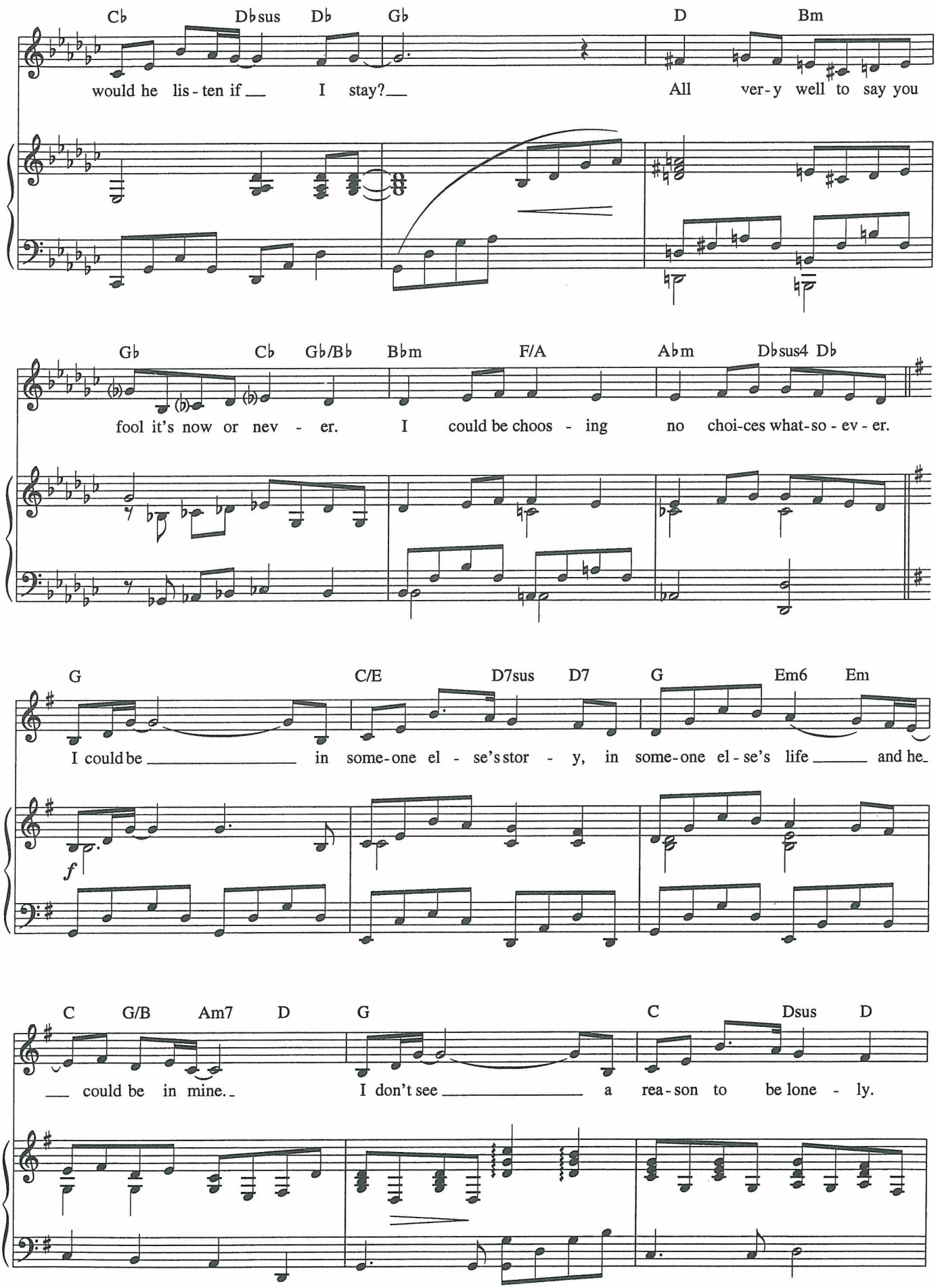
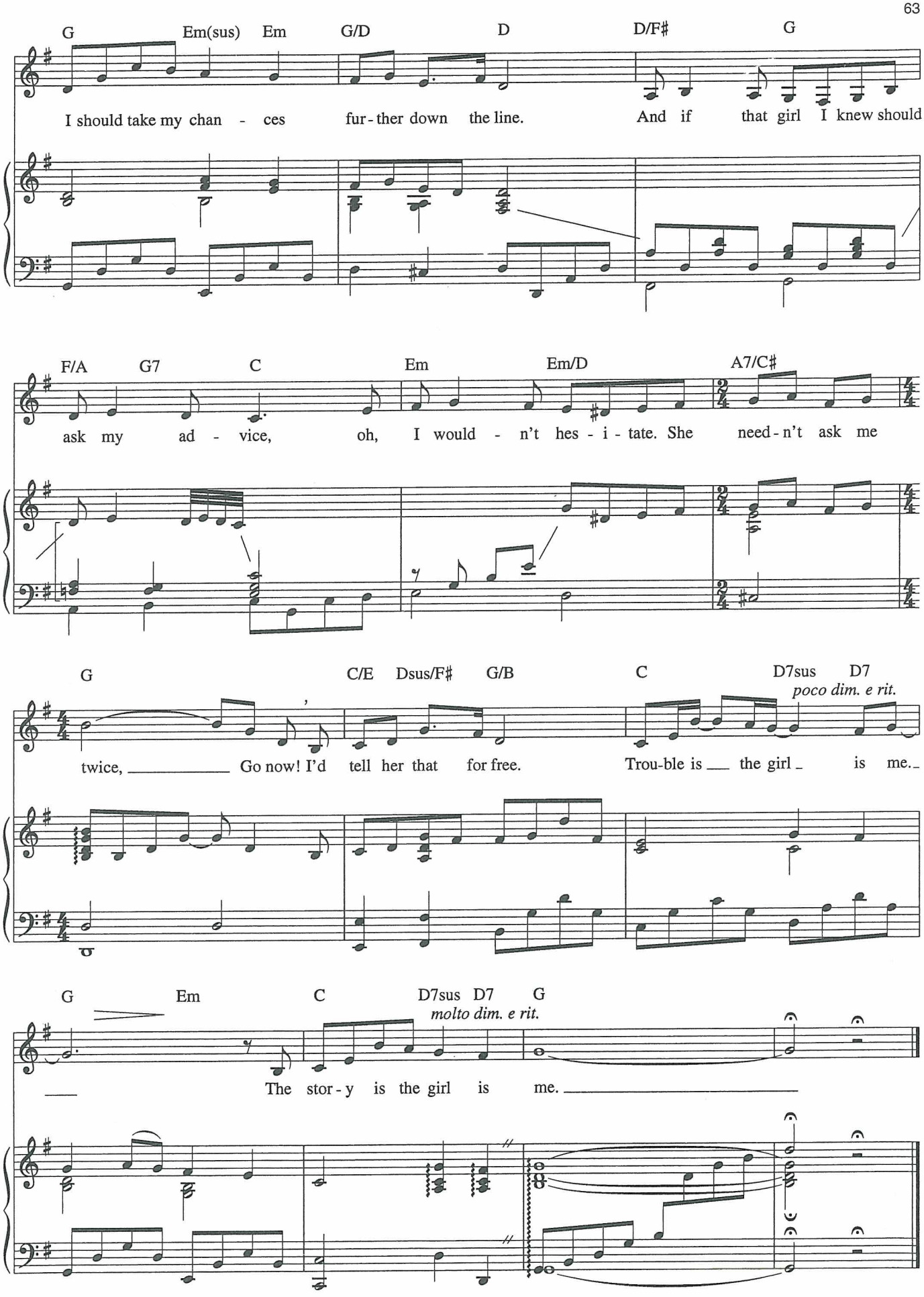

Gb/Db Ab7/C Db Db/F Gb Gb/Bb Gb7/Bb Cb
that's where she would be. Late-ly al-though her feel-ings run just as deep, the
Ebm Ebm/Db Ab/C Gb/Db
pro-mise she made has grown im - pos - si - ble to keep, and yet I
Cb/Eb Db/F Gb/Bb Cb Dbsus Db Gb
wish it was-n't so. Will he miss me if I go?
Cb Db Gb Cb Dbsus Db
In a way it's some-one el-se's stor - y.


Gb Ebmsus Ebm Cb Gb/Bb Abm Db Gb Db
I don't see my-self as tak - ing part at all. Yes-ter-day a
Cb Dbsus Db Gb Ebmsus Ebm Gb/Db Ab/C Db
girl that I was fond of fin - al - ly could see the writ-ing on the wall.
Db/F Gb Gb/Bb Cb Ebm Ebm/Db
Sad - ly she re - al-ized she'd left him be-hind, and sad-der than that she knew she
Ab/C Gb/Db Cb/Eb Dbsus/F Gb/Bb
would-n't ev - en mind, and though there's no-thing left to say,

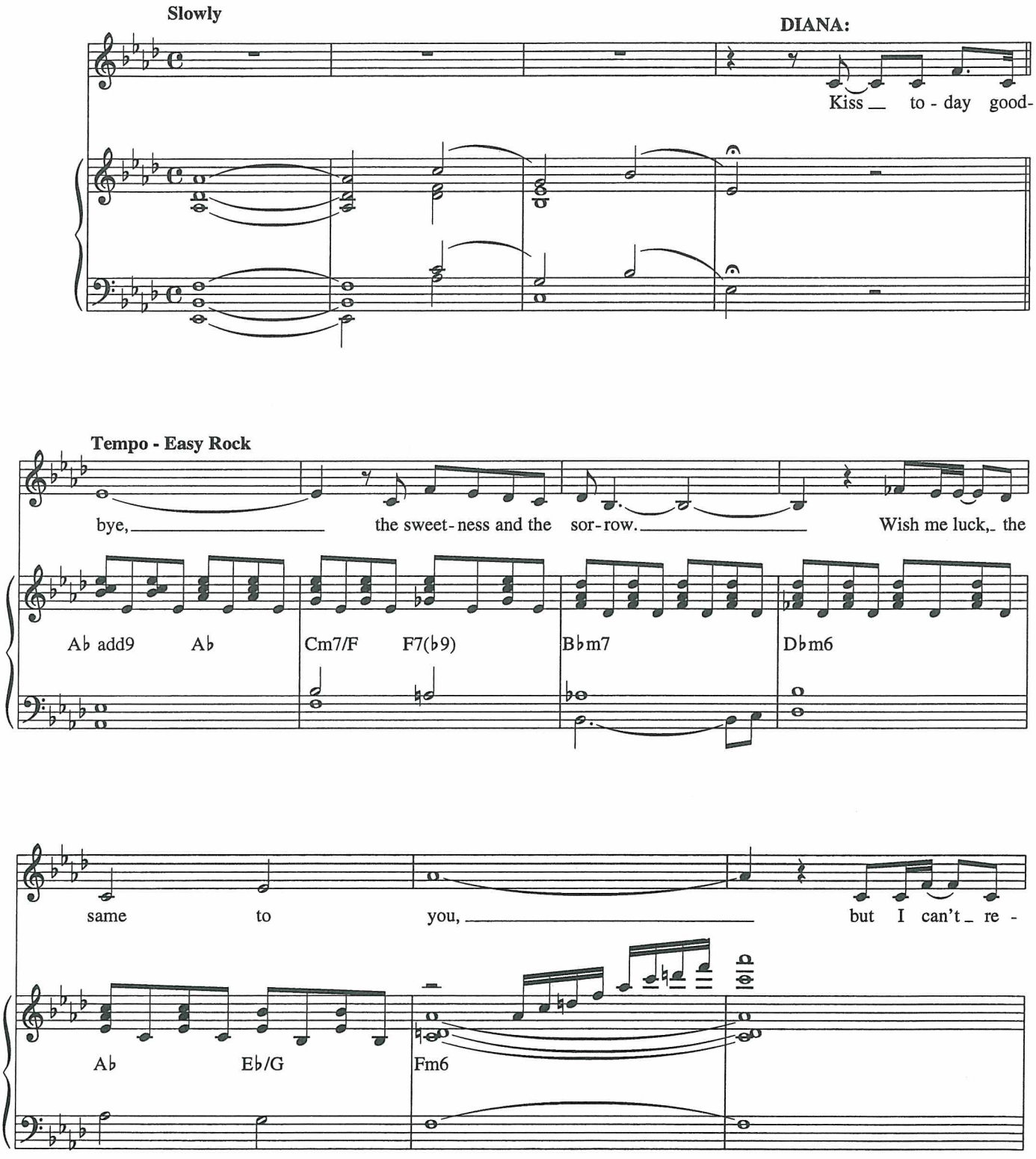

Cb Dbsus Db Gb D Bm
would he lis - ten if I stay? All ver - y well to say you
Gb Cb Gb/Bb Bbm F/A Abm Dbsus4 Db
fool it's now or nev - er. I could be choos - ing no choi-ces what-so - ev - er.
G C/E D7sus D7 G Em6 Em
I could be in some-one el - se's stor - y, in some-one el - se's life and he
f
C G/B Am7 D G C Dsus D
could be in mine. I don't see a rea - son to be lone - ly.


G Em(sus) Em G/D D D/F♯ G
I should take my chan - ces fur - ther down the line. And if that girl I knew should
F/A G7 C Em Em/D A7/C♯
ask my ad - vice, oh, I would - n't hes - i - tate. She need - n't ask me
G C/E Dsus/F♯ G/B C D7sus D7
poco dim. e rit.
twice, Go now! I'd tell her that for free. Trou-ble is the girl is me.
G Em C D7sus D7 G
molto dim. e rit.
The stor - y is the girl is me.

WHAT I DID FOR LOVE

from *A Chorus Line*

Lyrics by EDWARD KLEBAN
Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH



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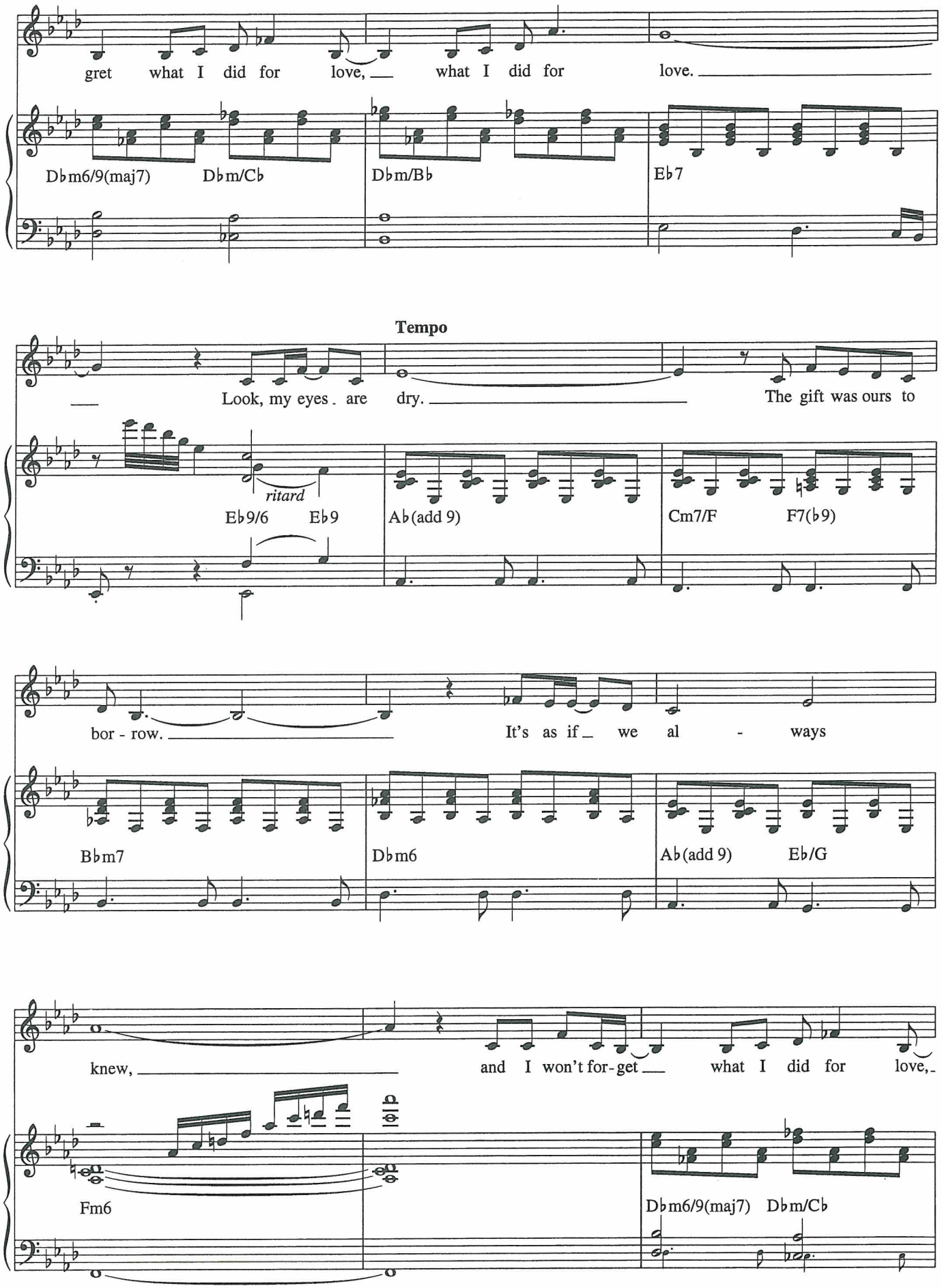
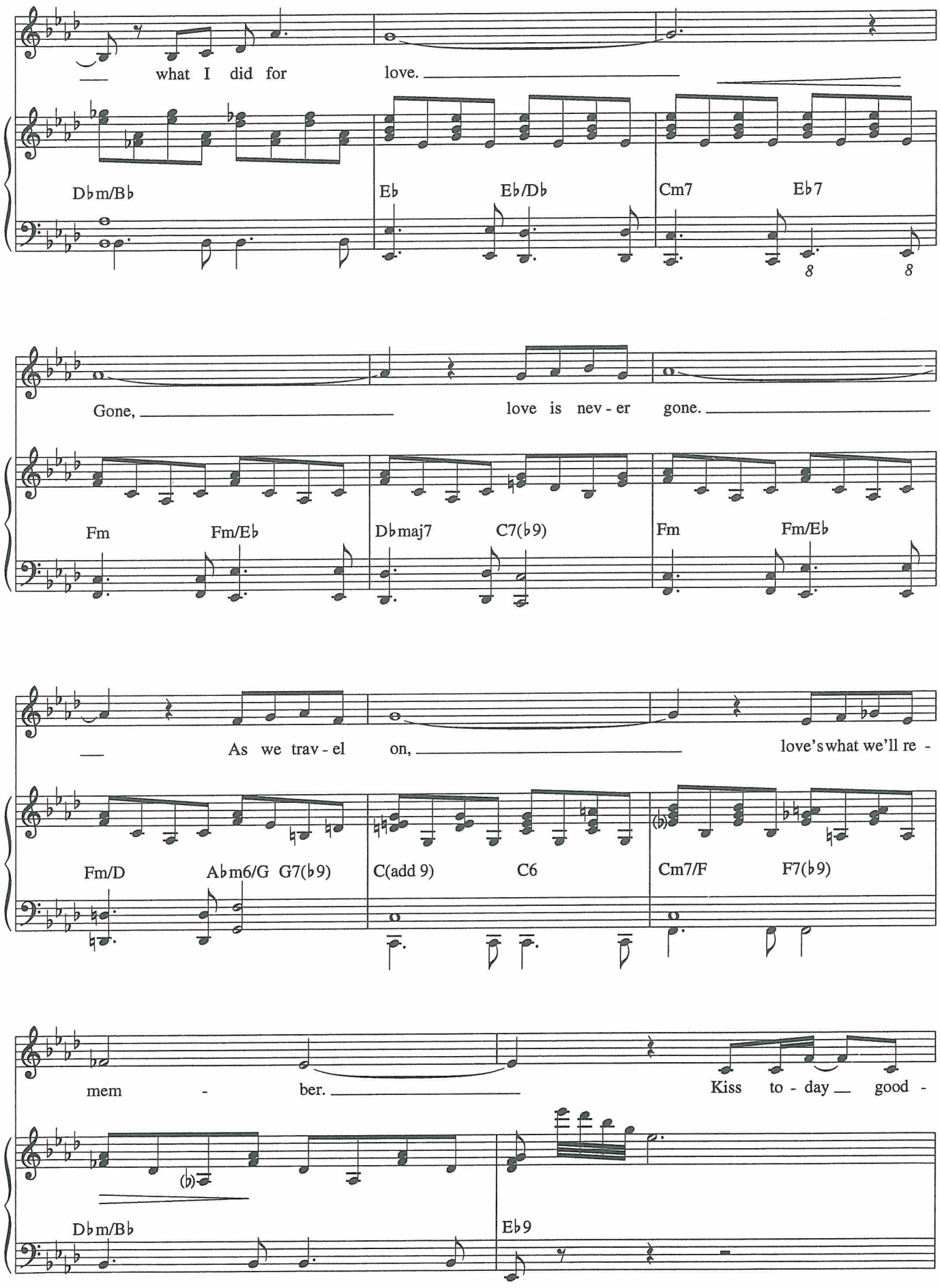
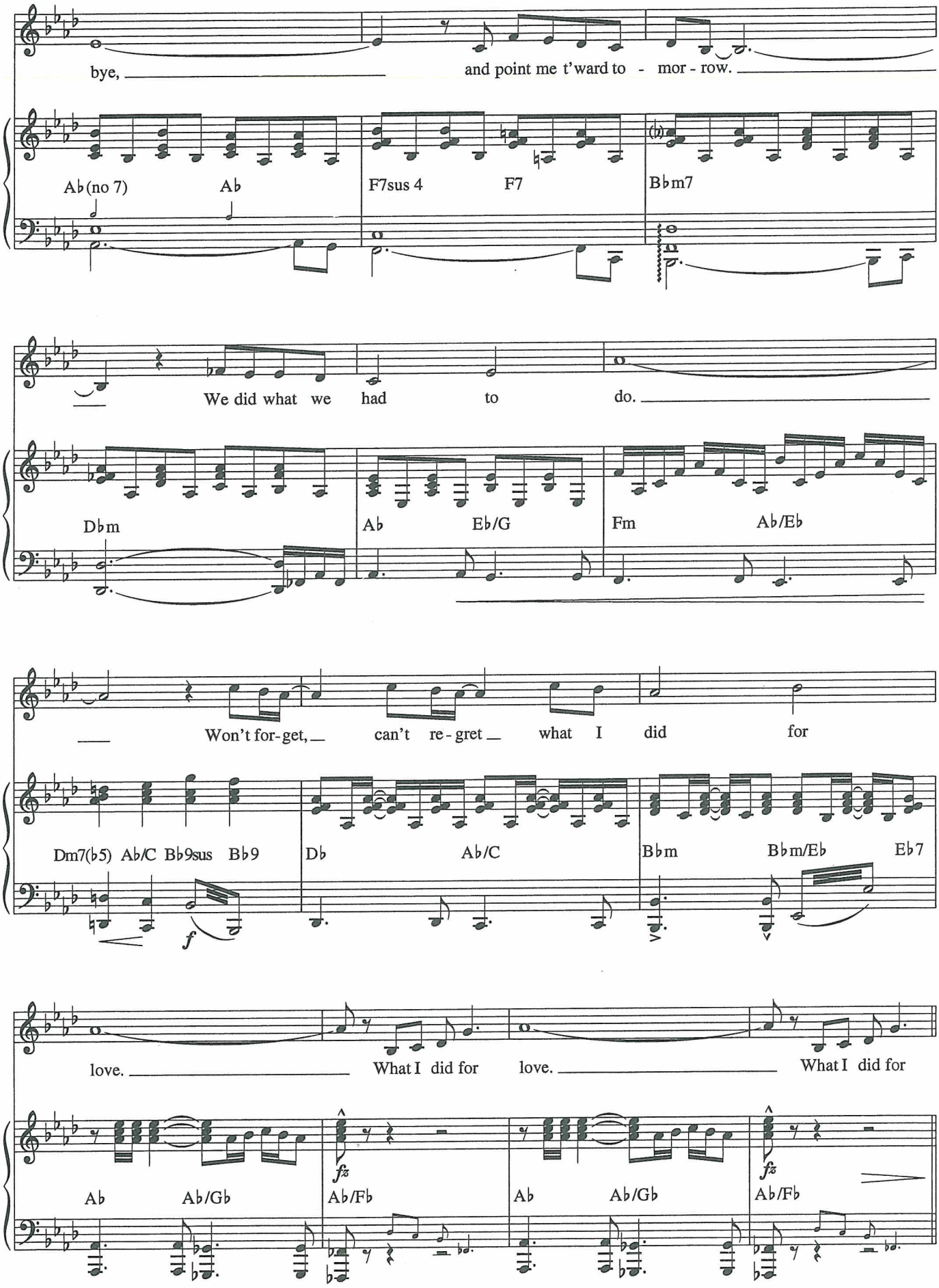
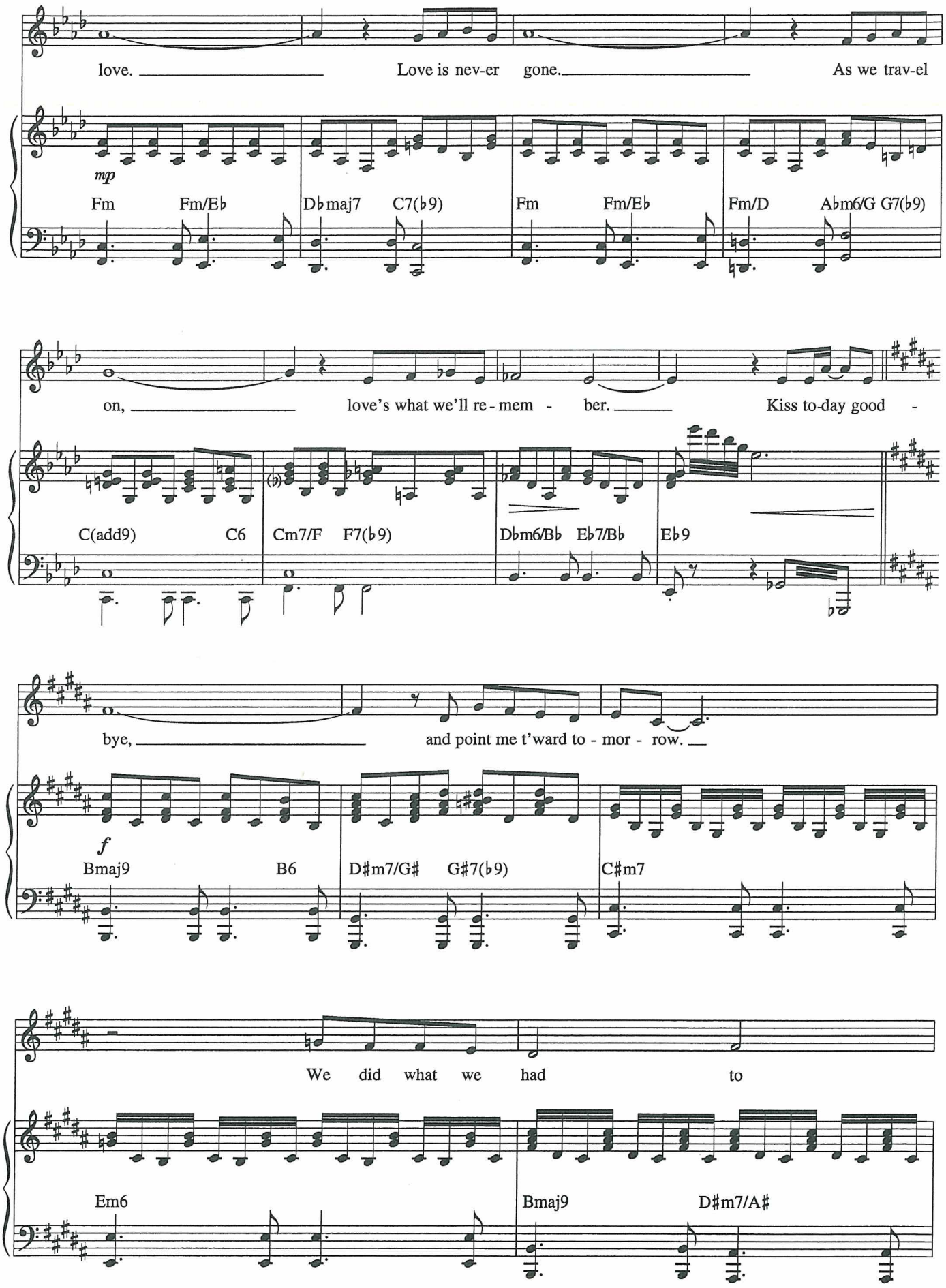
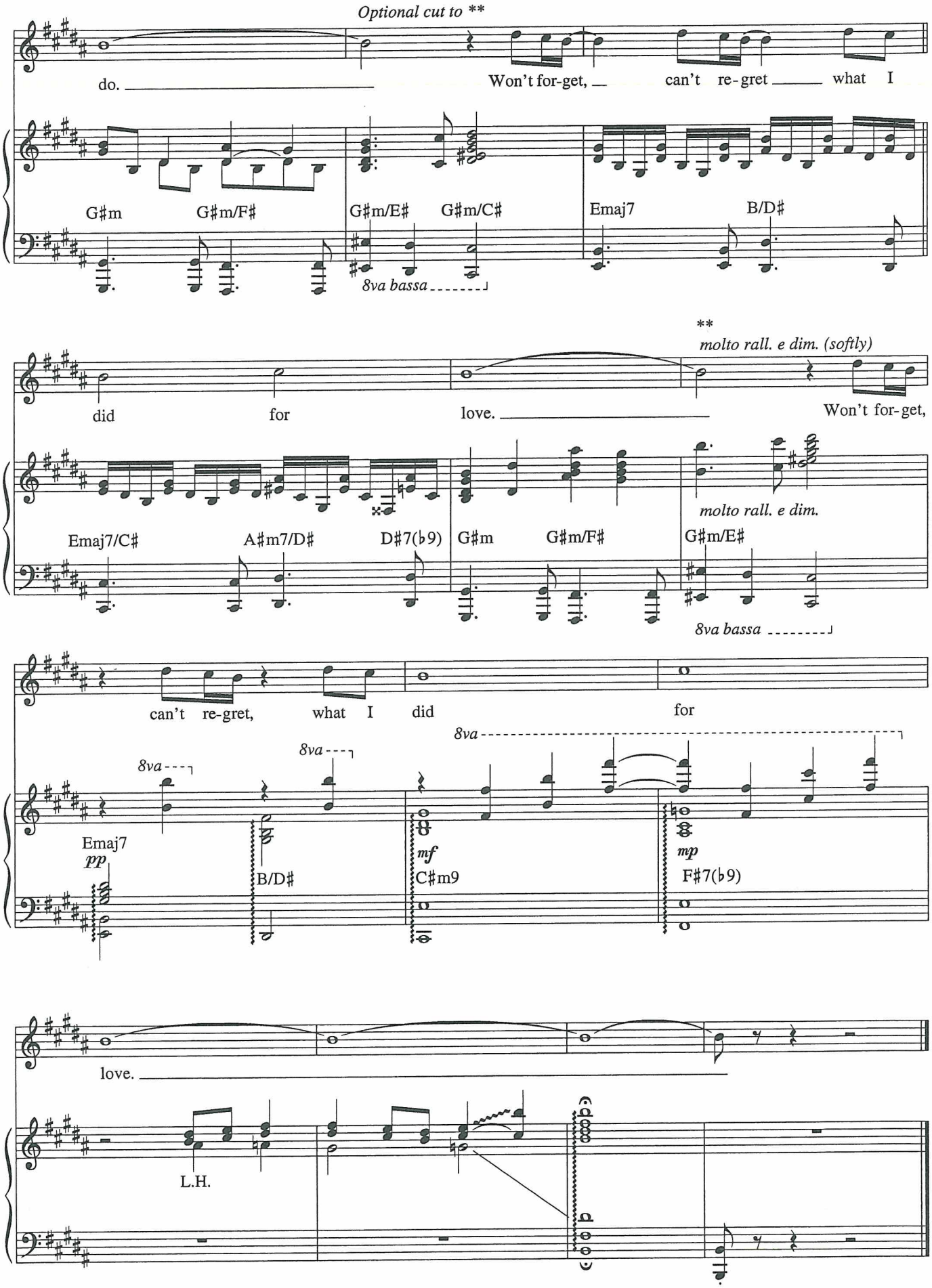

gret what I did for love, what I did for love.
Dbm6/9(maj7) Dbm/Cb
Dbm/Bb
Eb7
Tempo
Look, my eyes . are dry. The gift was ours to
ritard
Eb9/6 Eb9
Ab(add 9)
Cm7/F F7(b9)
bor - row. It's as if we al - ways
Bbm7
Dbm6
Ab(add 9) Eb/G
knew, and I won't for-get what I did for love,
Fm6
Dbm6/9(maj7) Dbm/Cb


what I did for love.
Dbm/Bb
Eb
Eb/Db
Cm7
Eb7
Gone, love is nev - er gone.
Fm
Fm/Eb
Dbmaj7
C7(b9)
Fm
Fm/Eb
As we trav - el on, love's what we'll re -
Fm/D
Abm6/G
G7(b9)
C(add 9)
C6
Cm7/F
F7(b9)
mem - ber.
Kiss to - day good -
Dbm/Bb
Eb9


bye, and point me t'ward to - mor - row.
Ab(no 7) Ab F7sus 4 F7 Bbm7
We did what we had to do.
Dbm Ab Eb/G Fm Ab/Eb
Won't for-get, can't re-gret what I did for
Dm7(b5) Ab/C Bb9sus Bb9 Db Ab/C Bbm Bbm/Eb Eb7
f
love. What I did for love. What I did for
Ab Ab/Gb Ab/Fb Ab Ab/Gb Ab/Fb
fz fz

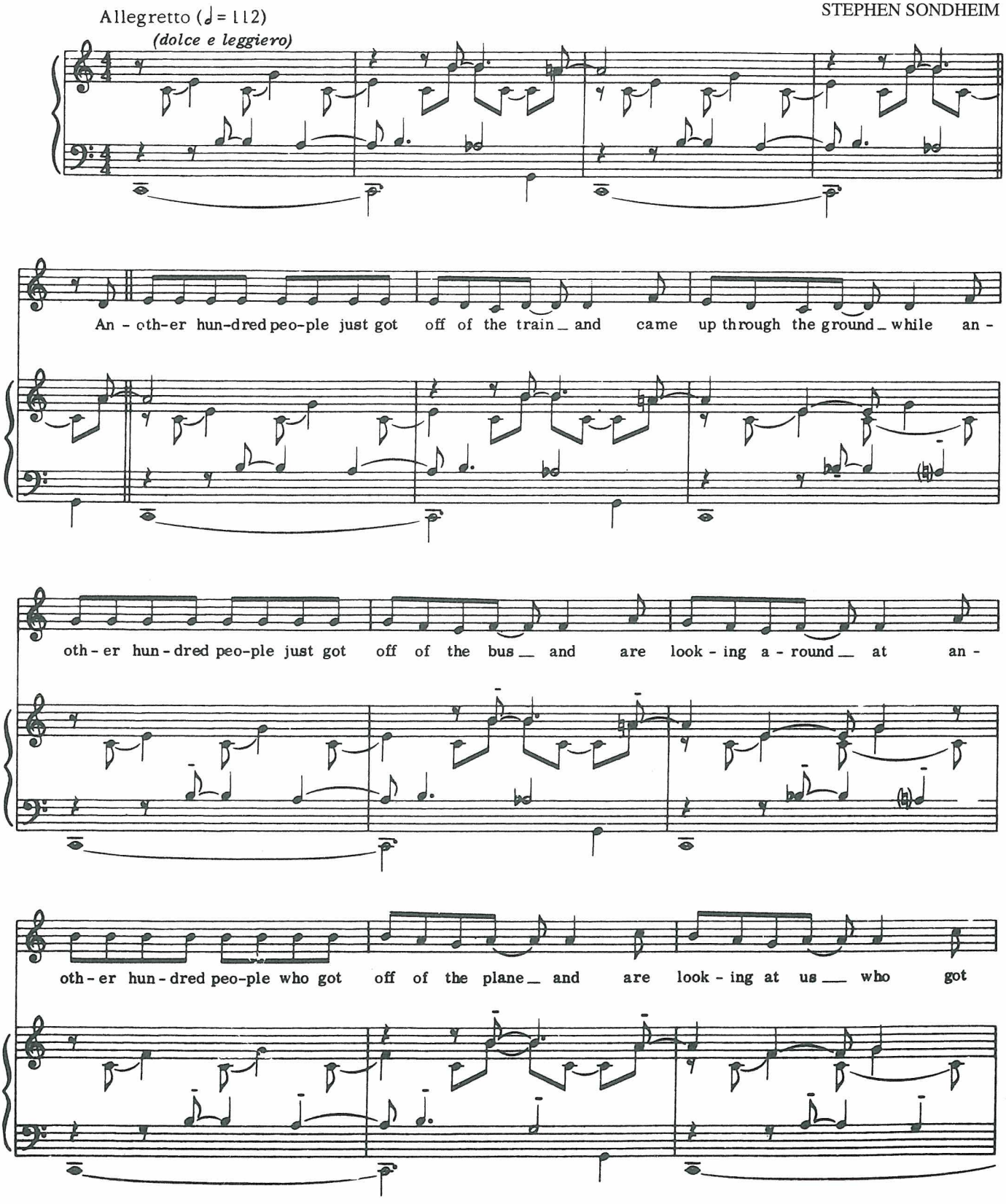

love. Love is nev-er gone. As we trav-el
mp
Fm Fm/Eb Dbmaj7 C7(b9) Fm Fm/Eb Fm/D Abm6/G G7(b9)
on, love's what we'll re - mem - ber. Kiss to-day good -
C(add9) C6 Cm7/F F7(b9) Dbm6/Bb Eb7/Bb Eb9
bye, and point me t'ward to - mor - row.
f
Bmaj9 B6 D#m7/G# G#7(b9) C#m7
We did what we had to
Em6 Bmaj9 D#m7/A#


Optional cut to **
do.
Won't for-get,
can't re-gret
what I
G♯m
G♯m/F♯
G♯m/E♯
G♯m/C♯
Emaj7
B/D♯
8va bassa
**
molto rall. e dim. (softly)
did
for
love.
Won't for-get,
molto rall. e dim.
Emaj7/C♯
A♯m7/D♯
D♯7(♭9)
G♯m
G♯m/F♯
G♯m/E♯
8va bassa
can't re-gret,
what I
did
for
8va
8va
8va
Emaj7
pp
B/D♯
mf
C♯m9
mp
F♯7(♭9)
love.
L.H.

ANOTHER HUNDRED PEOPLE

from *Company*

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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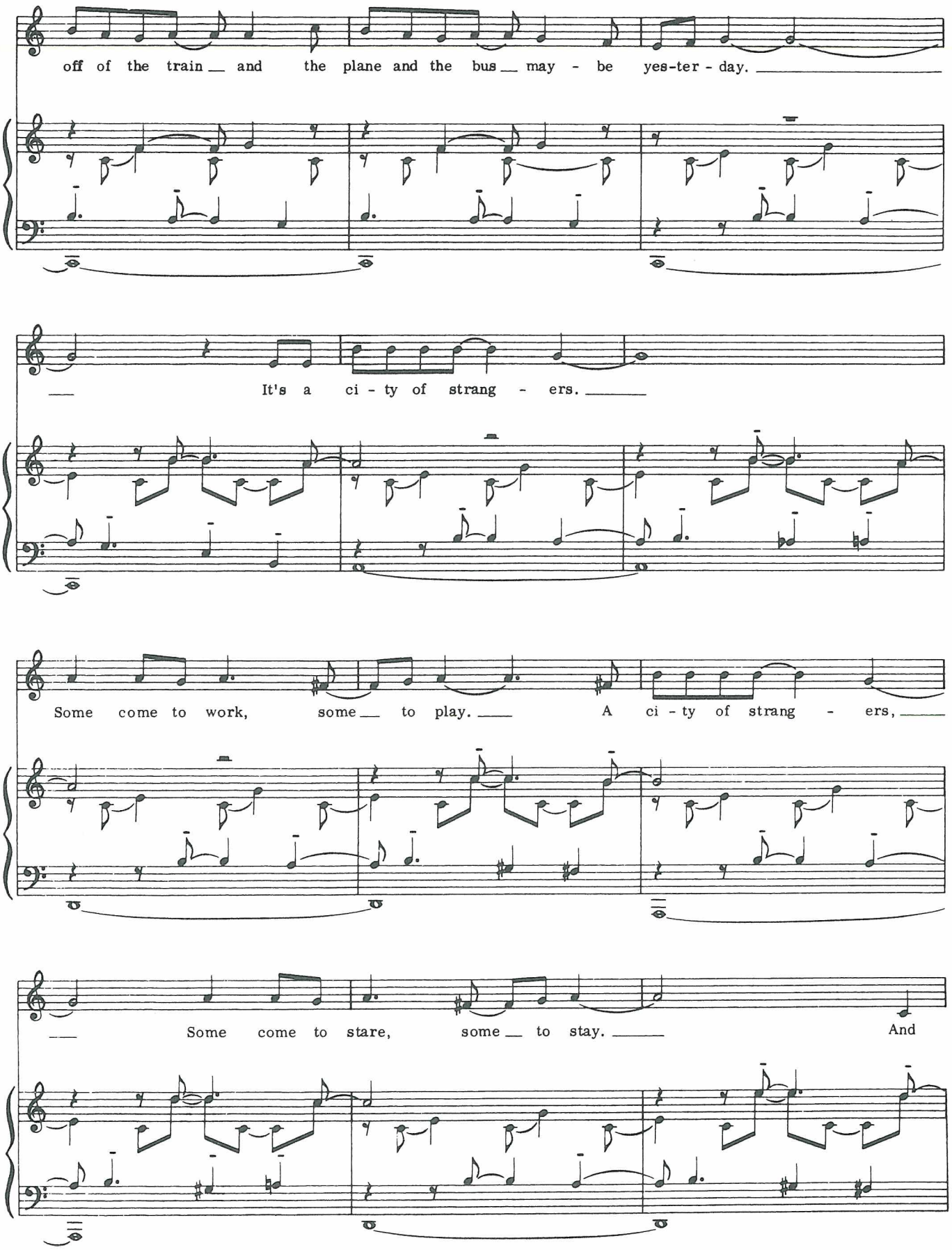
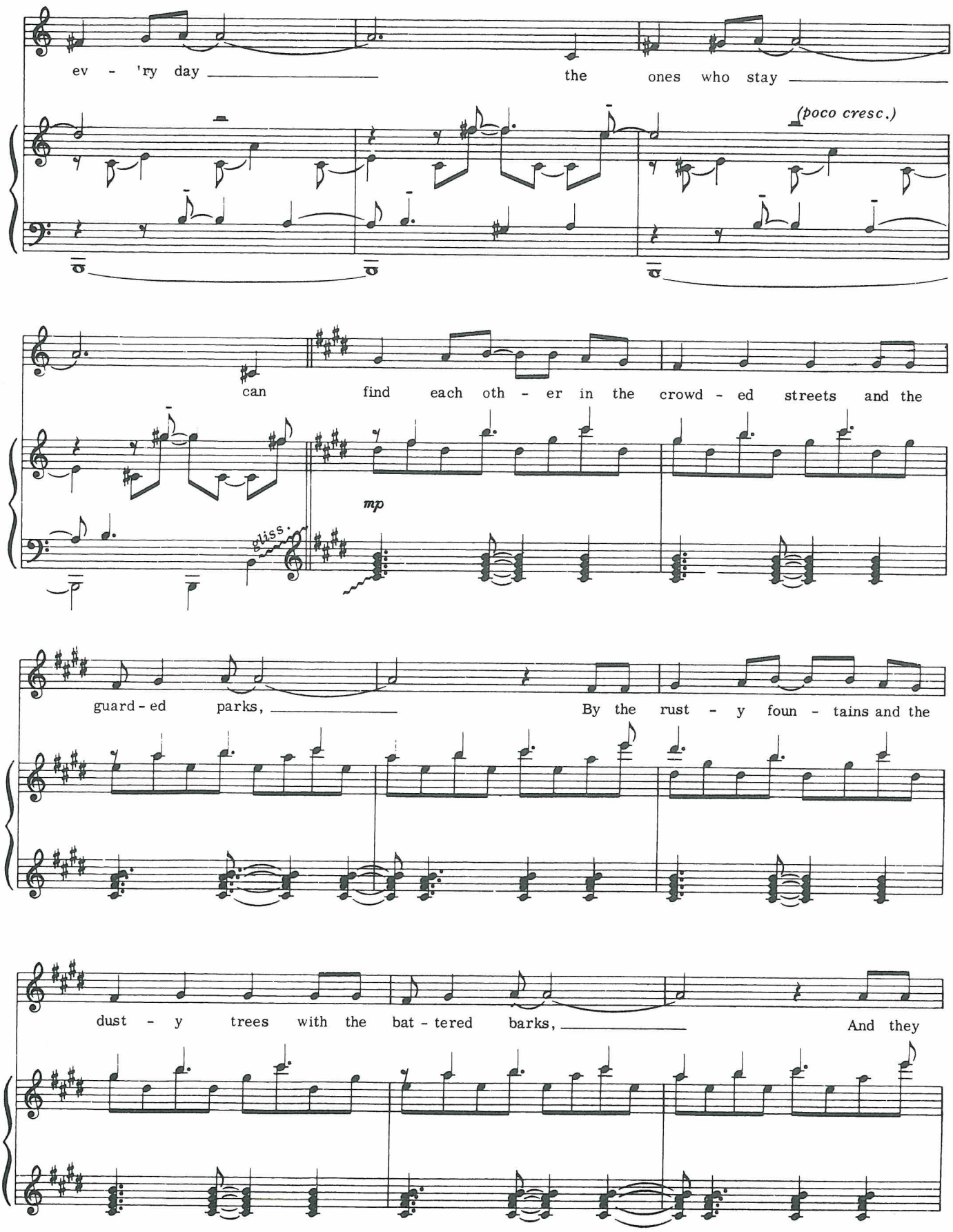
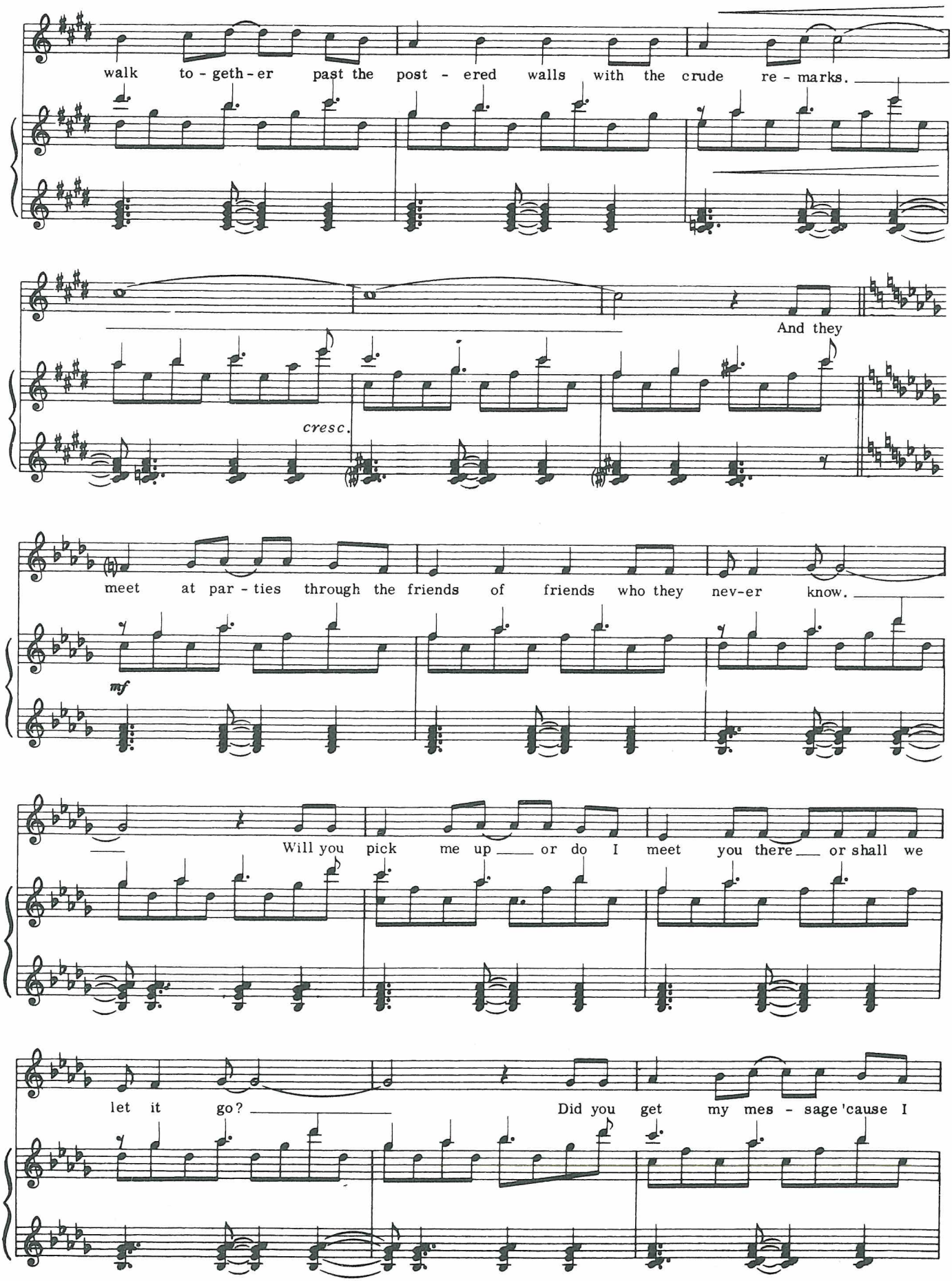
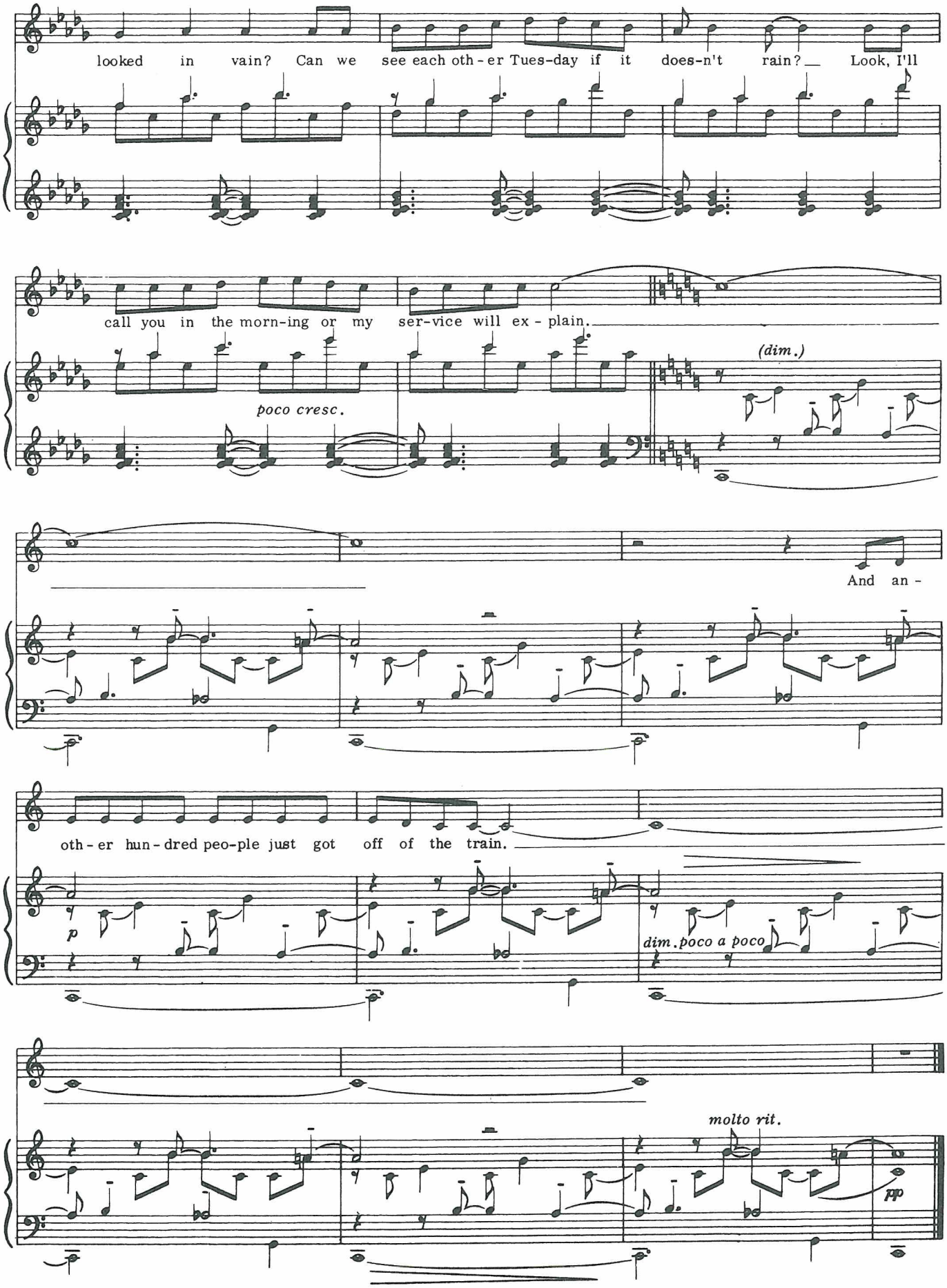

off of the train and the plane and the bus may - be yes-ter - day.
It's a ci - ty of strang - ers.
Some come to work, some to play. A ci - ty of strang - ers,
Some come to stare, some to stay. And


ev - 'ry day
the ones who stay
(poco cresc.)
can find each oth - er in the crowd - ed streets and the
mp
gliss.
guard - ed parks,
By the rust - y foun - tains and the
dust - y trees with the bat - tered barks,
And they

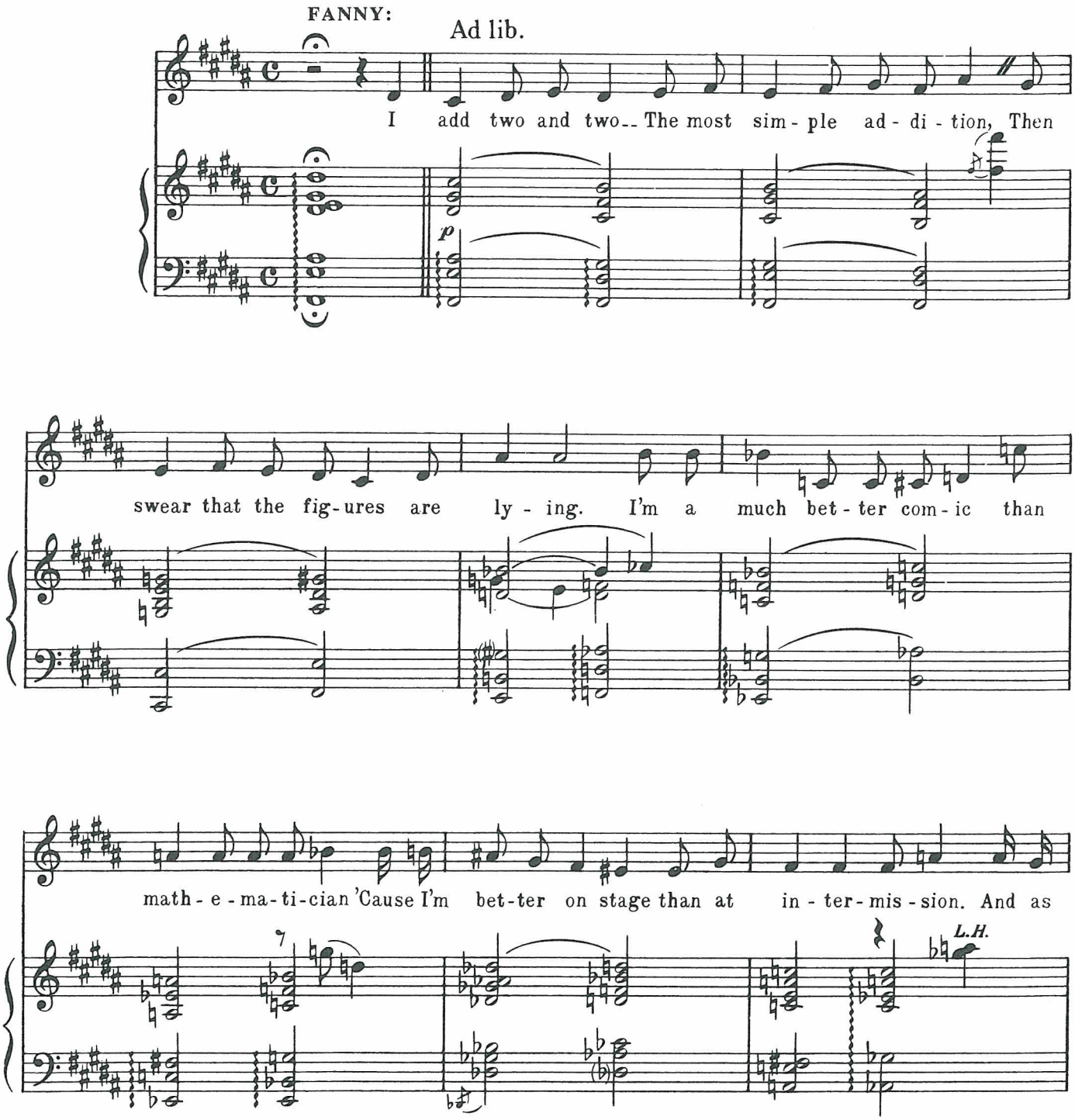

walk to - geth - er past the post - ered walls with the crude re - marks.
And they
cresc.
meet at par - ties through the friends of friends who they nev-er know.
mf
Will you pick me up or do I meet you there or shall we
let it go?
Did you get my mes - sage 'cause I


looked in vain? Can we see each oth-er Tues-day if it does-n't rain? Look, I'll
call you in the morn-ing or my ser-vice will ex-plain.
poco cresc.
(dim.)
And an-
oth-er hun-dred peo-ple just got off of the train.
p
dim. poco a poco
molto rit.
pp

THE MUSIC THAT MAKES ME DANCE

from *Funny Girl*

Words by BOB MERRILL
Music by JULE STYNE



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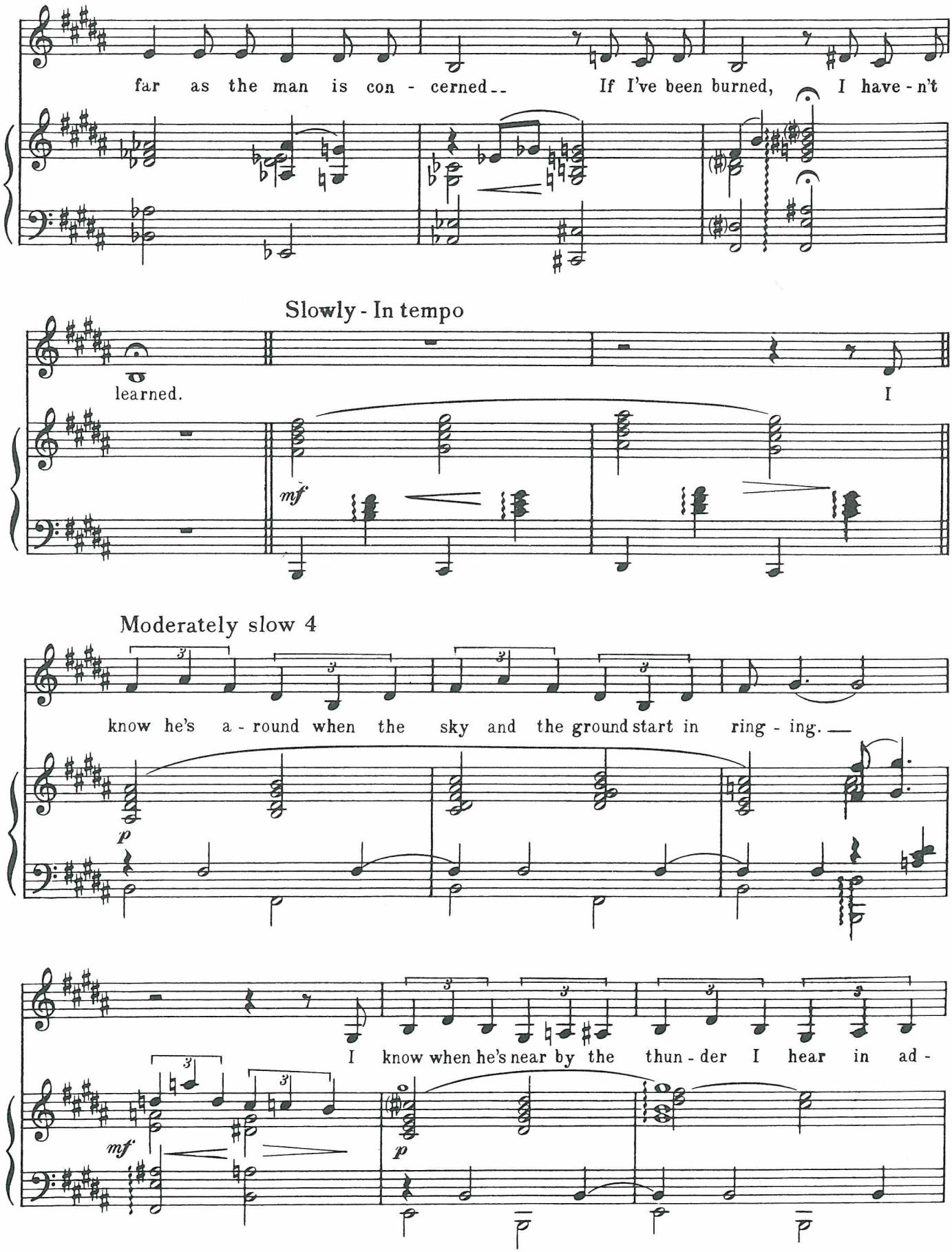
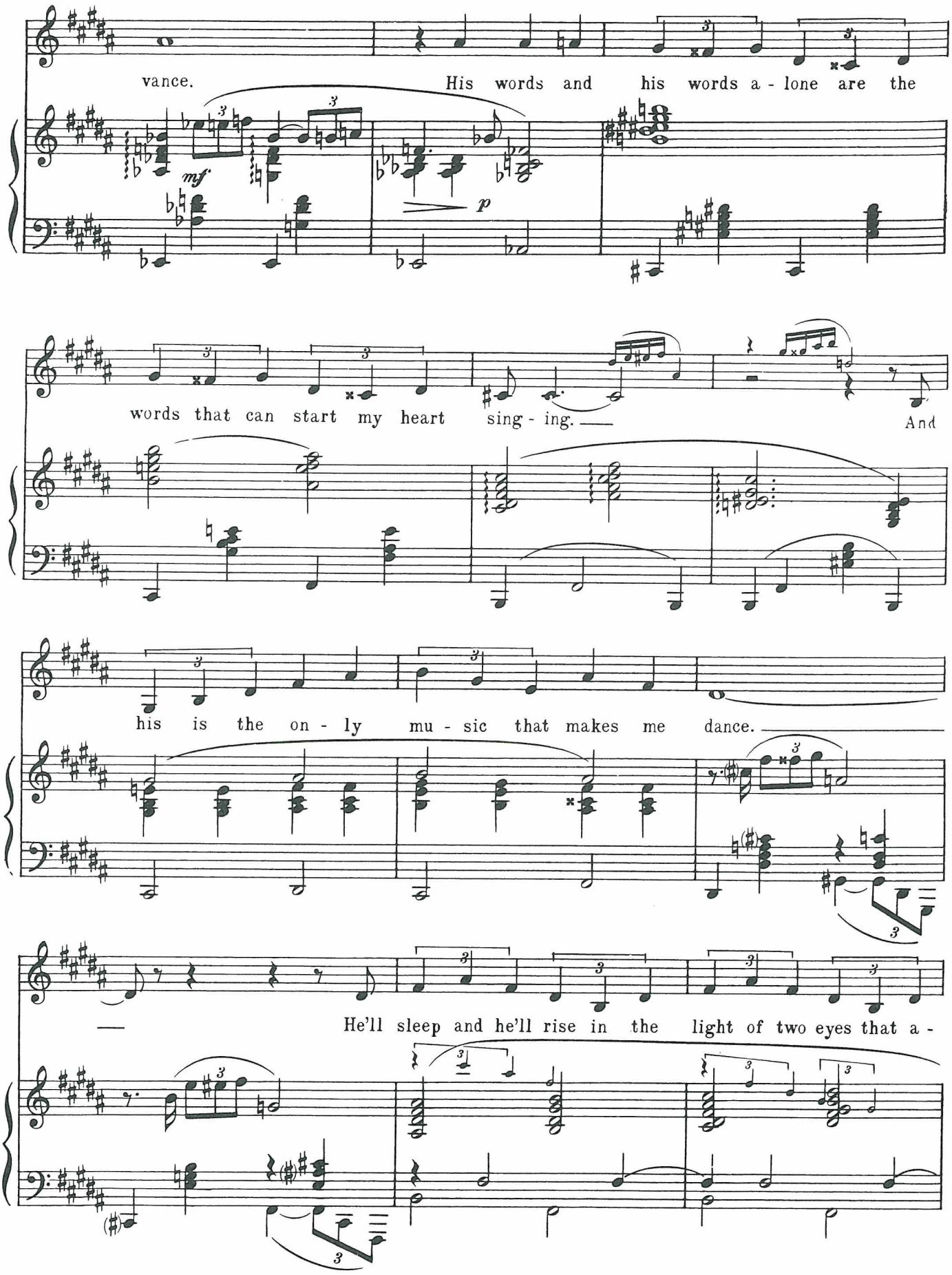
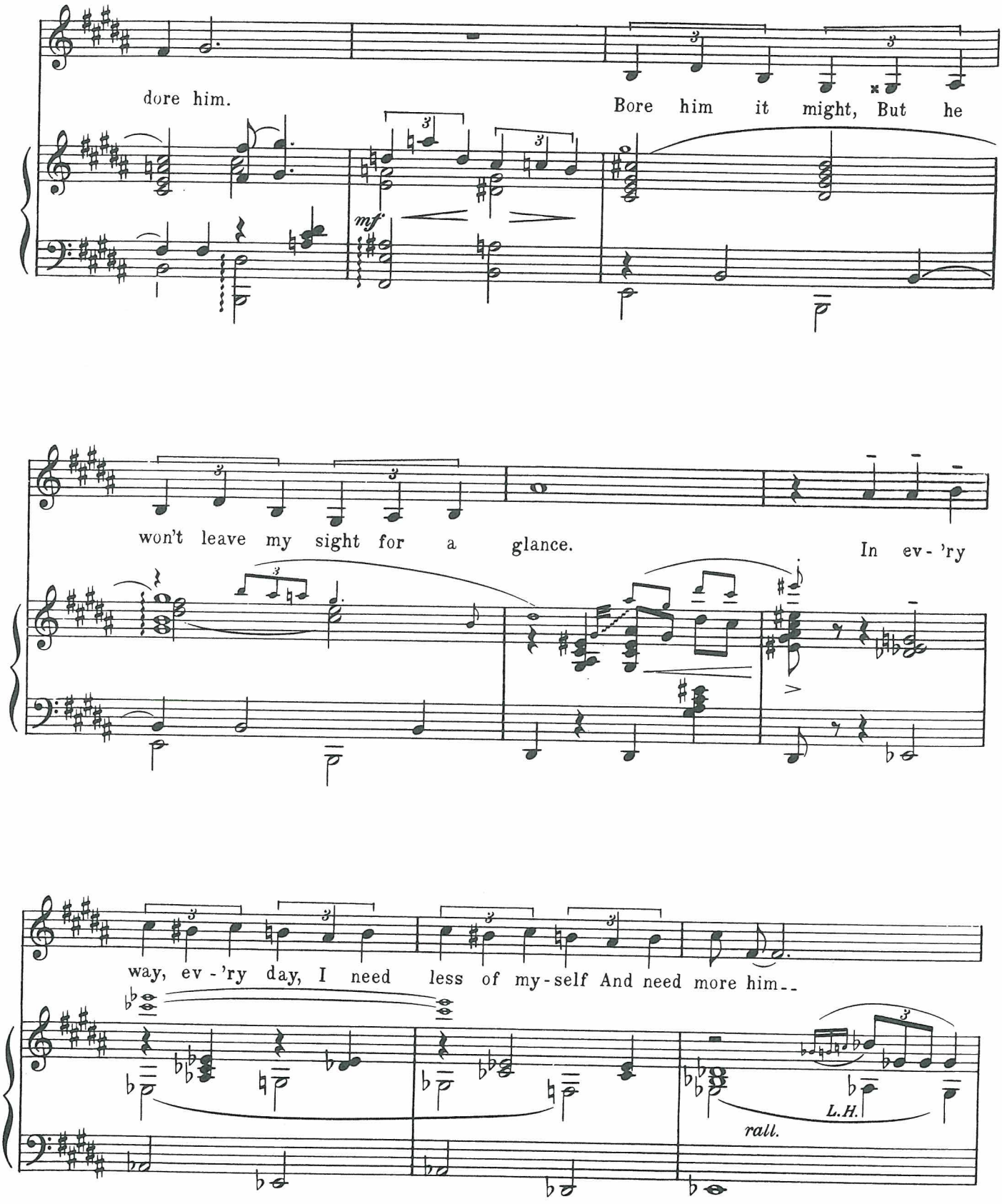
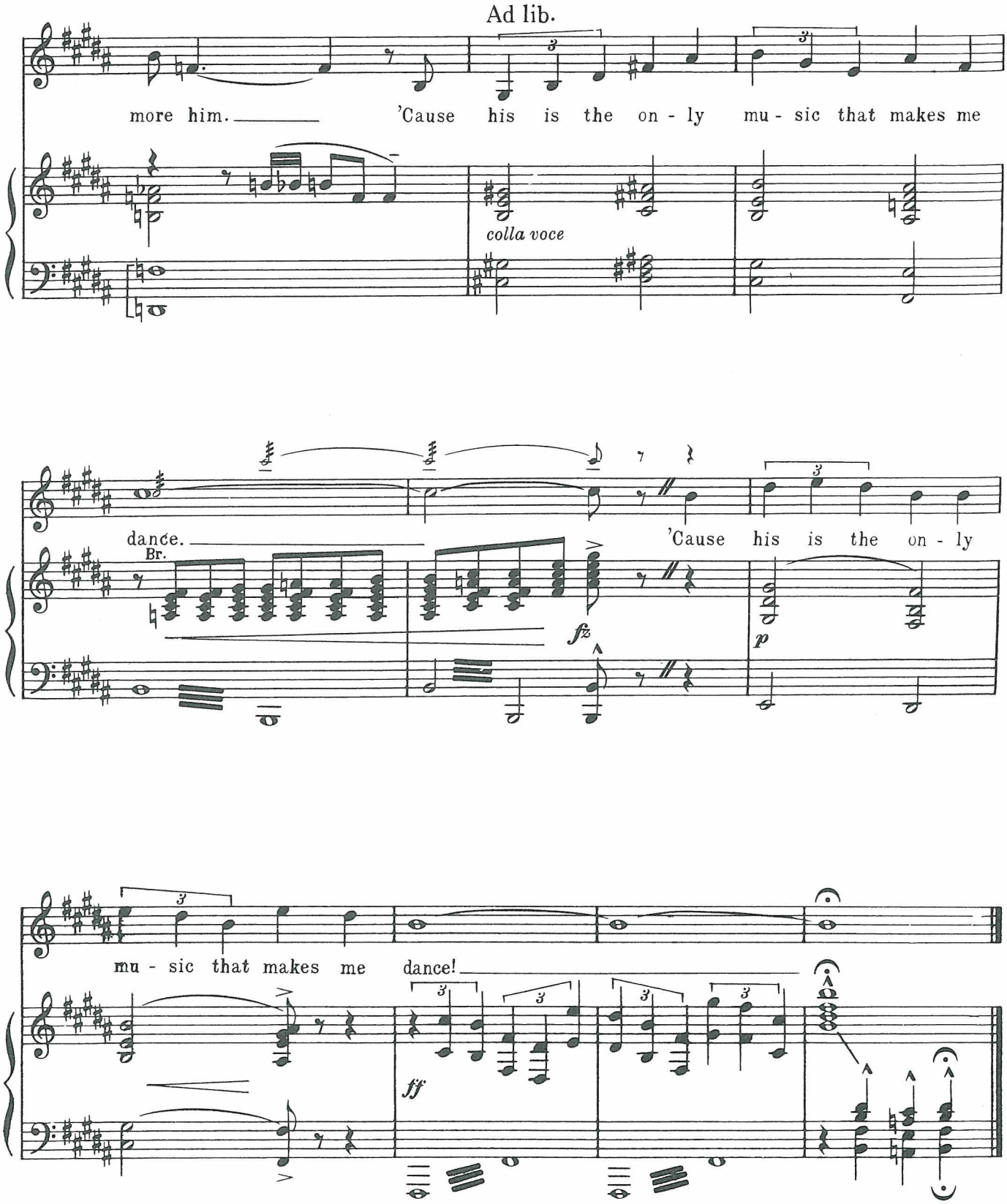

far as the man is con - cerned-- If I've been burned, I have - n't
Slowly - In tempo
learned.
I
mf
Moderately slow 4
know he's a - round when the sky and the ground start in ring - ing.
p
I know when he's near by the thun - der I hear in ad -
mf
p


vance. His words and his words a - lone are the
mf
p
words that can start my heart sing - ing.
And
his is the on - ly mu - sic that makes me dance.
He'll sleep and he'll rise in the light of two eyes that a -

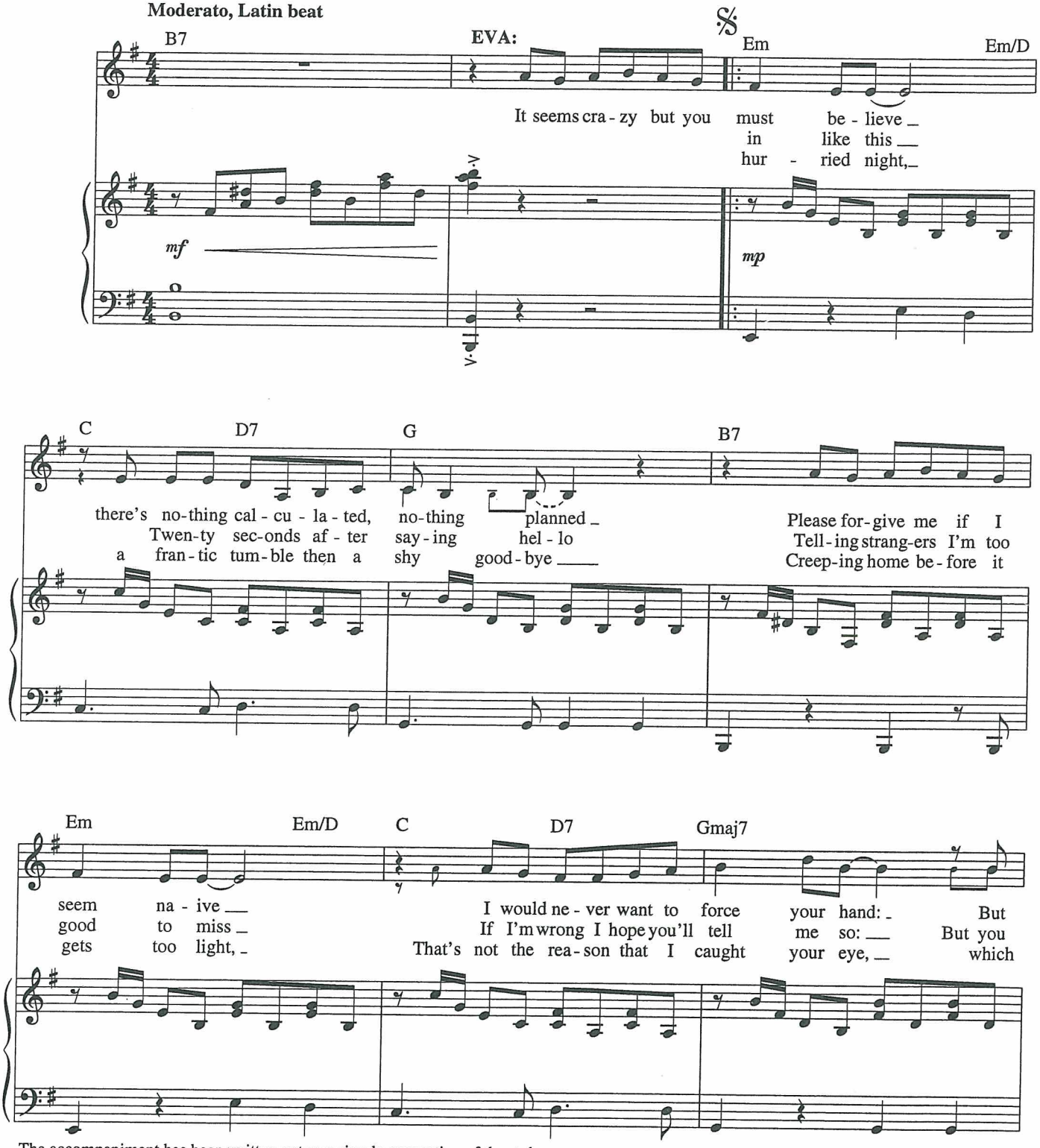

dore him.
Bore him it might, But he
mf
won't leave my sight for a glance.
In ev-'ry
way, ev-'ry day, I need less of my-self And need more him--
L.H.
rall.


Ad lib.
more him. 'Cause his is the on - ly mu - sic that makes me
colla voce
dance.
Br.
'Cause his is the on - ly
fz
p
mu - sic that makes me dance!
ff

I'D BE SURPRISINGLY GOOD FOR YOU

from *Evita*

Lyrics by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER



The accompaniment has been written out as a simple suggestion of the style.
It's most appropriate for the pianist to improvise in a gentle Latin style.

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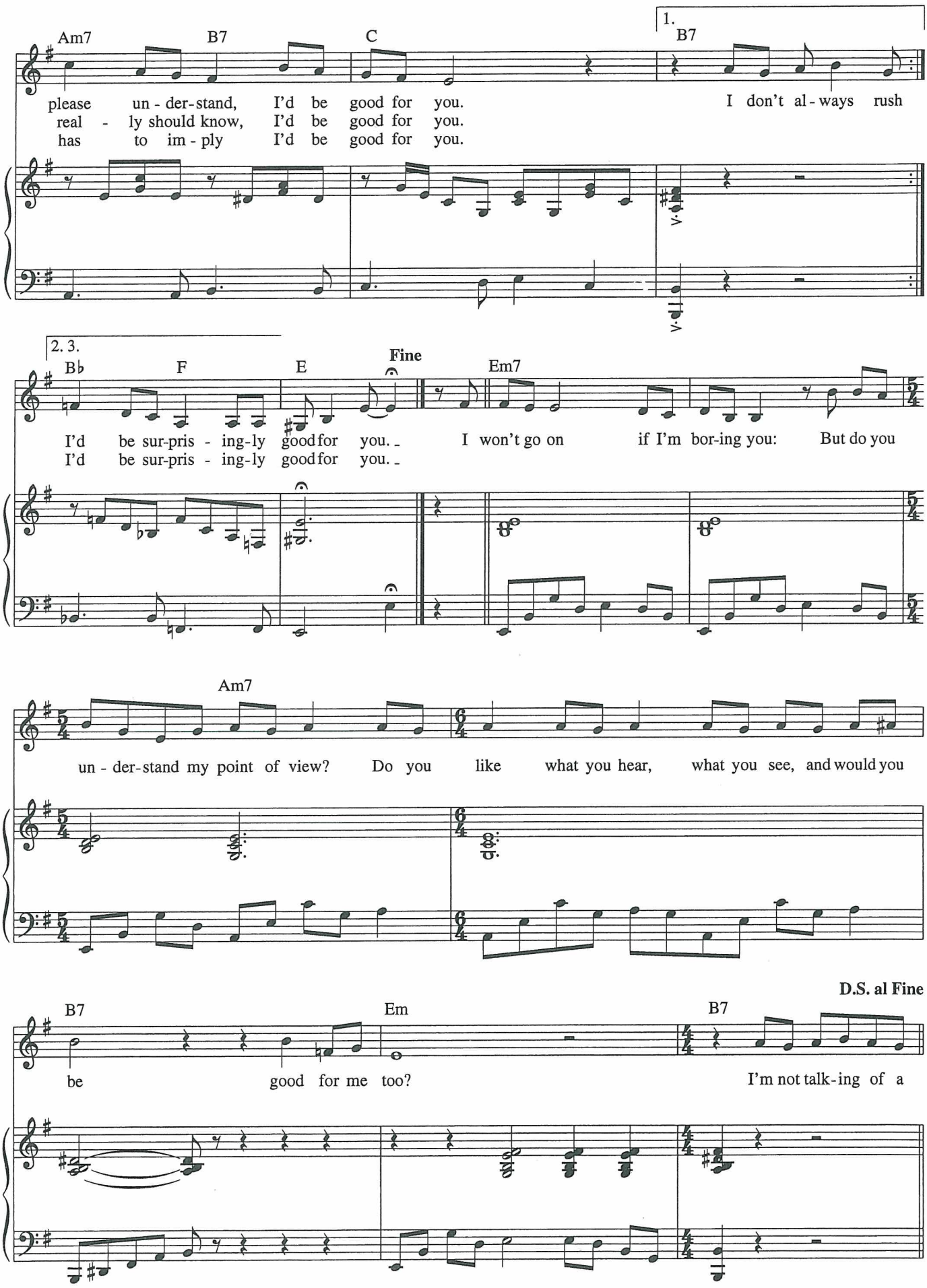
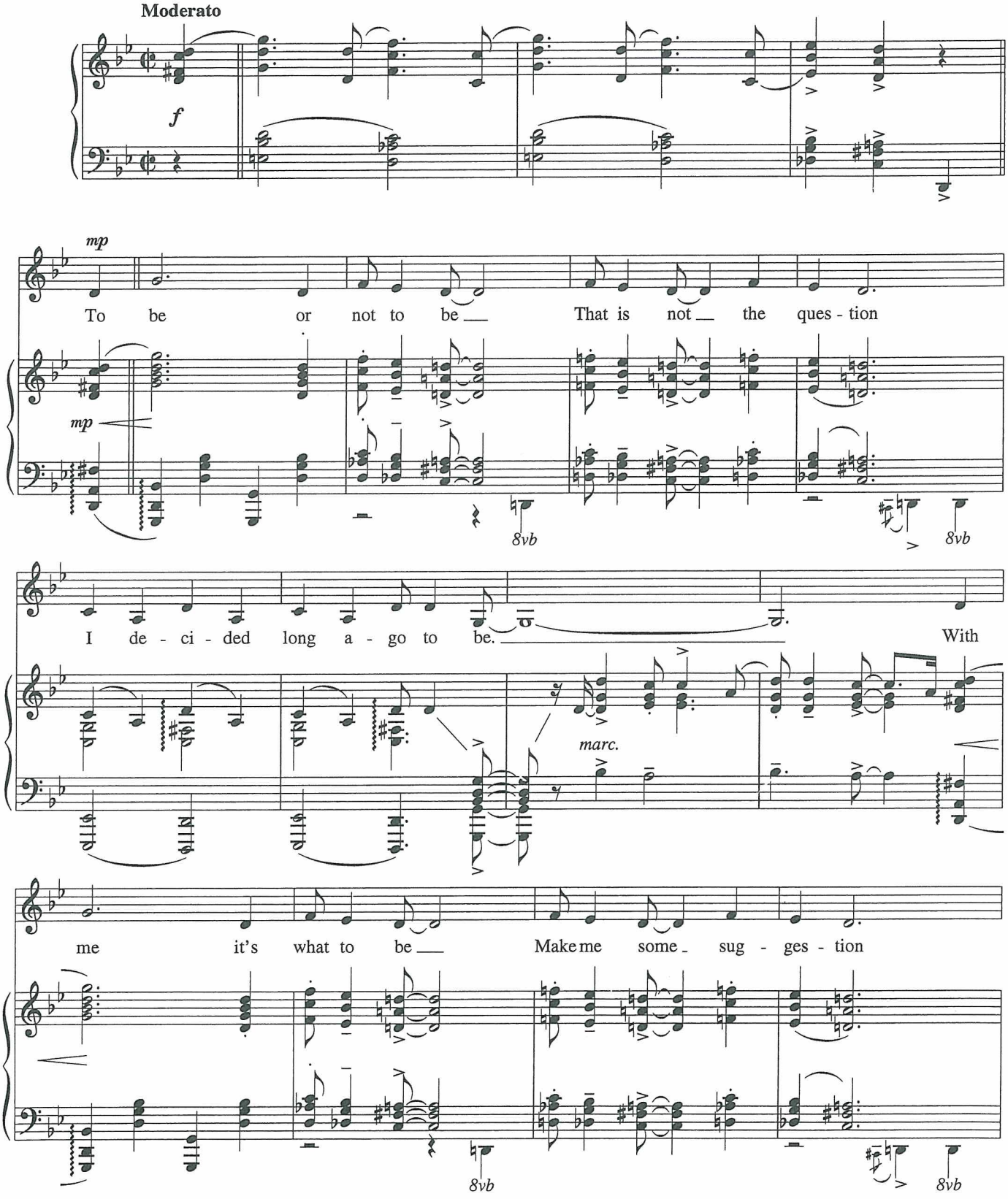

Am7 B7 C
1.
B7
please un - der-stand, I'd be good for you.
real - ly should know, I'd be good for you.
has to im - ply I'd be good for you.
I don't al - ways rush
2. 3.
B♭ F E
Fine
Em7
I'd be sur-pris - ing-ly good for you.
I'd be sur-pris - ing-ly good for you.
I won't go on if I'm bor-ing you: But do you
Am7
un - der-stand my point of view? Do you like what you hear, what you see, and would you
D.S. al Fine
B7 Em B7
be good for me too?
I'm not talk-ing of a

I WANT TO BE BAD

from *Good News*

Lyrics and Music by
B.G. DeSYLVA, LEW BROWN
and RAY HENDERSON



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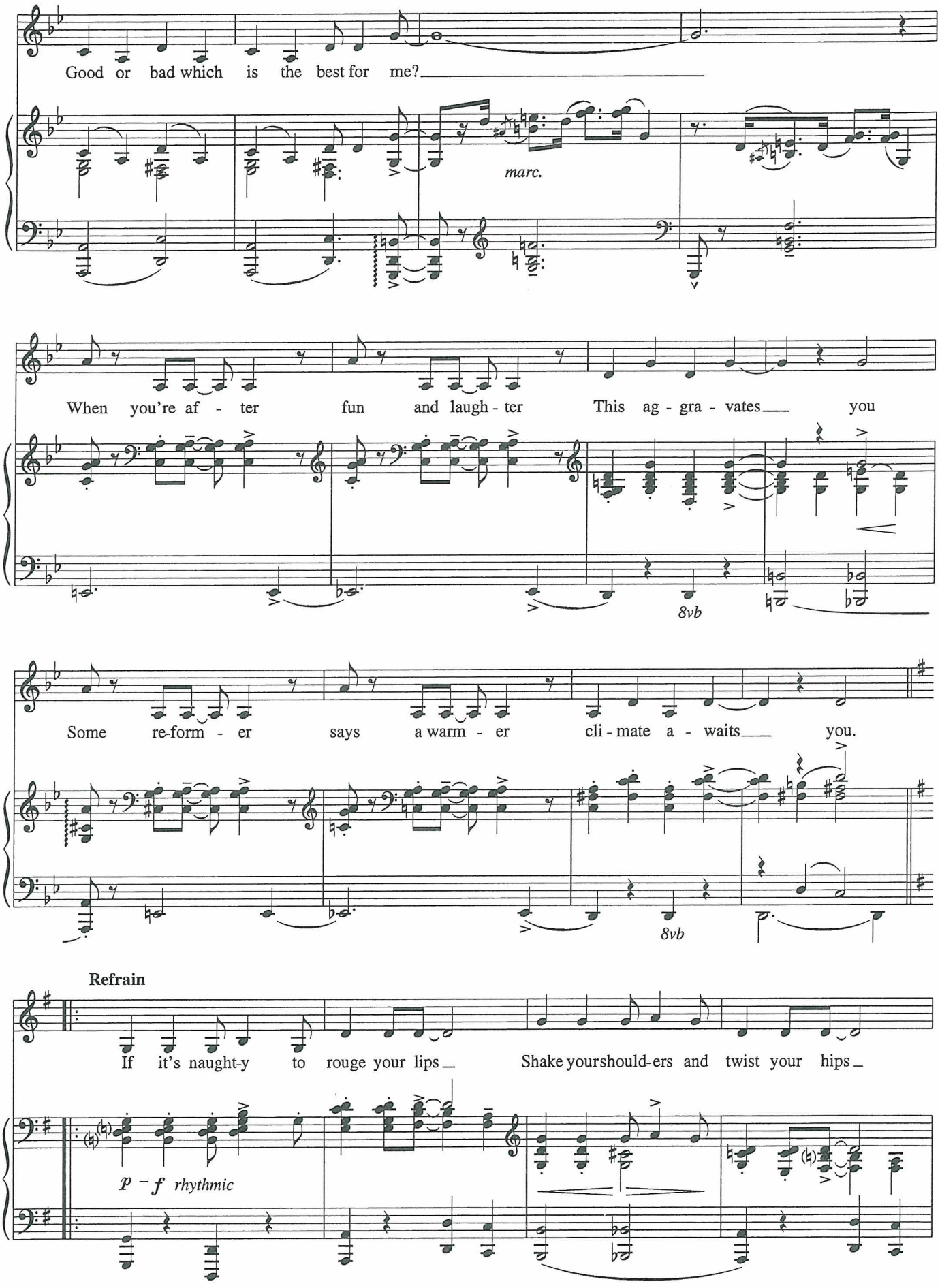
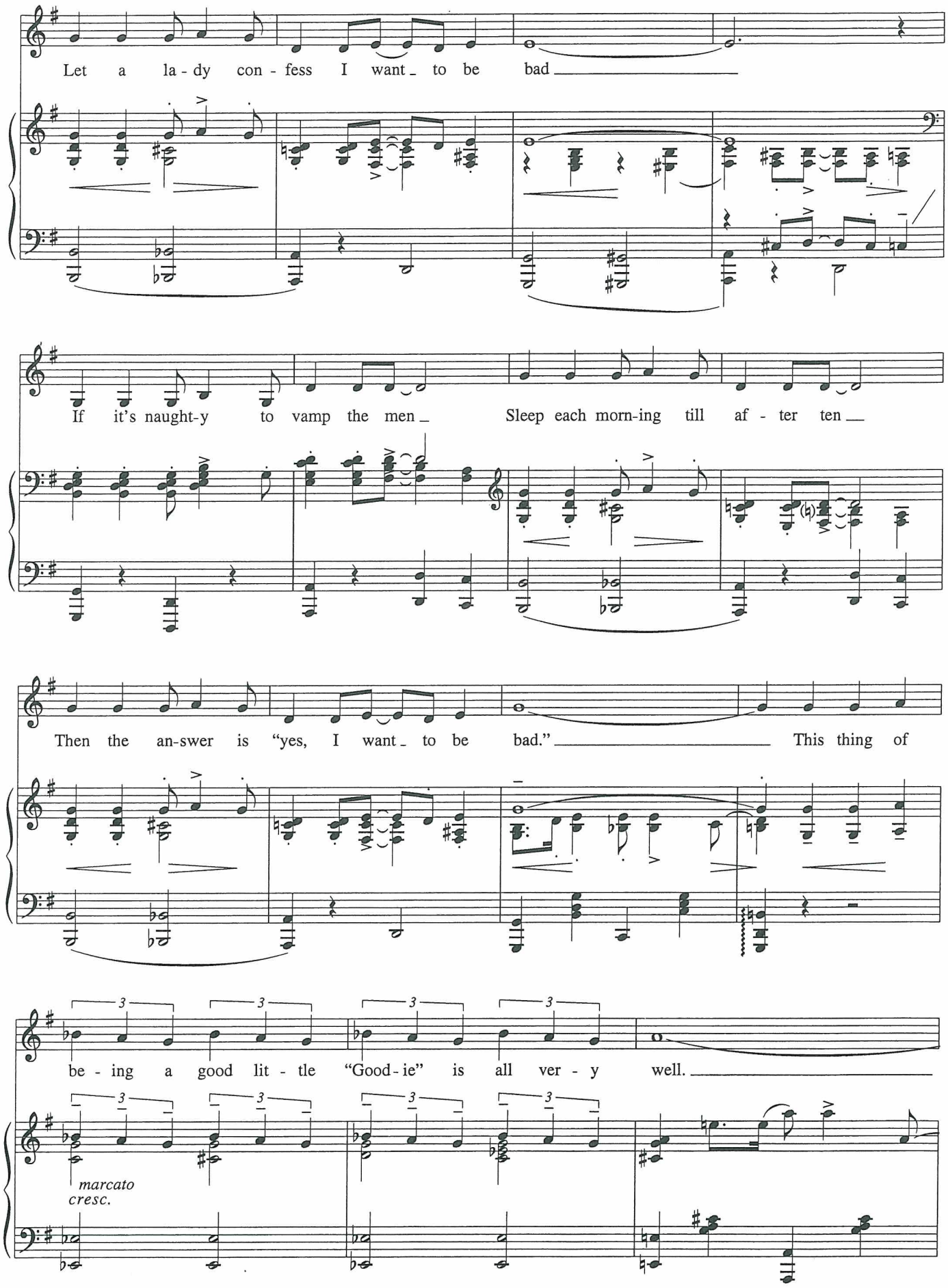
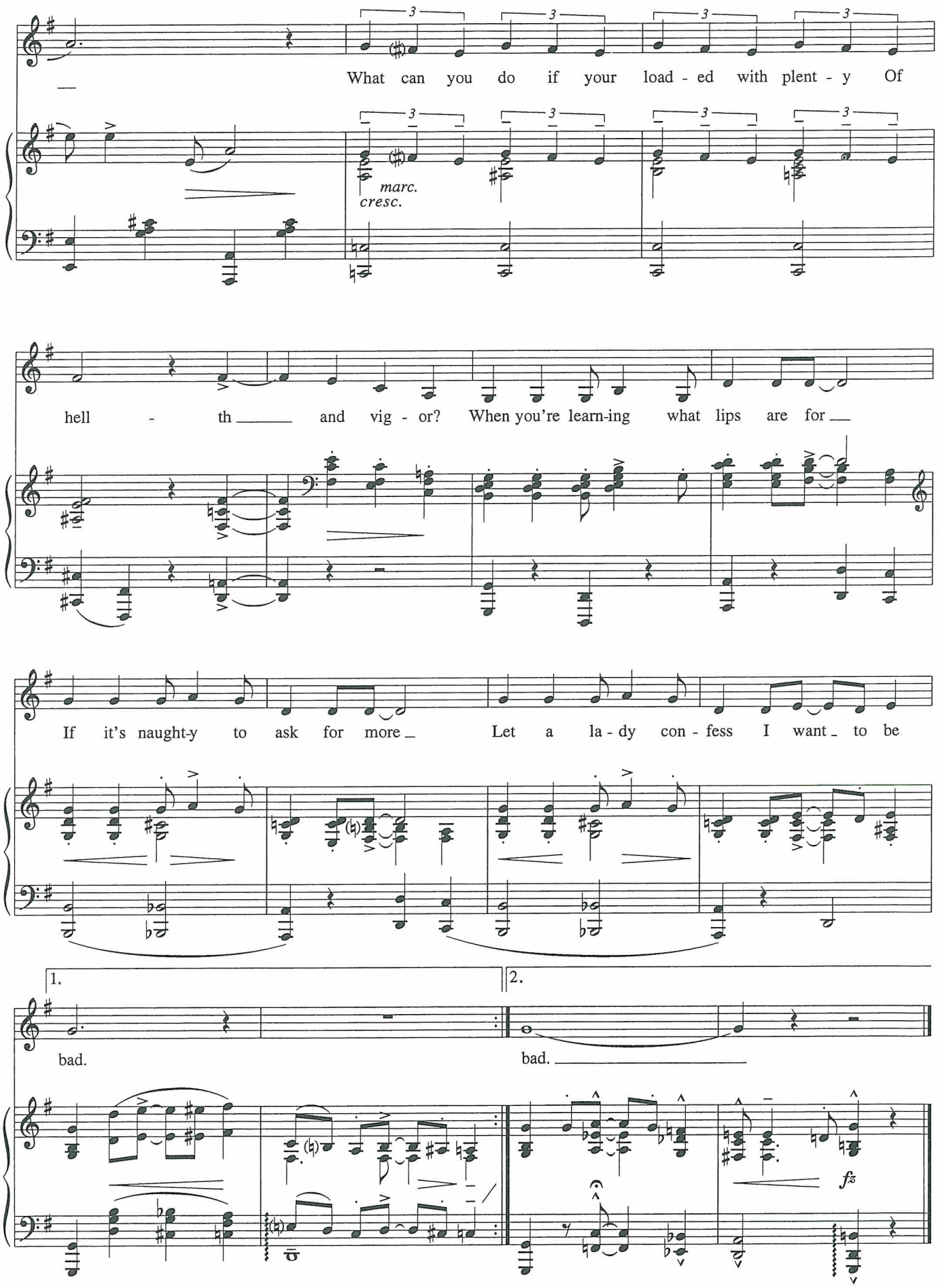

Good or bad which is the best for me?
marc.
When you're af - ter fun and laugh - ter This ag - gra - vates you
8vb
Some re-form - er says a warm - er cli - mate a - waits you.
8vb
Refrain
If it's naught-y to rouge your lips Shake yourshould-ers and twist your hips
p – f rhythmic


Let a la - dy con - fess I want to be bad
If it's naught-y to vamp the men Sleep each morn-ing till af - ter ten
Then the an-swer is "yes, I want to be bad." This thing of
be - ing a good lit - tle "Good - ie" is all ver - y well.
marcato
cresc.


What can you do if your load - ed with plent - y Of
marc.
cresc.
hell - th and vig - or? When you're learn-ing what lips are for
If it's naught-y to ask for more Let a la - dy con - fess I want to be
1.
2.
bad.
bad.
fz

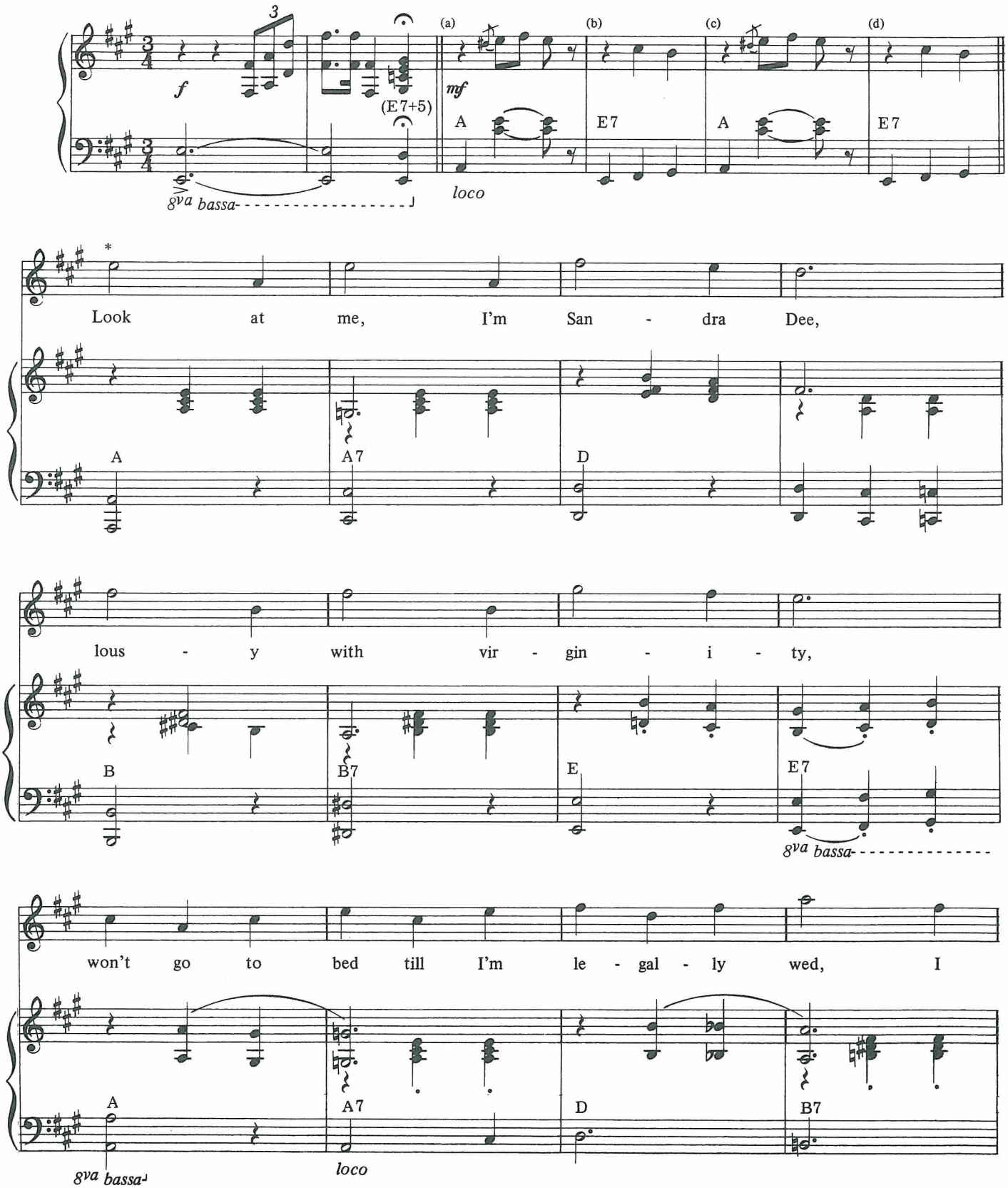
LOOK AT ME, I'M SANDRA DEE

from *Grease*

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY
and JIM JACOBS

(20th-Century Fox theme)

Moderate 3 (♩. = 58)



* *Sung an octave lower than written*

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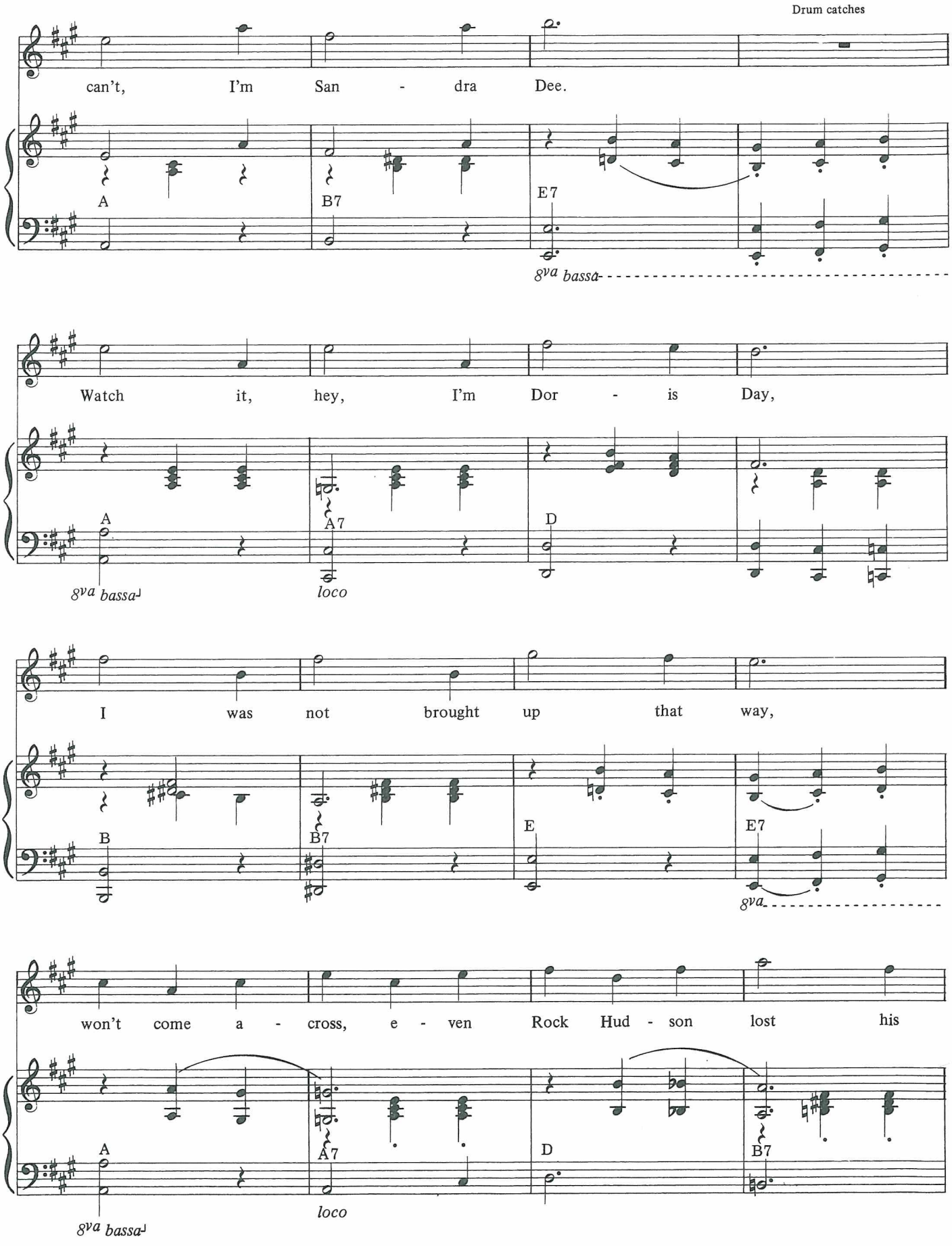
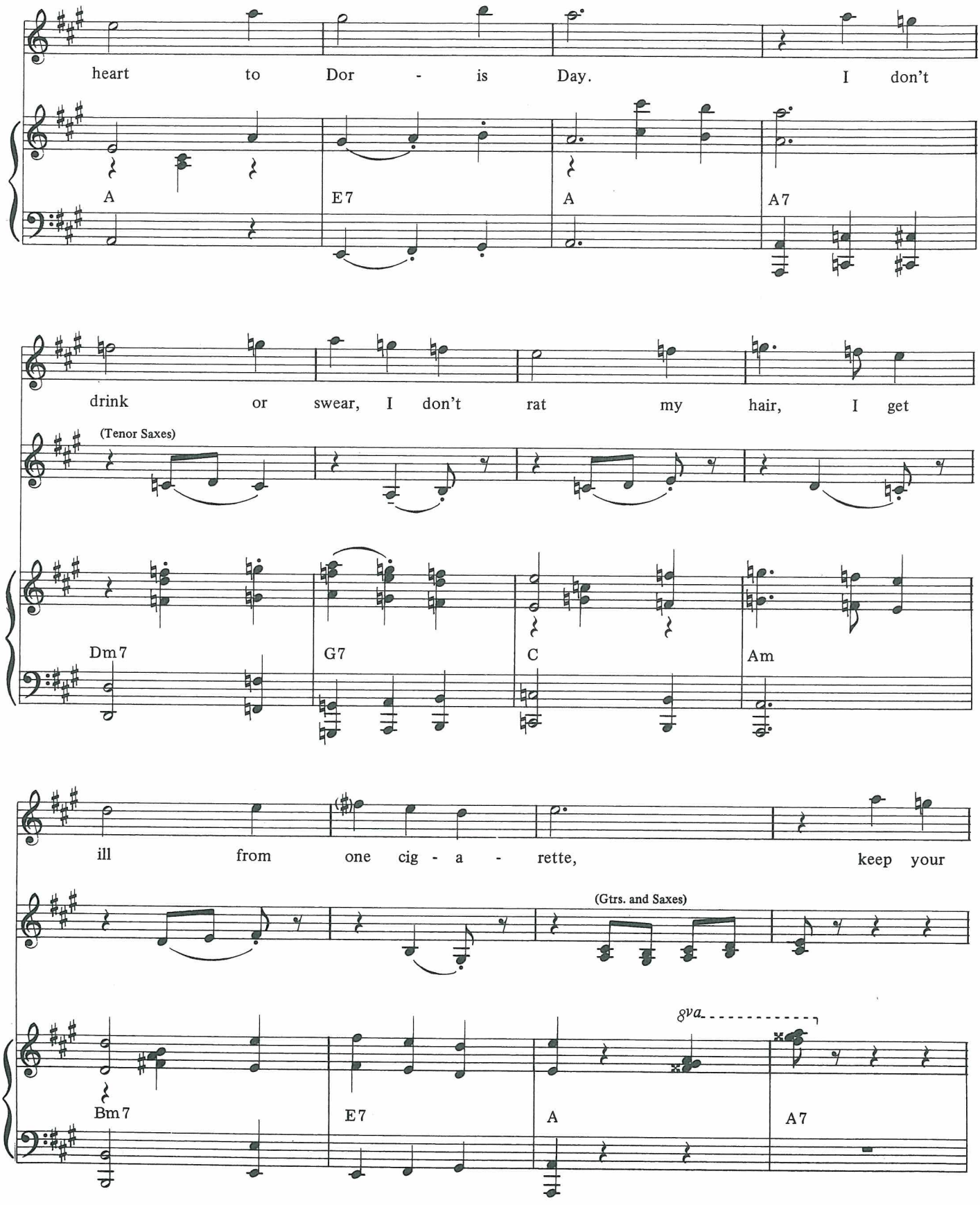
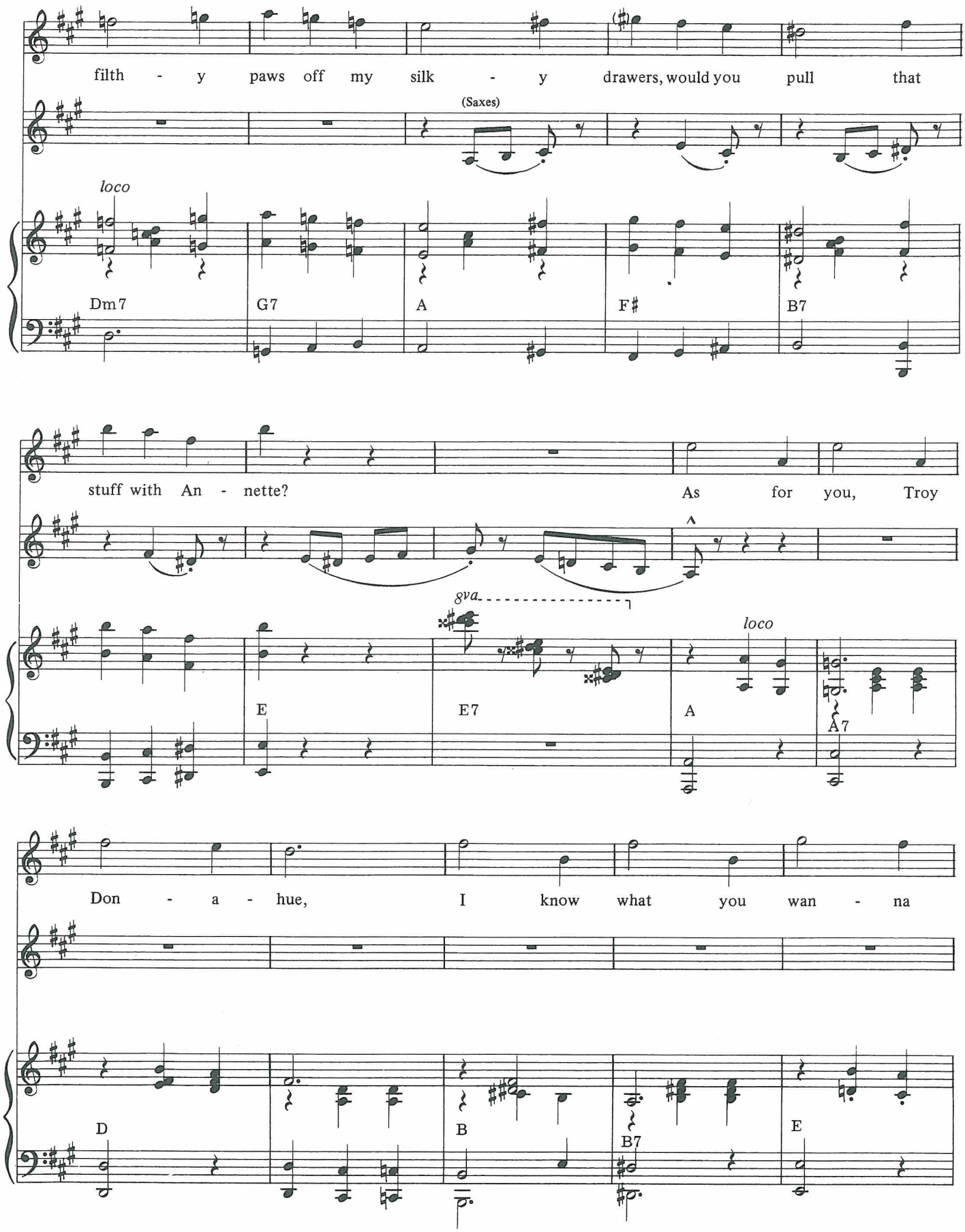
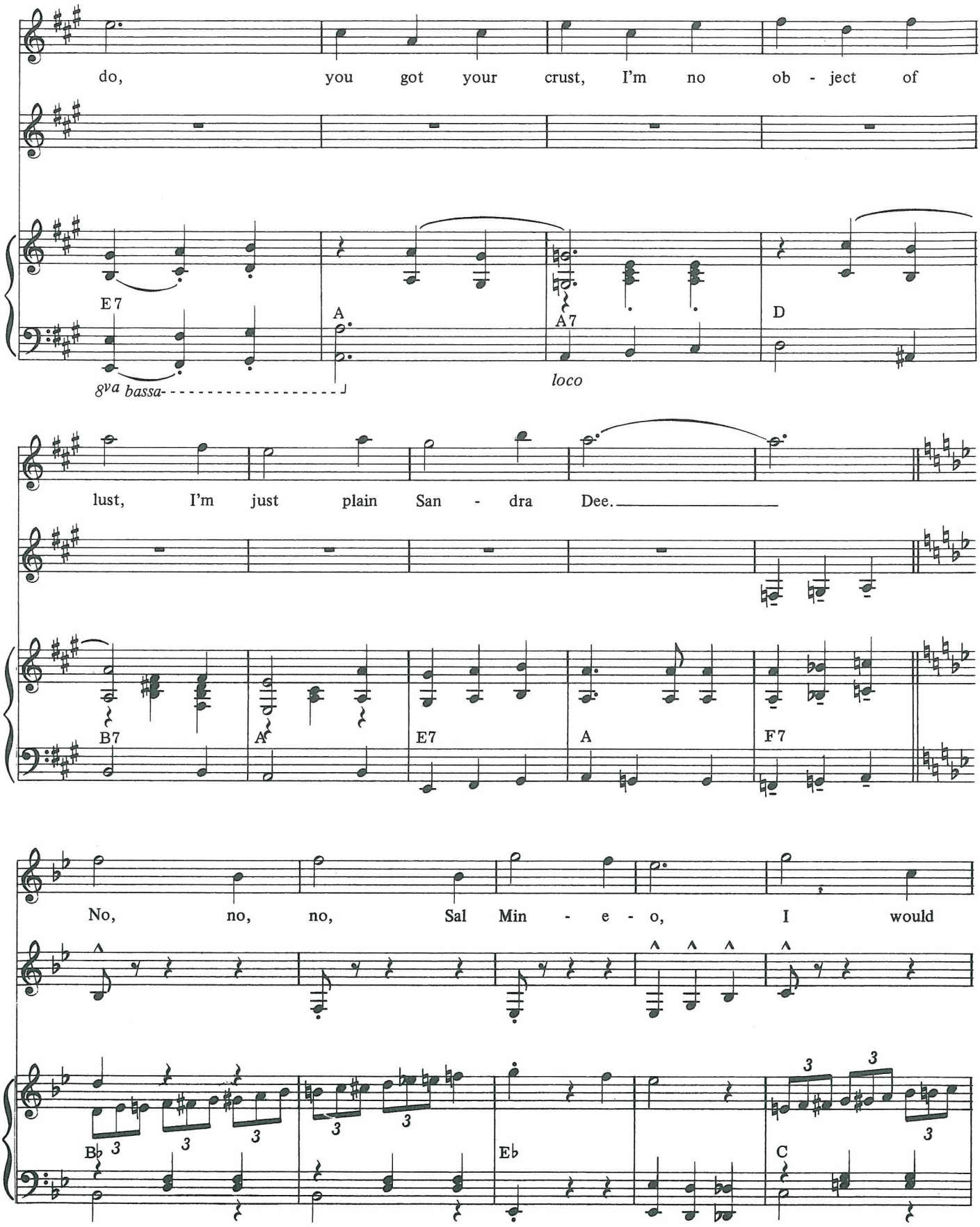
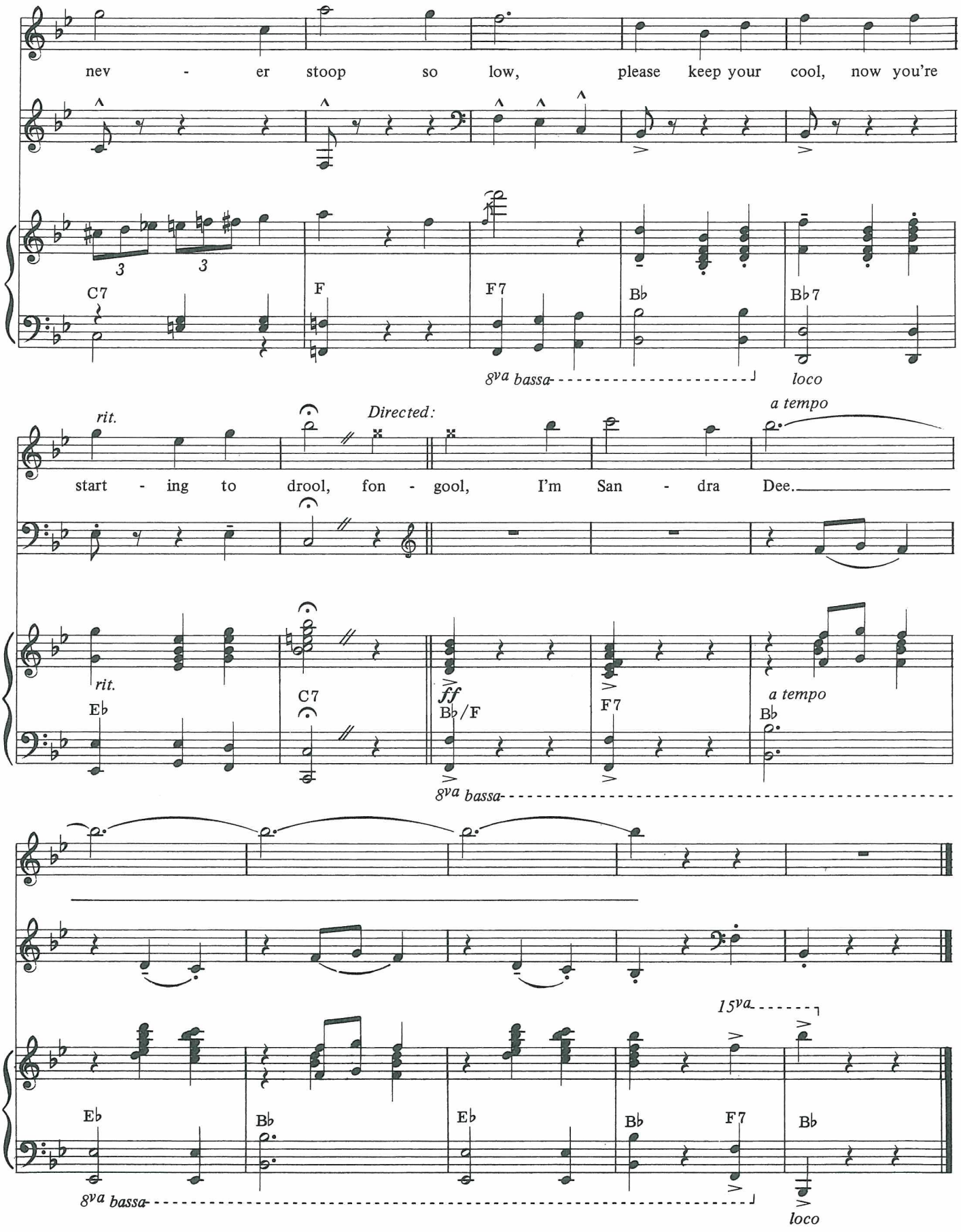

Drum catches
can't, I'm San - dra Dee.
A
B7
E7
8va bassa
Watch it, hey, I'm Dor - is Day,
A
A7
D
8va bassa
loco
I was not brought up that way,
B
B7
E
E7
8va
won't come a - cross, e - ven Rock Hud - son lost his
A
A7
D
B7
8va bassa
loco


heart to Dor - is Day. I don't
A
E7
A
A7
drink or swear, I don't rat my hair, I get
(Tenor Saxes)
Dm7
G7
C
Am
ill from one cig - a - rette, keep your
(Gtrs. and Saxes)
8va
Bm7
E7
A
A7


filth - y paws off my silk - y drawers, would you pull that
(Saxes)
loco
Dm7
G7
A
F♯
B7
stuff with An - nette?
As for you, Troy
8va
loco
E
E7
A
A7
Don - a - hue,
I know what you wan - na
D
B
B7
E

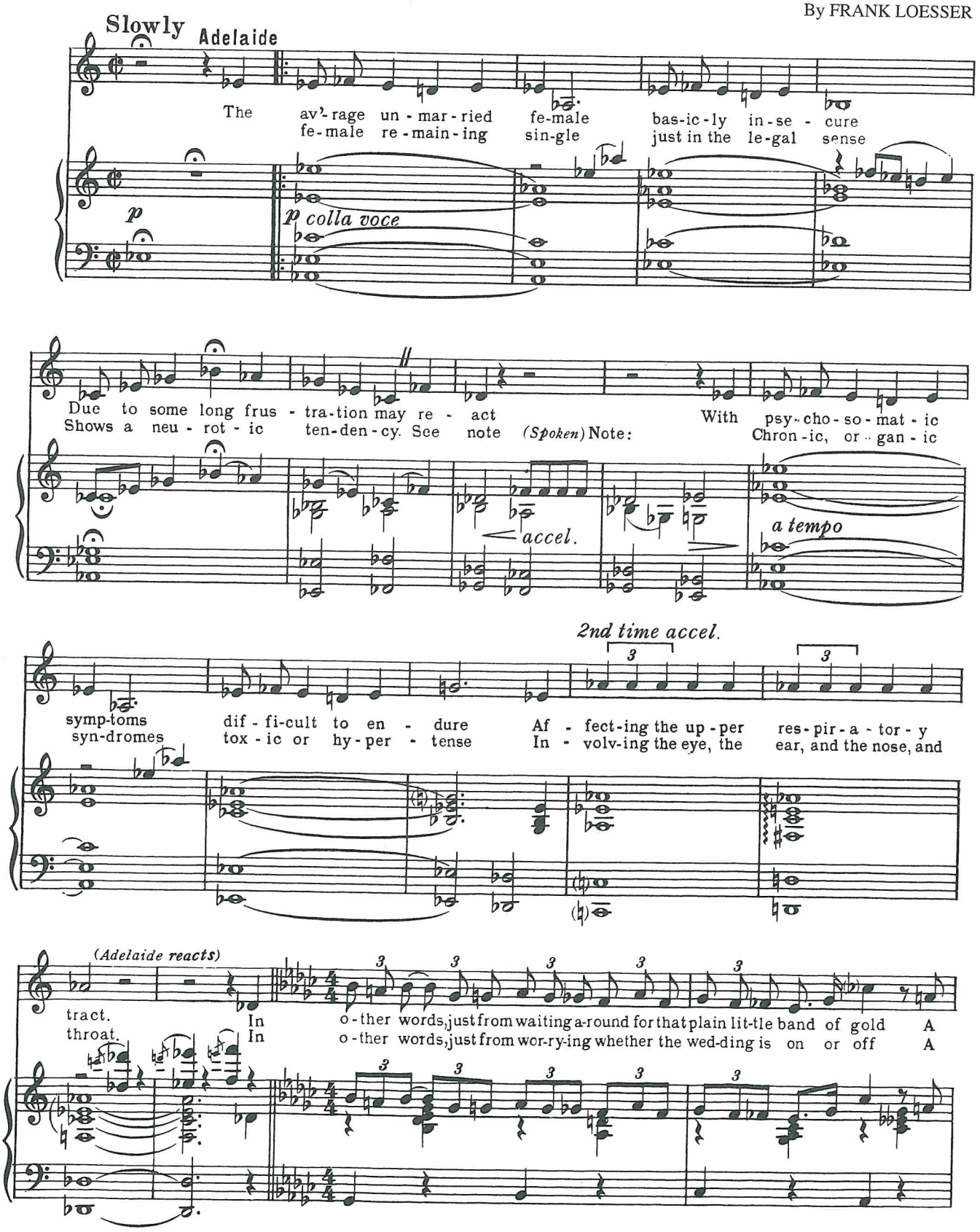

do, you got your crust, I'm no ob - ject of
E7
A
A7
D
8va bassa
loco
lust, I'm just plain San - dra Dee.
B7
A
E7
A
F7
No, no, no, Sal Min - e - o, I would
B♭
E♭
C


nev - er stoop so low, please keep your cool, now you're
C7
F
F7
B♭
B♭7
8va bassa
loco
rit.
Directed:
a tempo
start - ing to drool, fon - gool, I'm San - dra Dee.
rit.
E♭
C7
ff
B♭/F
F7
a tempo
B♭
8va bassa
15va
E♭
B♭
E♭
B♭
F7
B♭
8va bassa
loco

ADELAIDE'S LAMENT

from *Guys and Dolls*

By FRANK LOESSER



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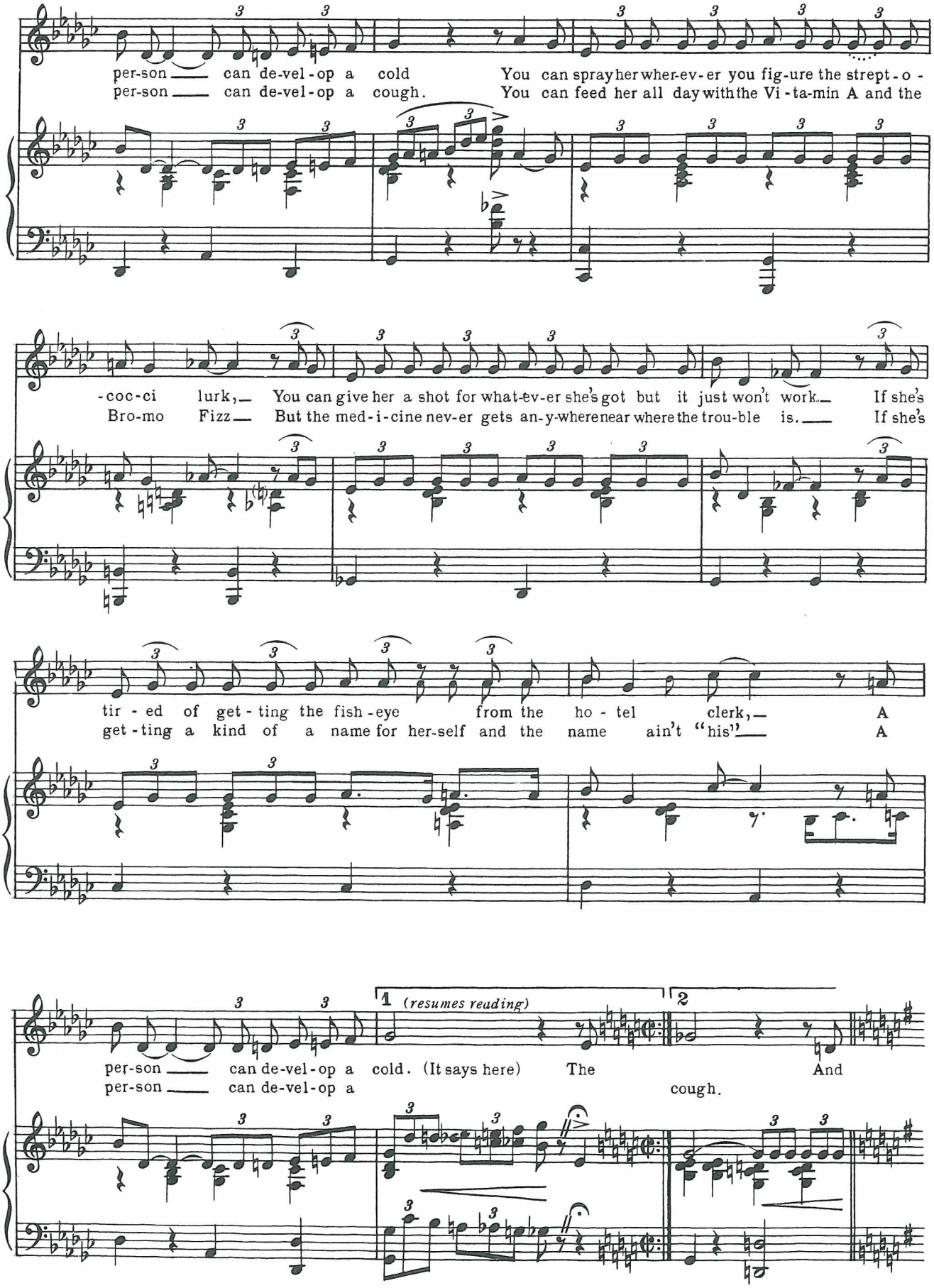
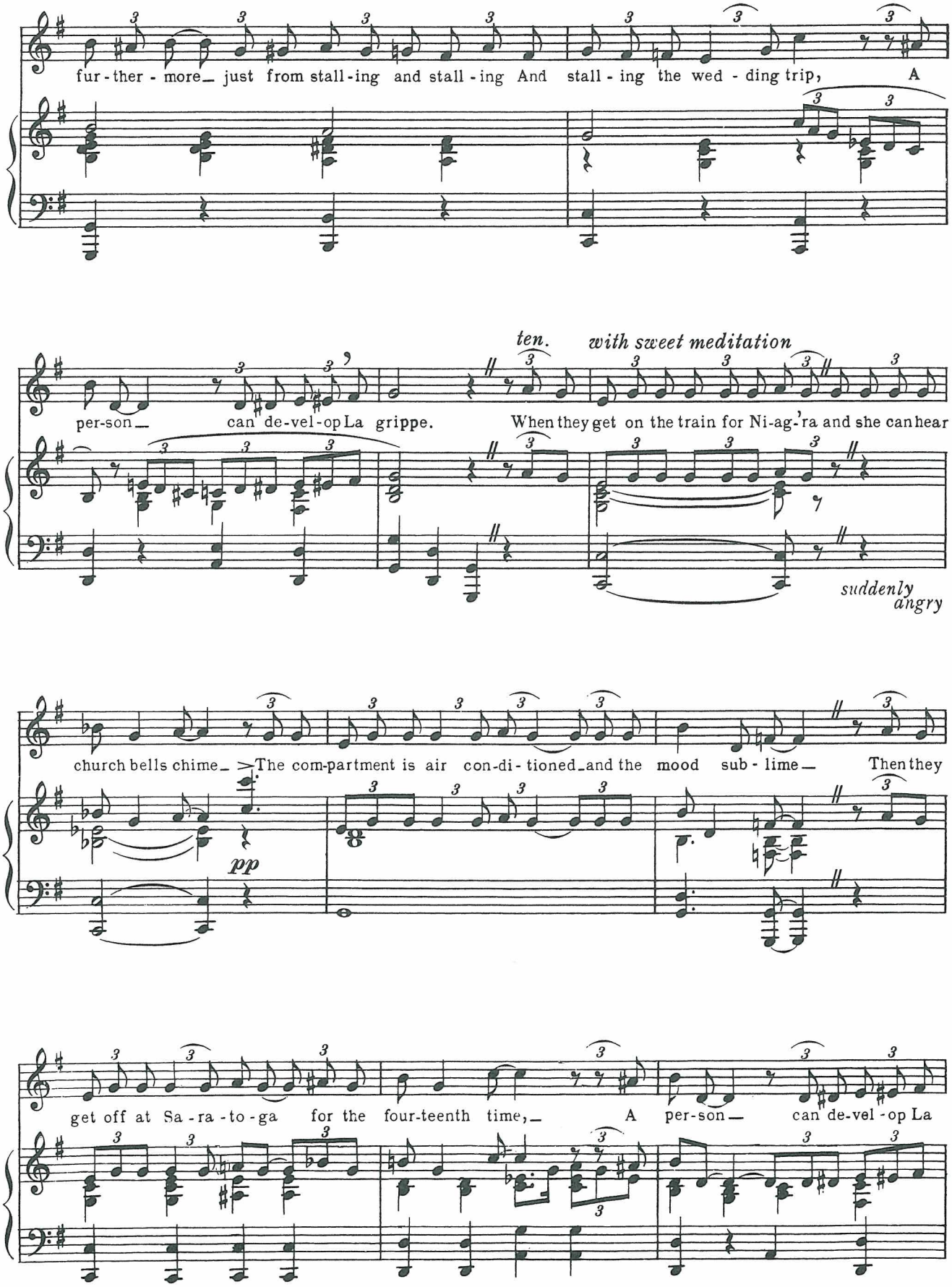
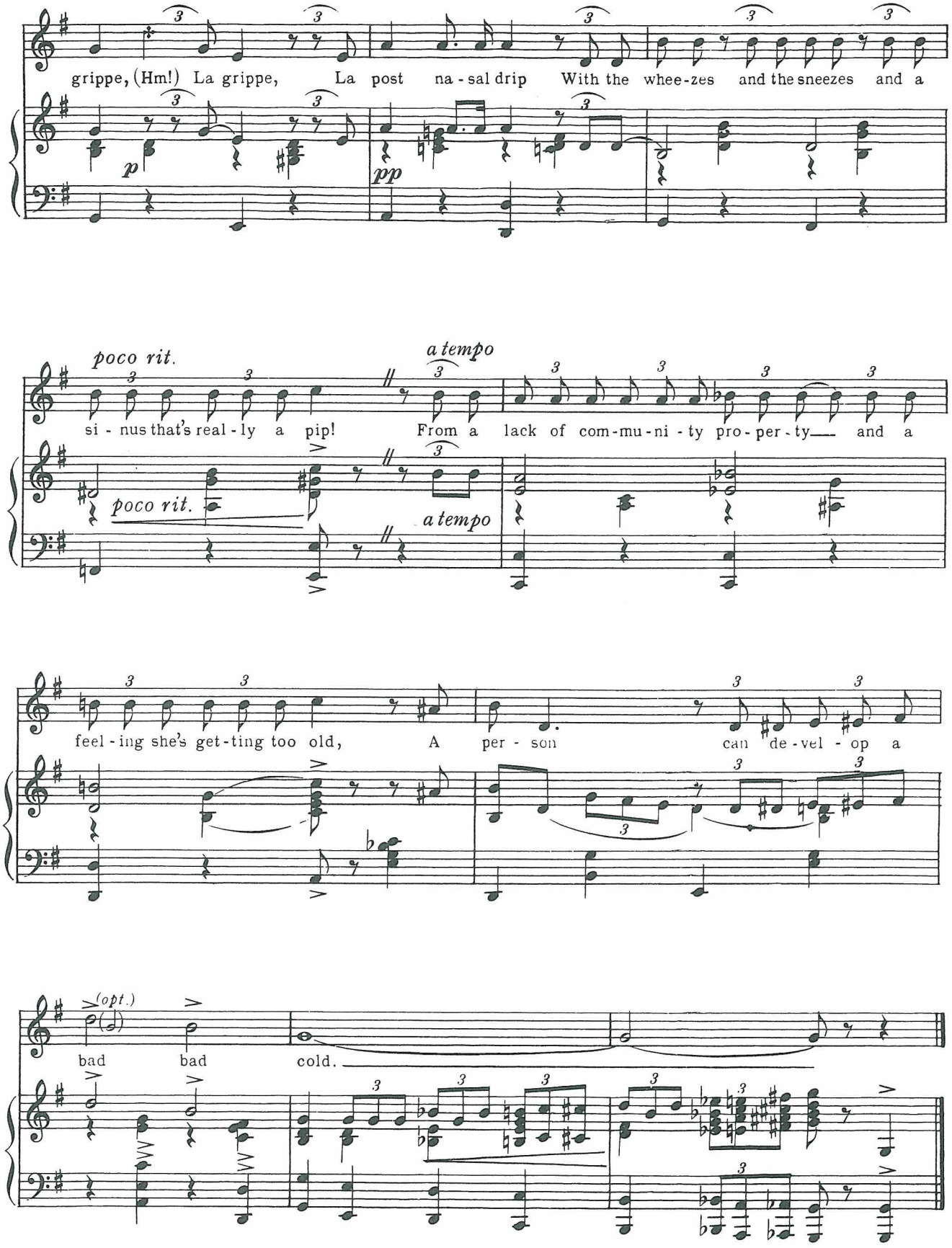

per-son ___ can de-vel-op a cold
per-son ___ can de-vel-op a cough.
You can spray her wher-ev-er you fig-ure the strept-o-
You can feed her all day with the Vi-ta-min A and the
-coc-ci lurk,_
Bro-mo Fizz___
You can give her a shot for what-ev-er she's got but it just won't work.___
But the med-i-cine nev-er gets an-y-where near where the trou-ble is.___
If she's
If she's
tir-ed of get-ting the fish-eye from the ho-tel clerk,___
get-ting a kind of a name for her-self and the name ain't "his"___
A
A
1 (resumes reading)
2
per-son ___ can de-vel-op a cold. (It says here)
per-son ___ can de-vel-op a
The
cough.
And

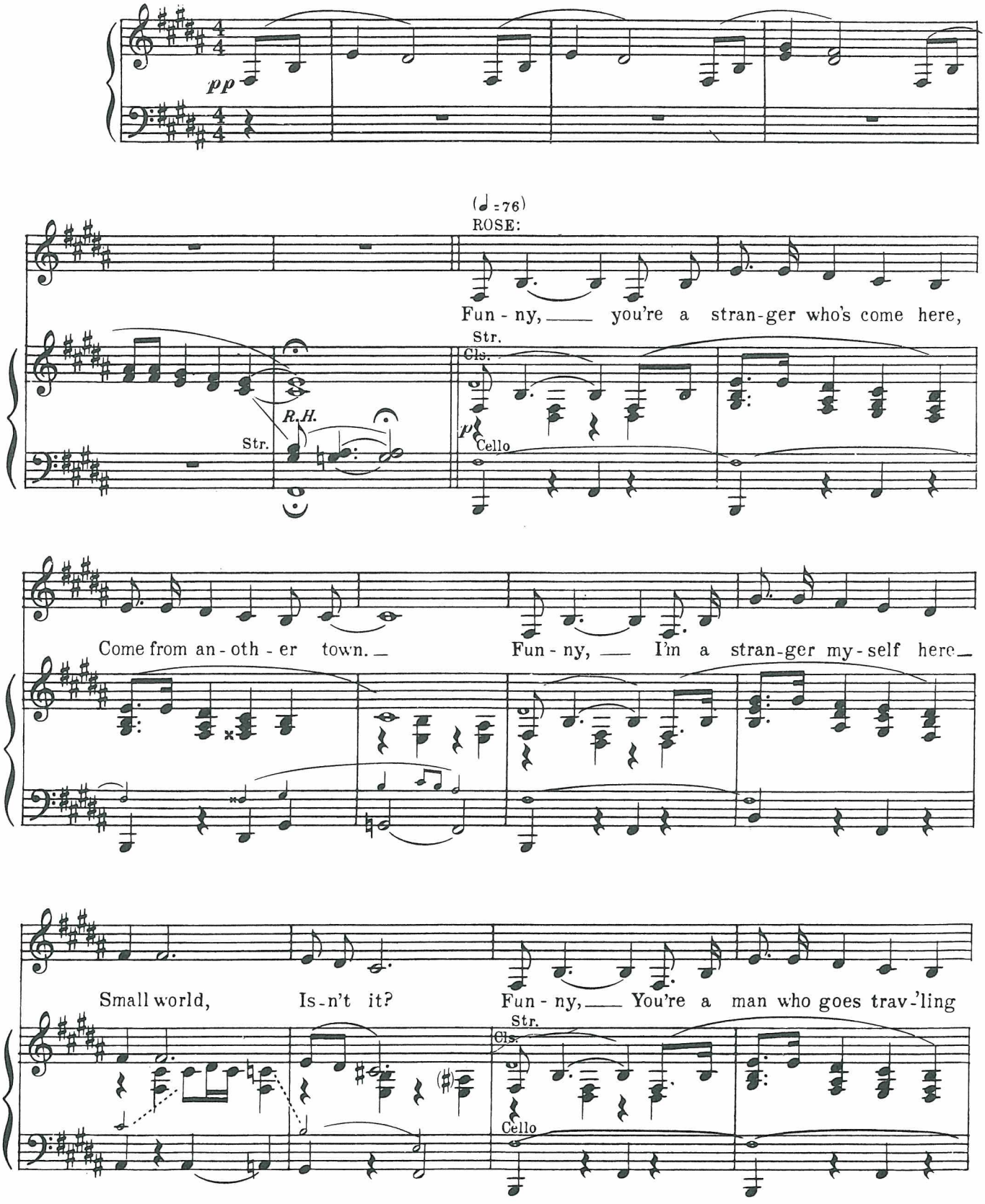

fur - ther - more_ just from stall - ing and stall - ing And stall - ing the wed - ding trip, A
ten.
with sweet meditation
per-son_ can de-vel-op La grippe. When they get on the train for Ni-ag-'ra and she can hear
suddenly angry
church bells chime_ The com-partment is air con-di-tioned_and the mood sub - lime_ Then they
pp
get off at Sa - ra - to - ga for the four-teenth time,_ A per-son_ can de-vel - op La


grippe, (Hm!) La grippe, La post na - sal drip With the whee-zes and the sneezes and a
p
pp
poco rit.
a tempo
si - nus that's real - ly a pip! From a lack of com-mu-ni - ty pro - per - ty and a
poco rit.
a tempo
feel - ing she's get - ting too old, A per - son can de - vel - op a
(opt.)
bad bad cold.

SMALL WORLD

from *Gypsy*

Words by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
Music by JULE STYNE



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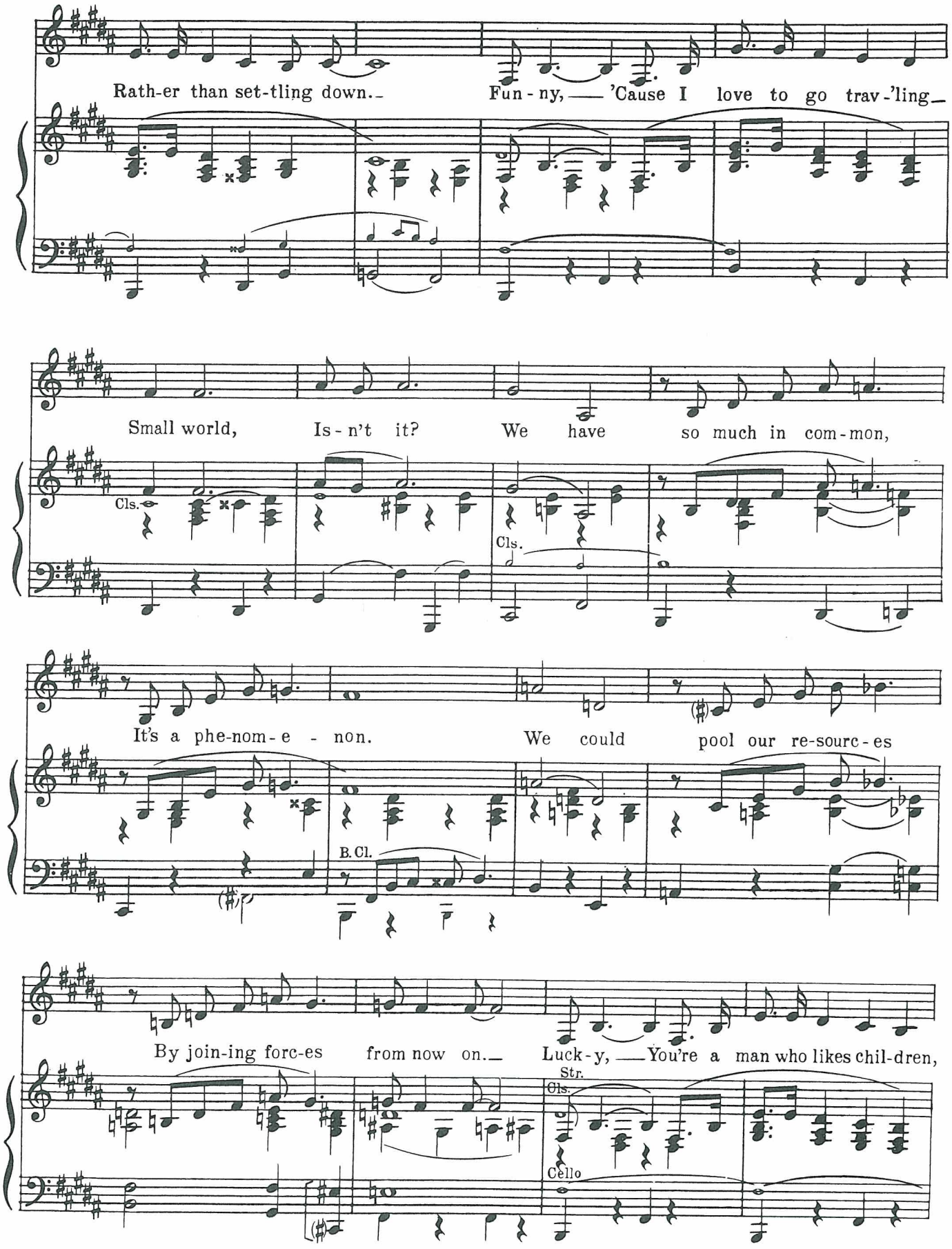
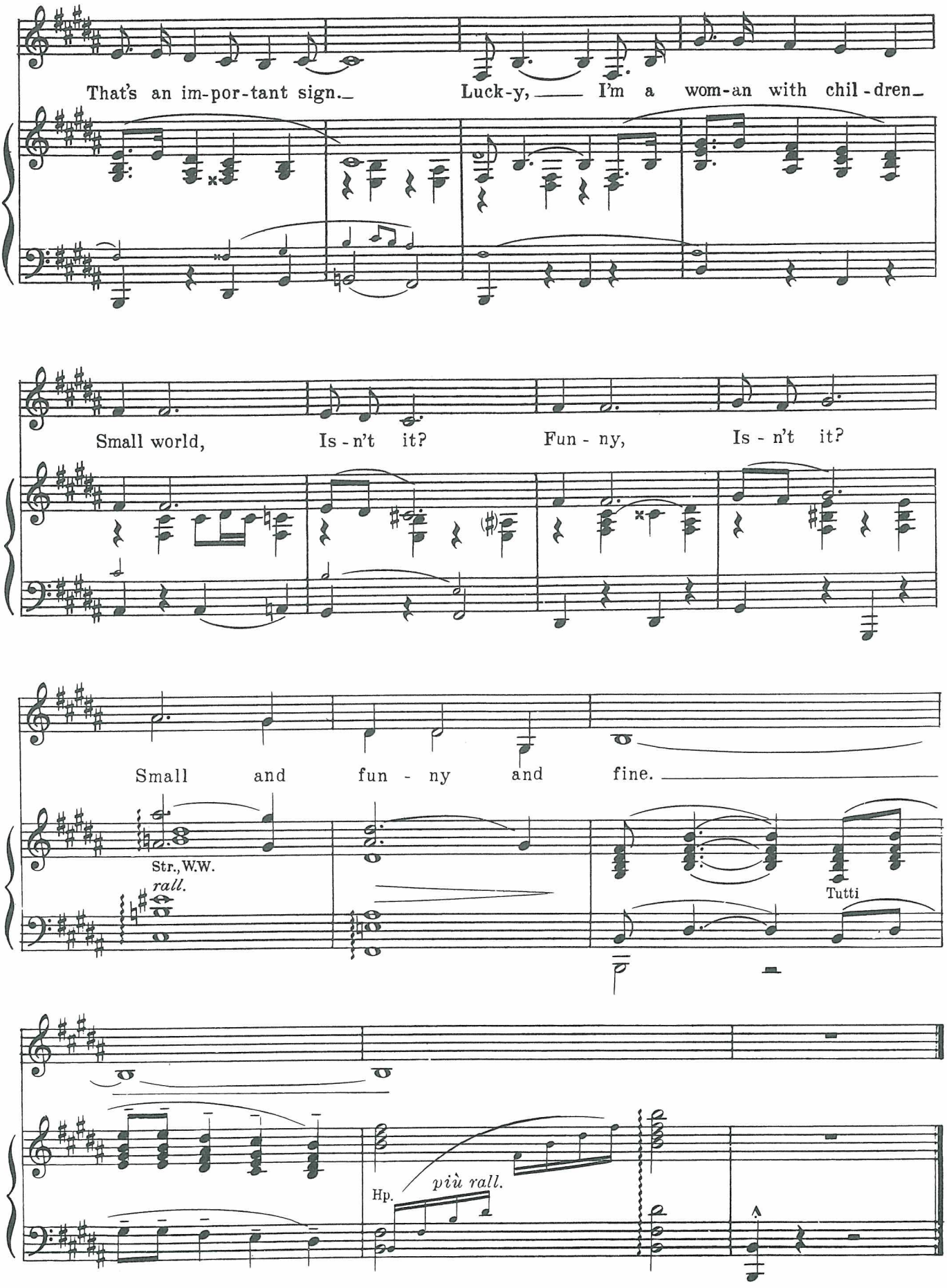

Rath-er than set-tling down.
Fun-ny, 'Cause I love to go trav-'ling
Small world, Is-n't it? We have so much in com-mon,
Cls.
Cls.
It's a phe-nom-e-non. We could pool our re-sourc-es
B. Cl.
By join-ing forc-es from now on. Luck-y, You're a man who likes chil-dren,
Str.
Cls.
Cello

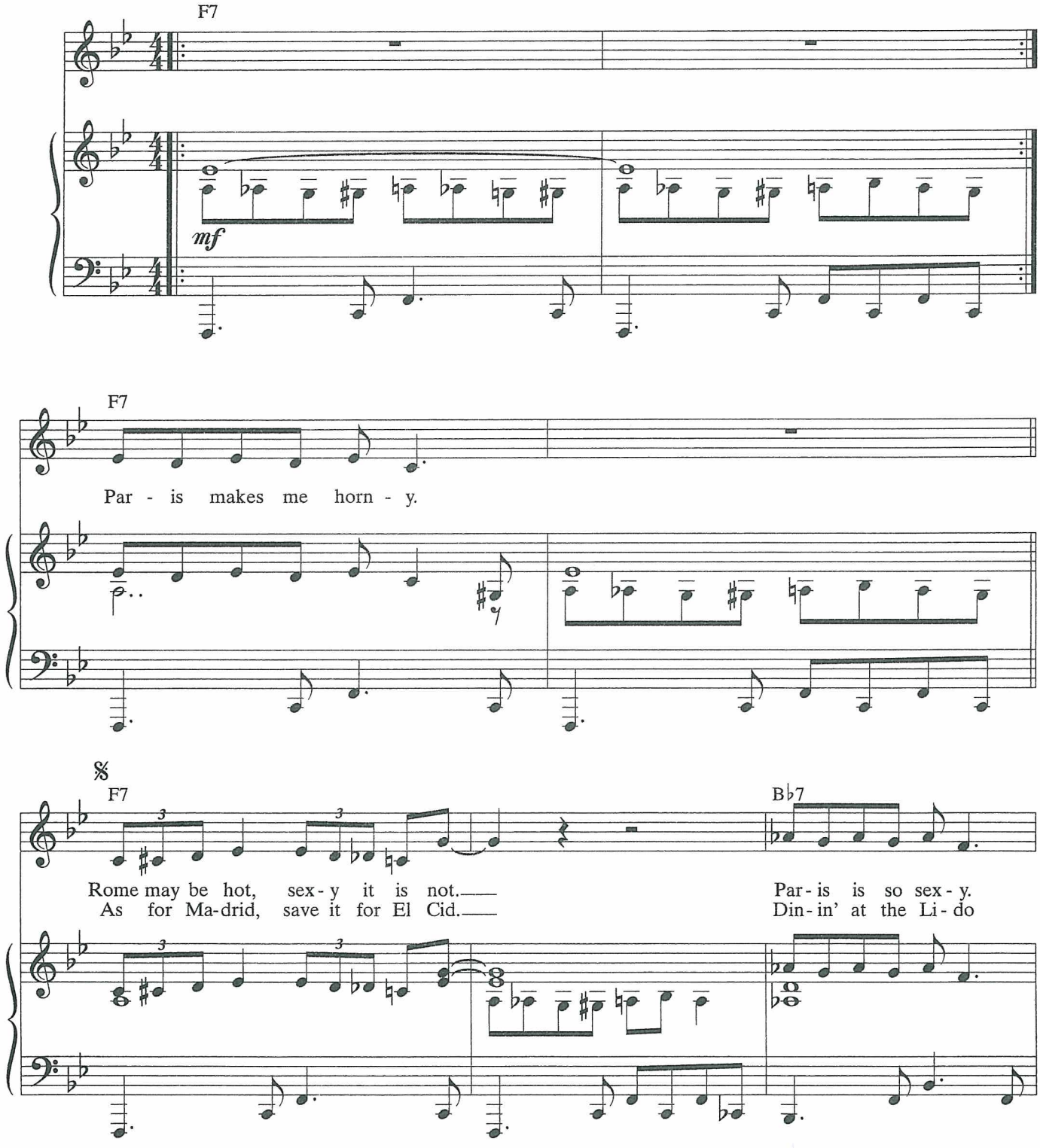

That's an im-por-tant sign.
Luck-y, I'm a wom-an with chil-dren
Small world, Is-n't it? Fun-ny, Is-n't it?
Small and fun-ny and fine.
Str., W.W.
rall.
Tutti
Hp.
più rall.

PARIS MAKES ME HORNY

from *Victor/Victoria*

Words by LESLIE BRICUSSE
Music by HENRY MANCINI

With a moderate swing (♫ = ♩³♪)



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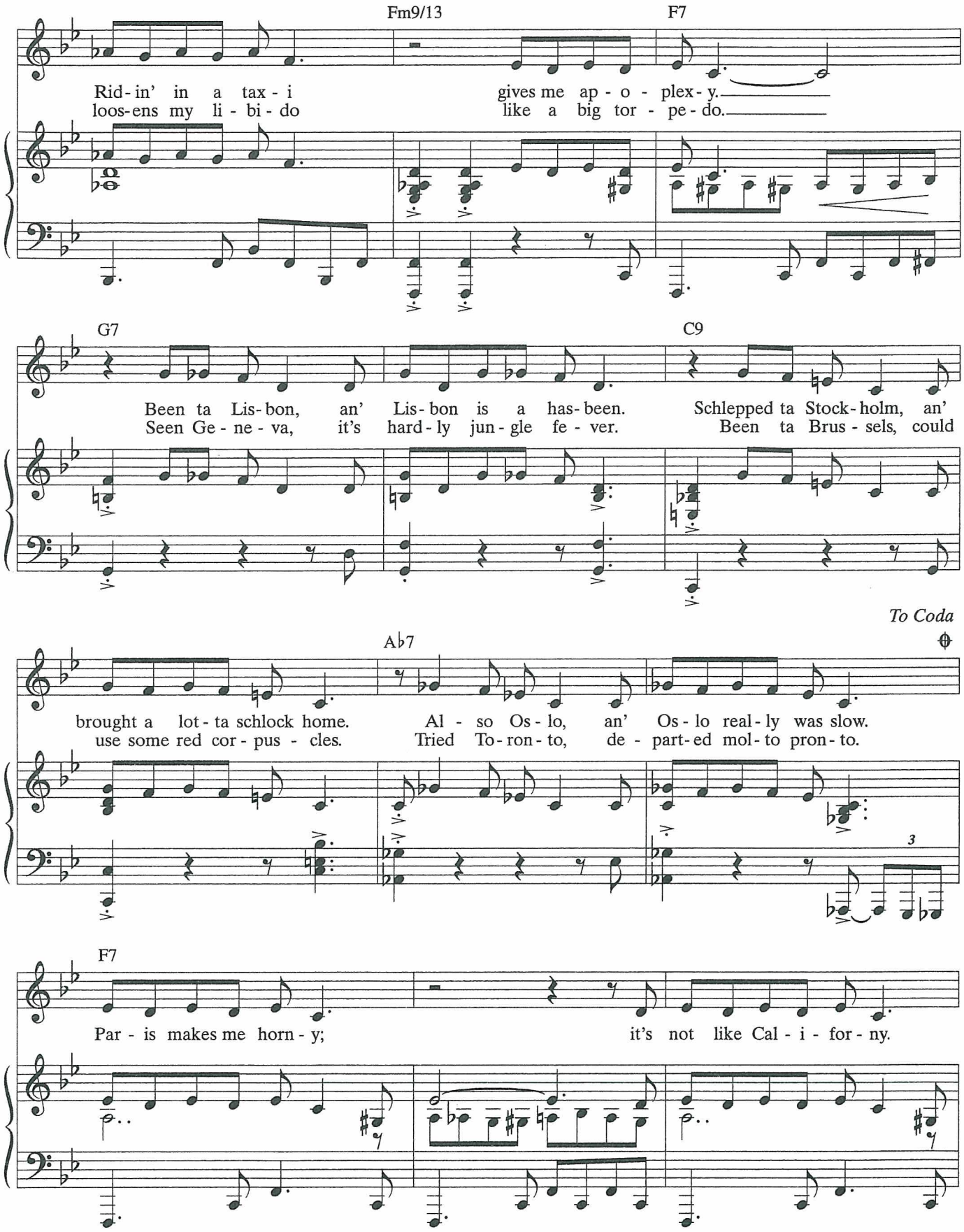
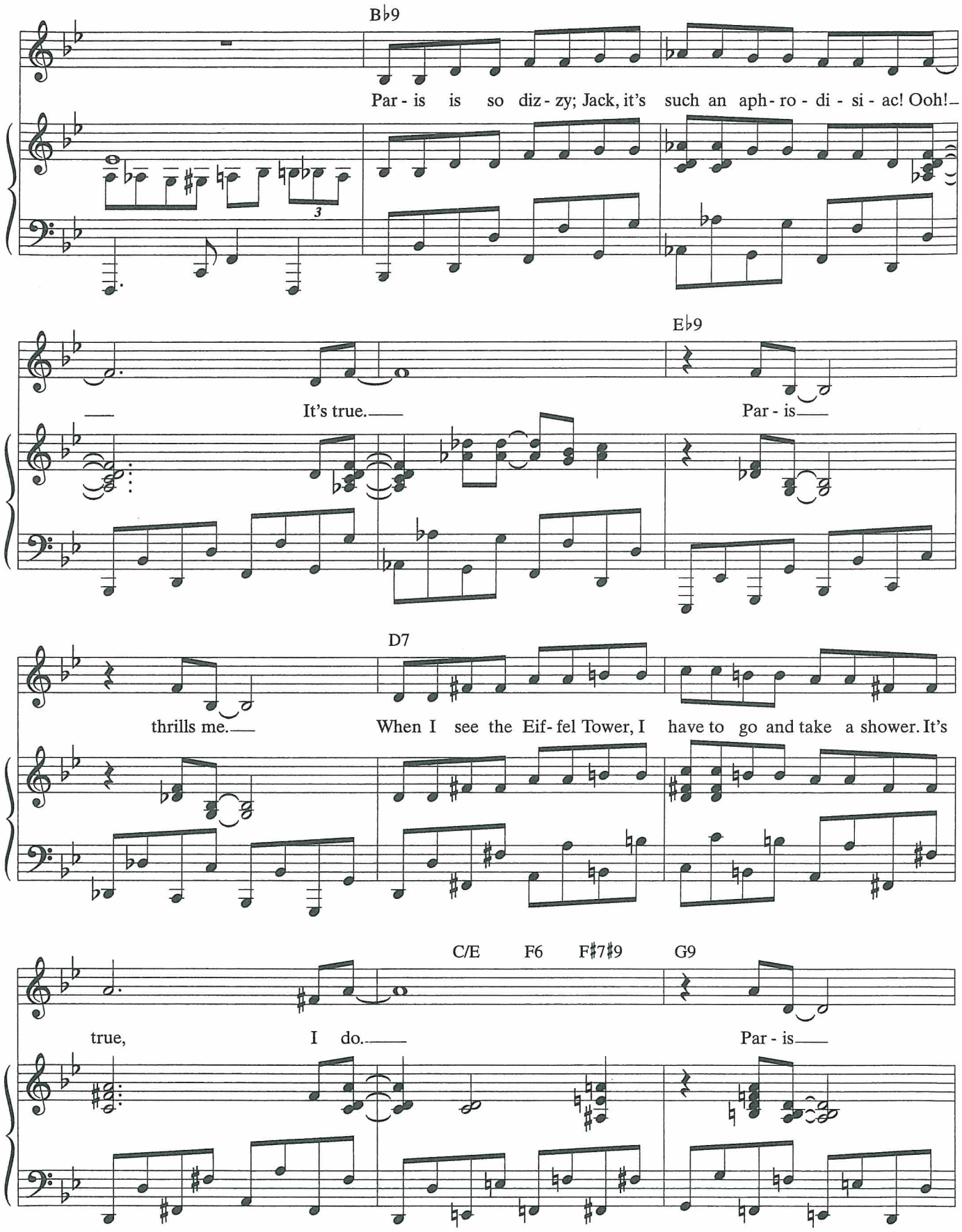
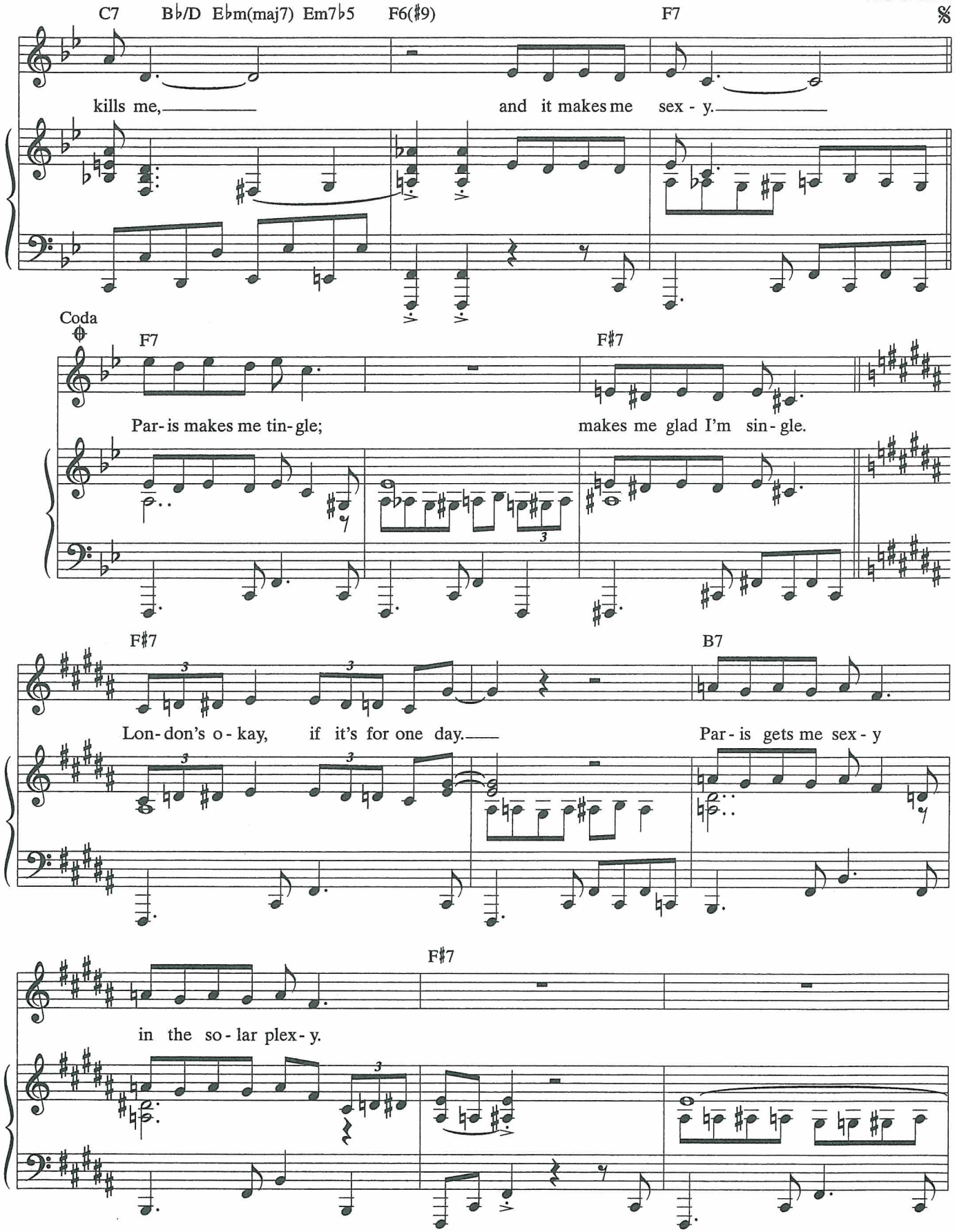
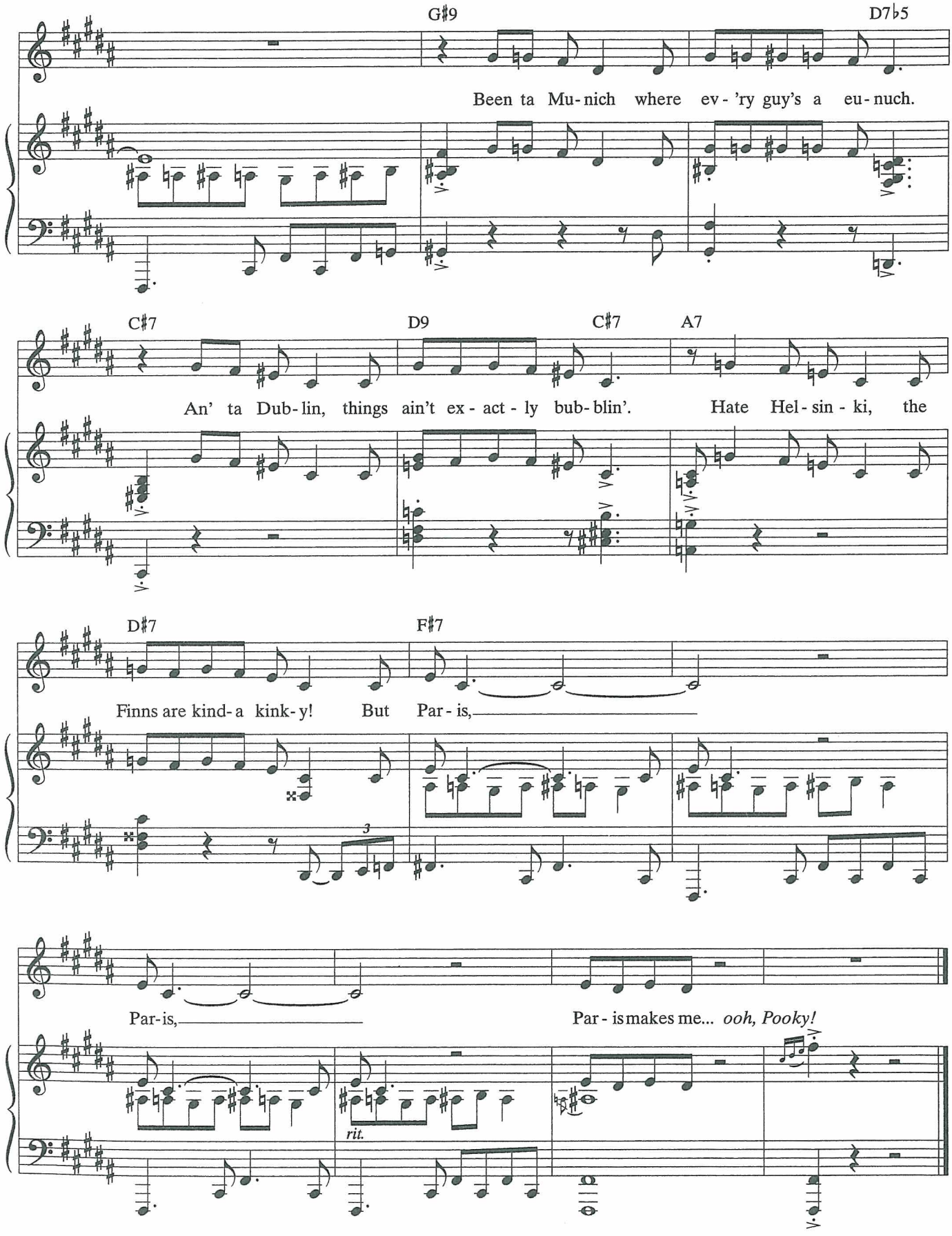

Fm9/13
F7
Rid-in' in a tax-i
loos-ens my li-bi-do
gives me ap-o-plex-y.
like a big tor-pe-do.
G7
C9
Been ta Lis-bon, an' Lis-bon is a has-been.
Seen Ge-ne-va, it's hard-ly jun-gle fe-ver.
Schlepped ta Stock-holm, an'
Been ta Brus-sels, could
To Coda
A♭7
brought a lot-ta schlock home.
use some red cor-pus-cles.
Al-so Os-lo, an' Os-lo real-ly was slow.
Tried To-ron-to, de-part-ed mol-to pron-to.
3
F7
Par-is makes me horn-y;
it's not like Cal-i-for-ny.


B♭9
Par - is is so diz - zy; Jack, it's such an aph - ro - di - si - ac! Ooh!
3
E♭9
It's true.
Par - is
D7
thrills me.
When I see the Eif - fel Tower, I have to go and take a shower. It's
C/E F6 F♯7♯9 G9
true, I do.
Par - is

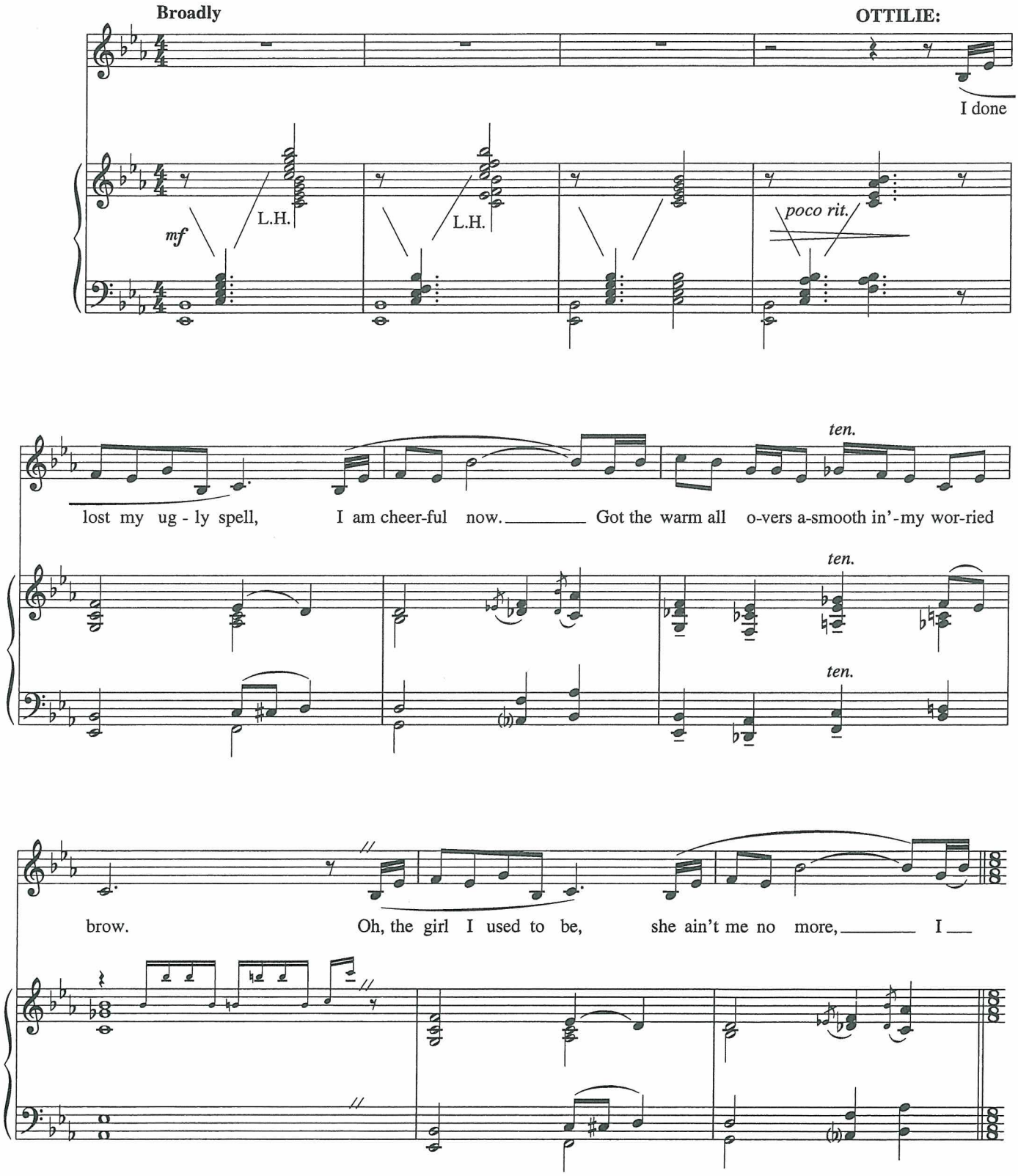

D.S. al Coda
C7
B♭/D
E♭m(maj7)
Em7♭5
F6(♯9)
F7
kills me,
and it makes me sex - y.
Coda
F7
F♯7
Par - is makes me tin - gle;
makes me glad I'm sin - gle.
F♯7
B7
Lon - don's o - kay,
if it's for one day.
Par - is gets me sex - y
F♯7
in the so - lar plex - y.


G♯9
D7♭5
Been ta Mu - nich where ev - 'ry guy's a eu - nuch.
C♯7
D9
C♯7
A7
An' ta Dub - lin, things ain't ex - act - ly bub - blin'. Hate Hel - sin - ki, the
D♯7
F♯7
Finns are kind - a kink - y! But Par - is,
Par - is,
Par - is makes me... ooh, Pooky!
rit.

I NEVER HAS SEEN SNOW

from *House of Flowers*

Lyrics by TRUMAN CAPOTE
and HAROLD ARLEN
Music by HAROLD ARLEN



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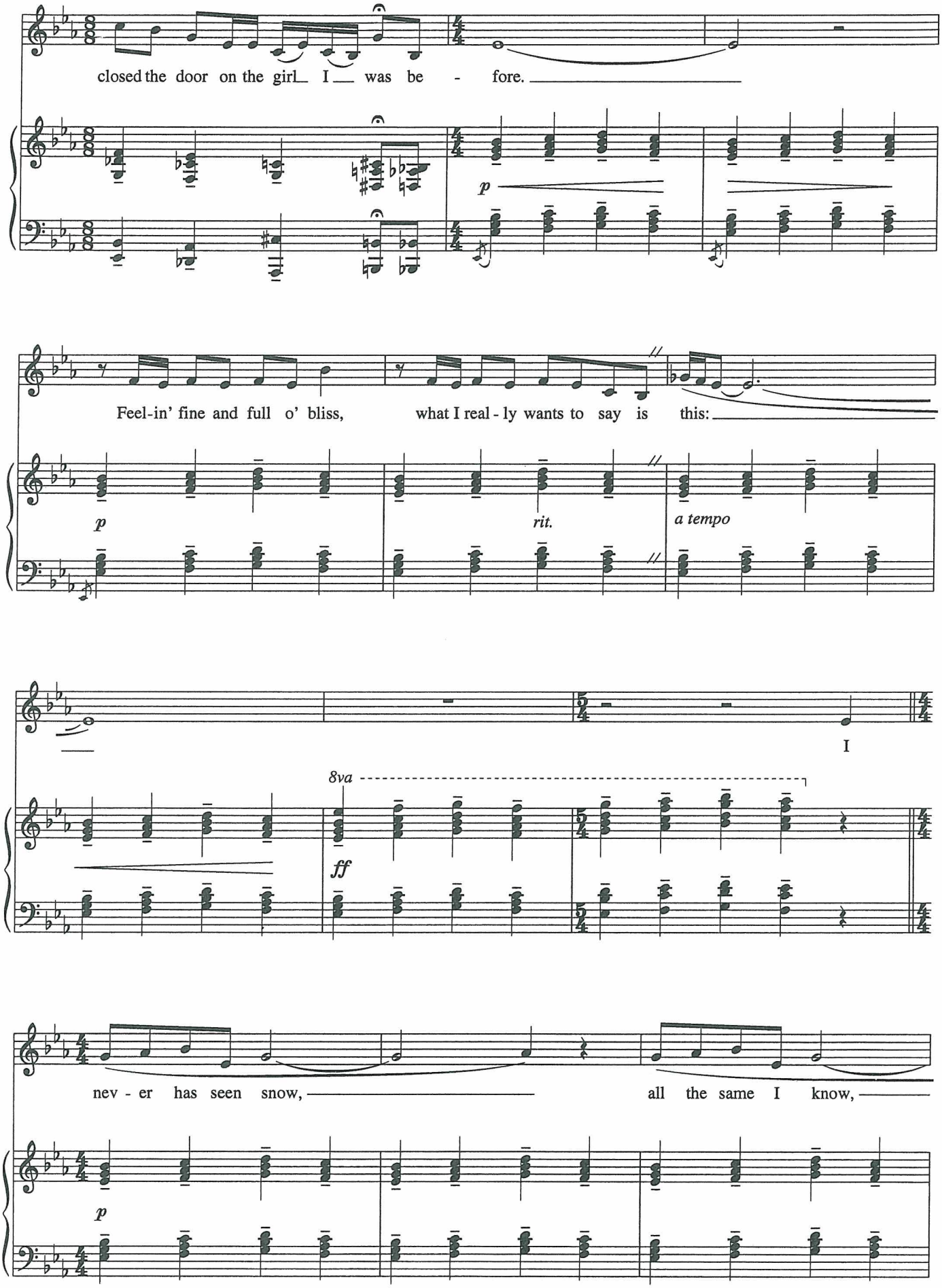
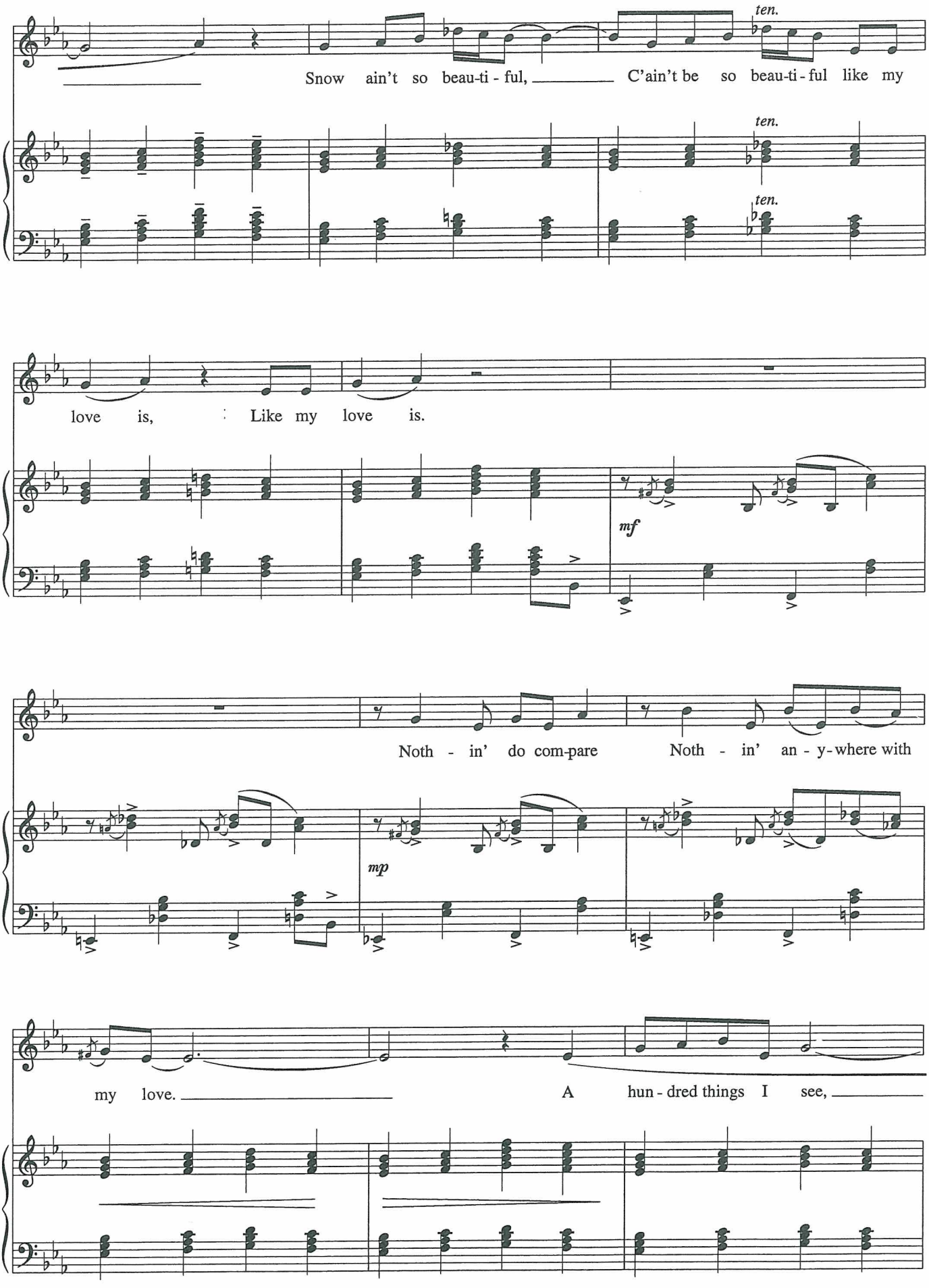
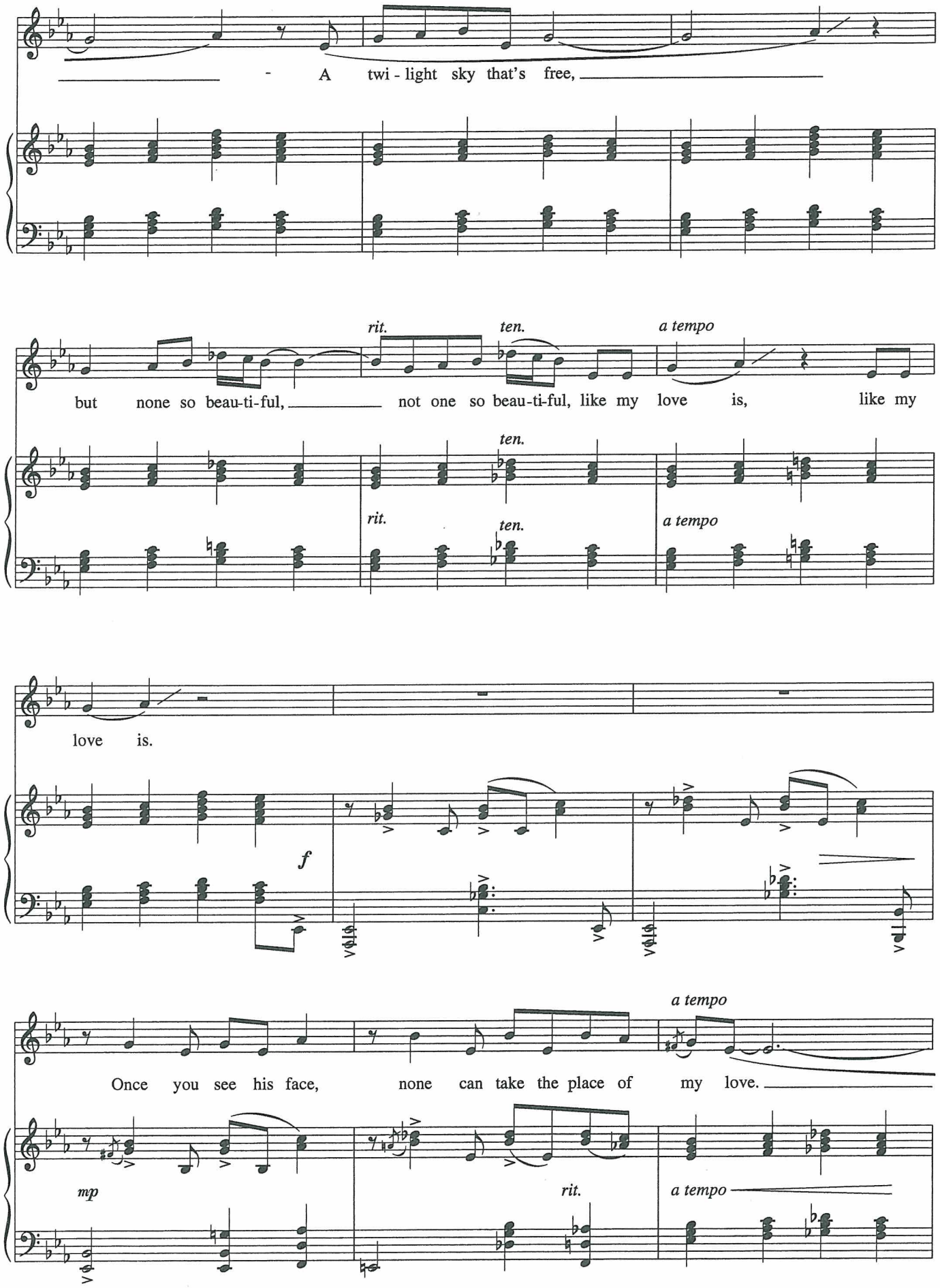
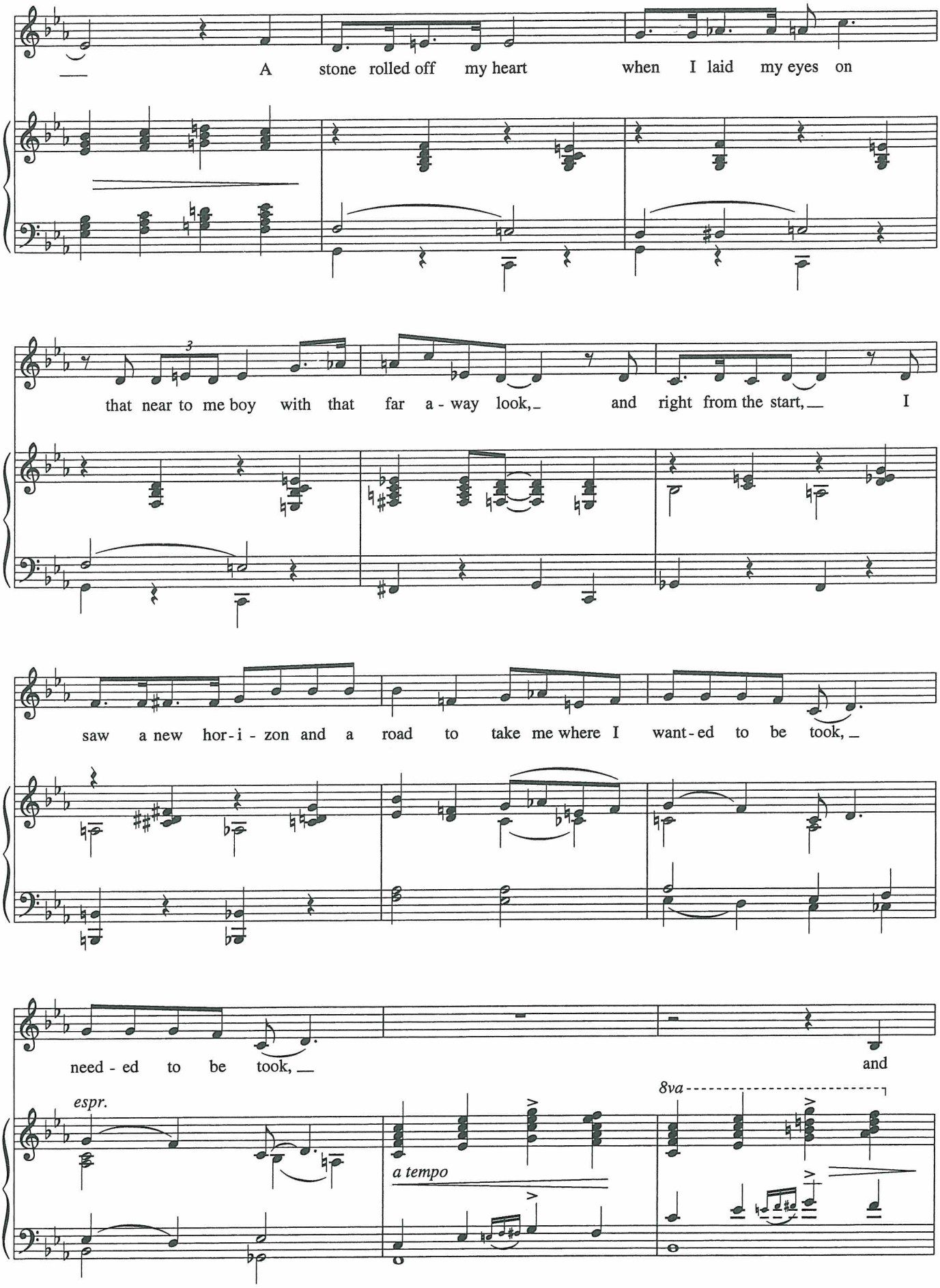
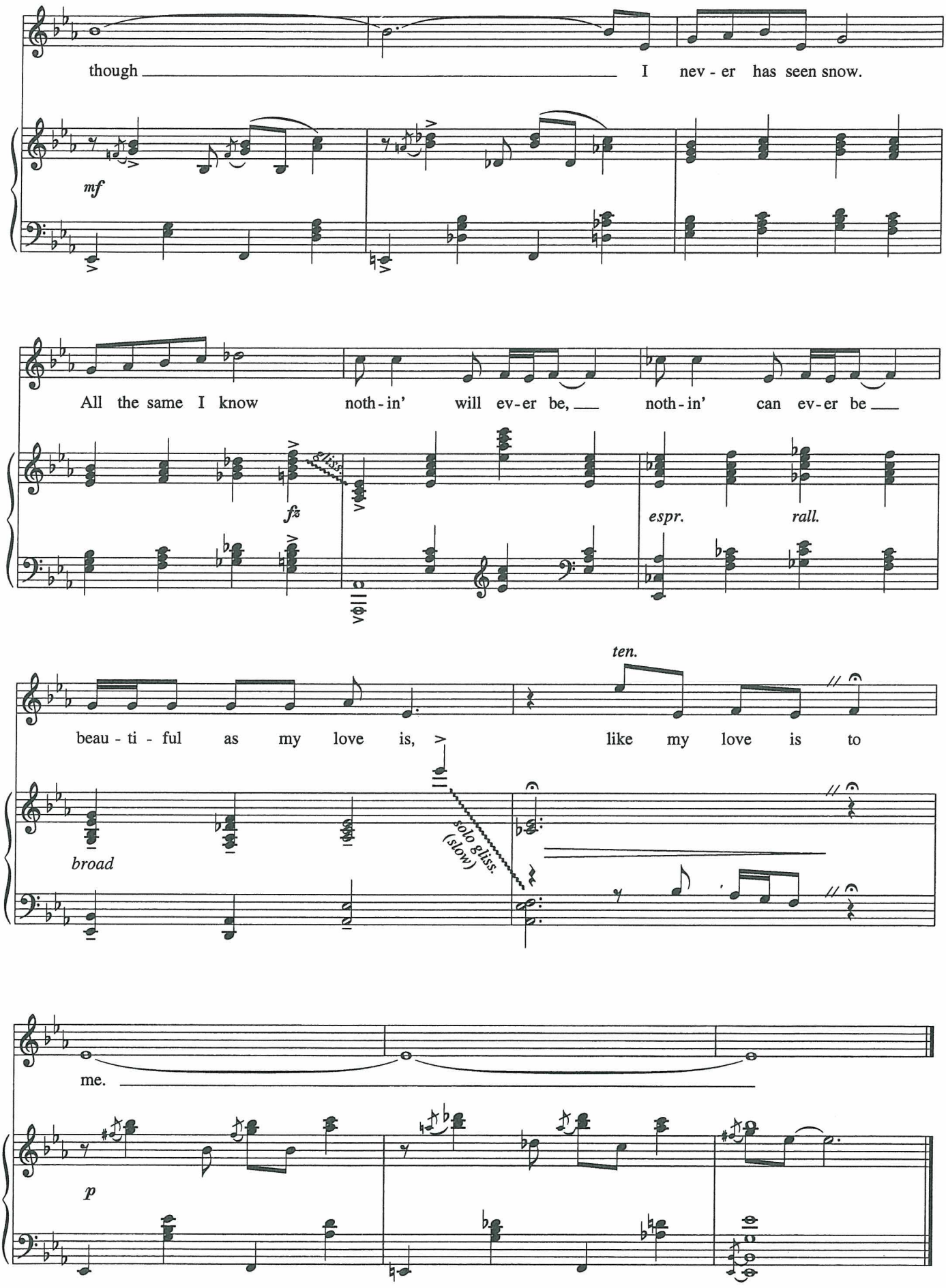

closed the door on the girl I was be - fore.
p
Feel-in' fine and full o' bliss, what I real - ly wants to say is this:
p
rit.
a tempo
I
8va
ff
nev - er has seen snow, all the same I know,
p


ten.
Snow ain't so beau-ti - ful, C'ain't be so beau-ti - ful like my
ten.
ten.
love is, Like my love is.
mf
Noth - in' do com-pare Noth - in' an - y-where with
mp
my love. A hun - dred things I see,


A twi - light sky that's free,
but none so beau-ti-ful,
rit.
ten.
a tempo
not one so beau-ti-ful, like my love is, like my
ten.
rit.
ten.
a tempo
love is.
f
Once you see his face, none can take the place of my love.
a tempo
mp
rit.
a tempo

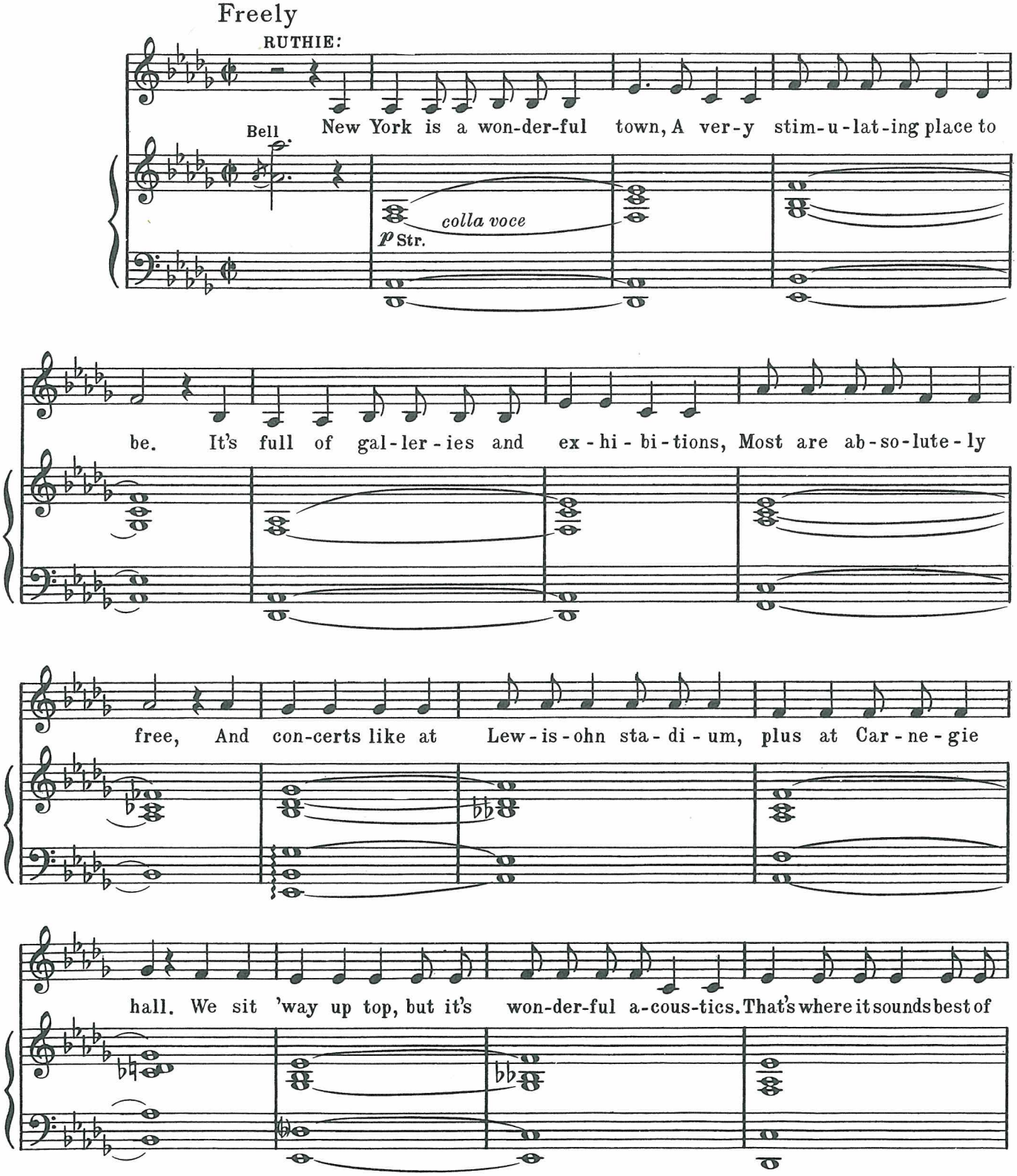

A stone rolled off my heart when I laid my eyes on
3
that near to me boy with that far a - way look, and right from the start, I
saw a new hor - i - zon and a road to take me where I want - ed to be took,
need - ed to be took, and
espr.
a tempo
8va


though
I nev - er has seen snow.
mf
All the same I know
noth - in' will ev-er be,
noth - in' can ev-er be
fz
gliss.
espr.
rall.
ten.
beau - ti - ful as my love is,
like my love is to
broad
solo gliss. (slow)
me.
p

WHO KNOWS

from *I Can Get It For You Wholesale*

Words and Music by
HAROLD ROME



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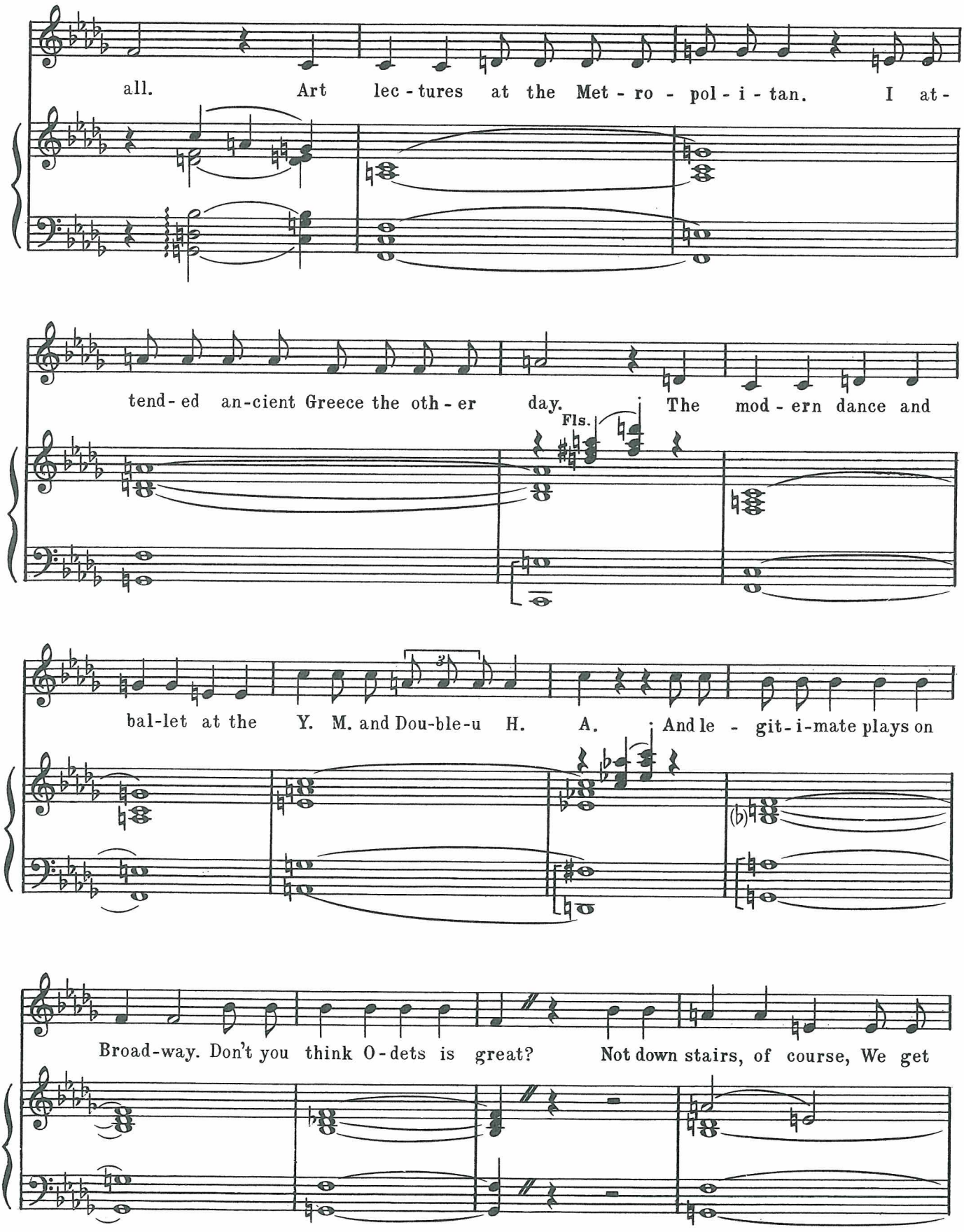
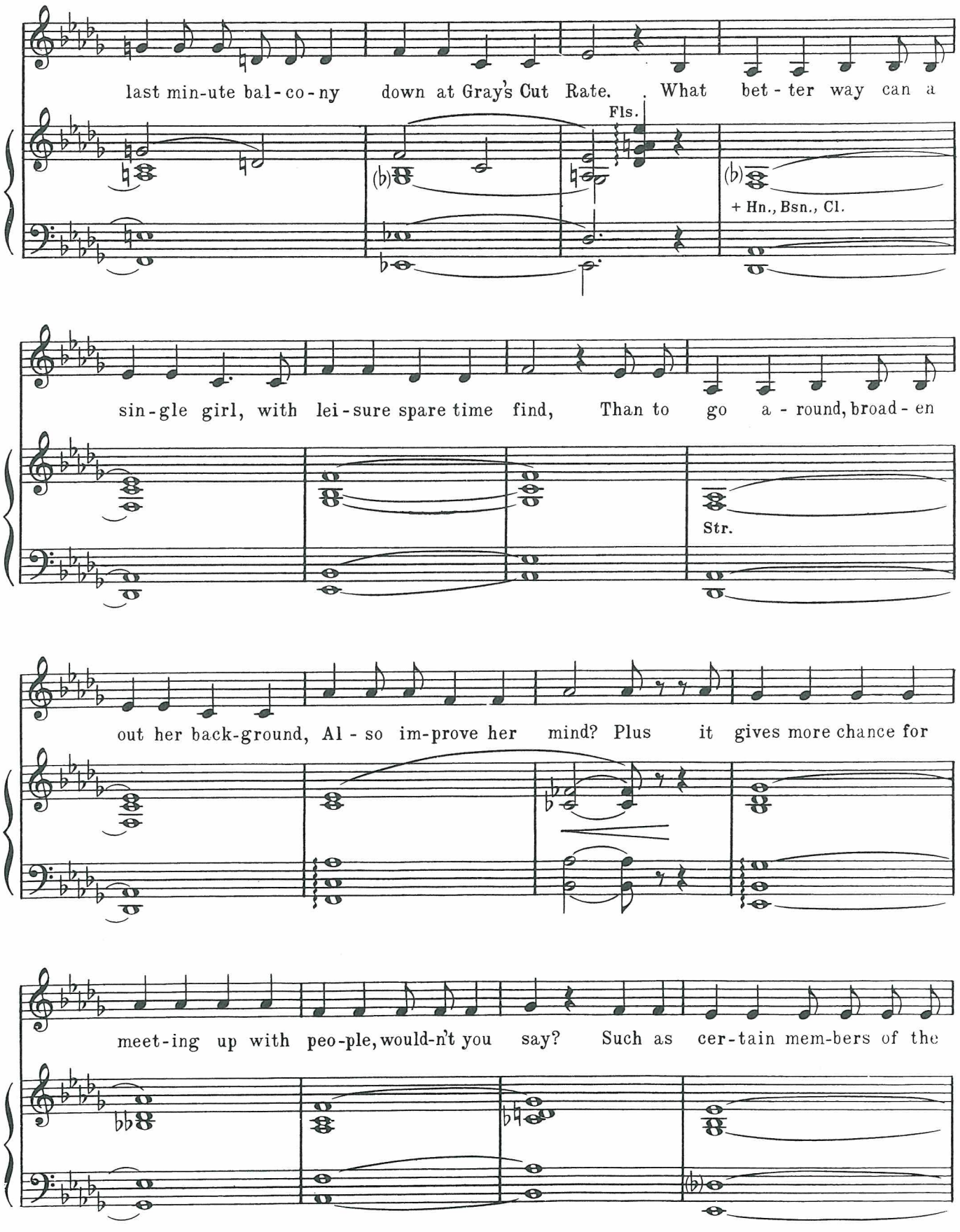
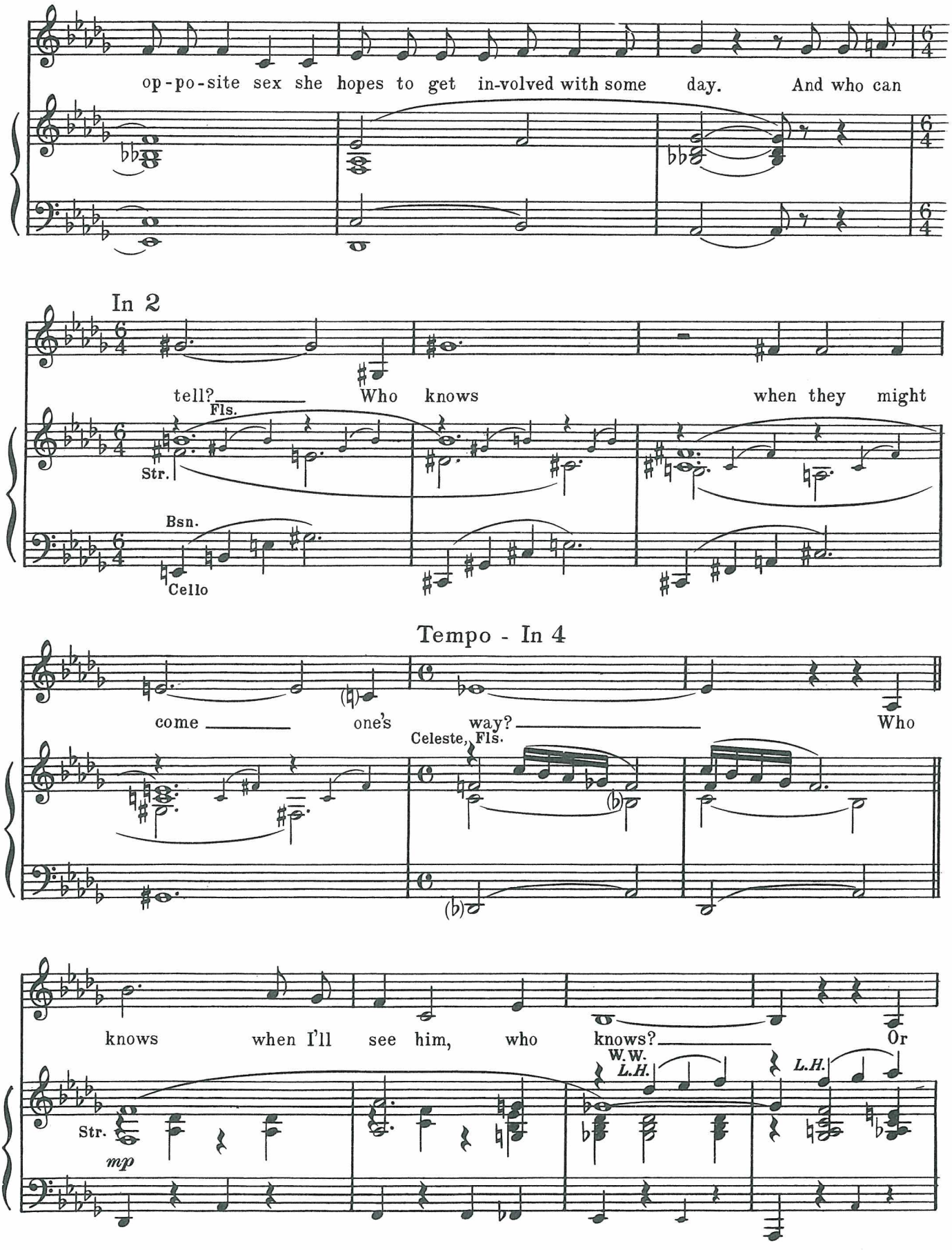
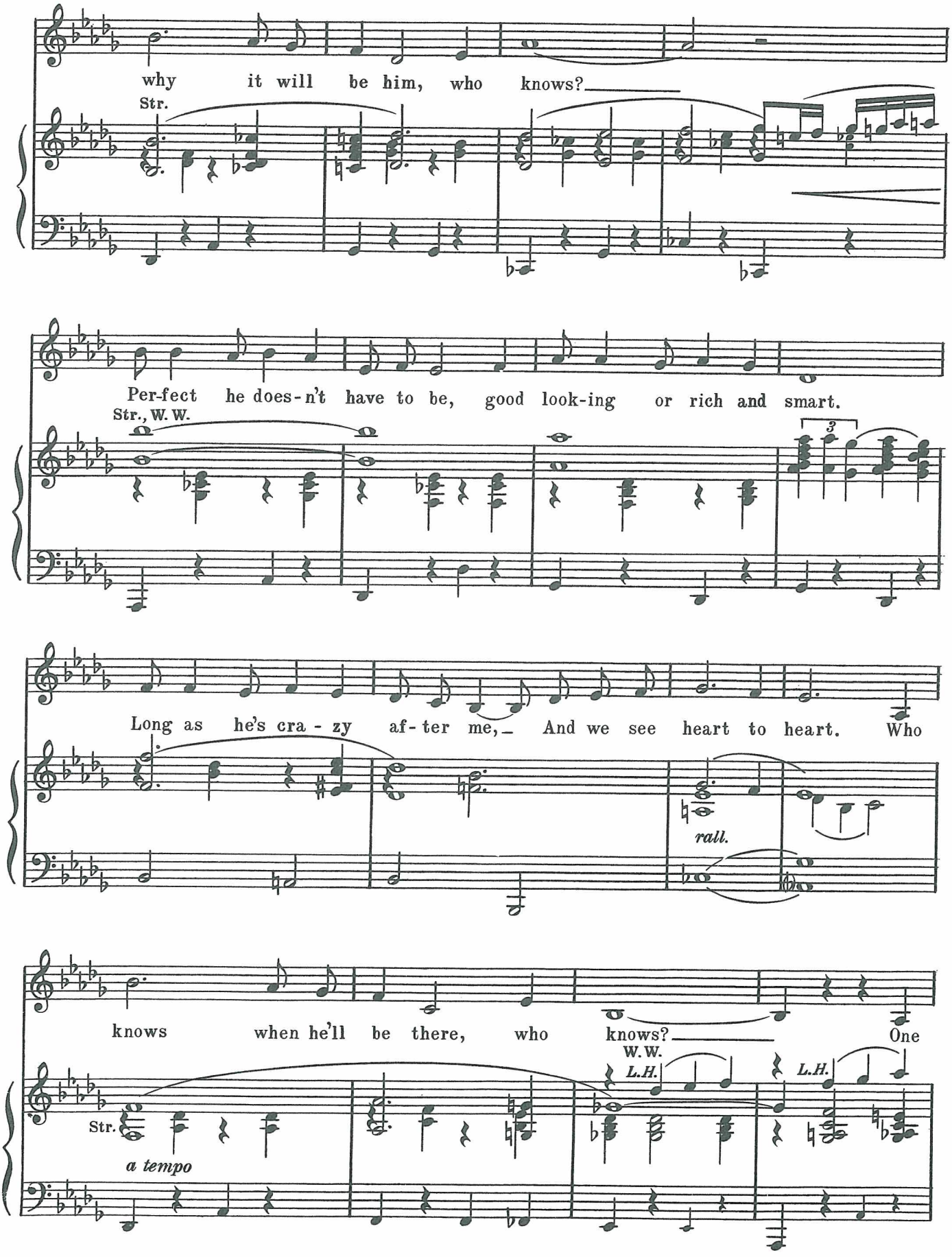
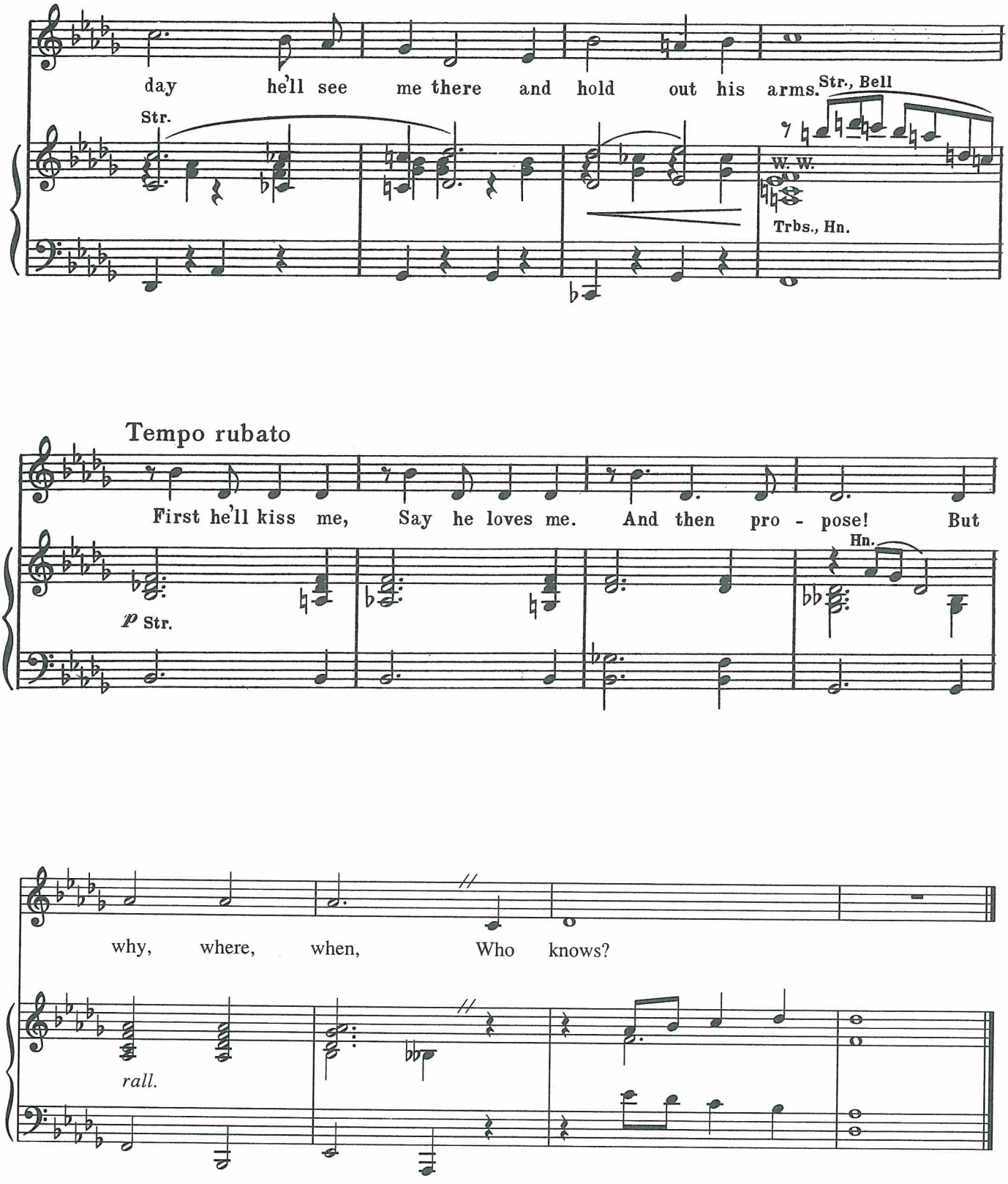

all. Art lec - tures at the Met - ro - pol - i - tan. I at -
tend - ed an - cient Greece the oth - er day. The mod - ern dance and
Fls.
bal-let at the Y. M. and Dou-ble-u H. A. And le - git - i-mate plays on
Broad-way. Don't you think O - dets is great? Not down stairs, of course, We get


last min-ute bal-co-ny down at Gray's Cut Rate. What bet-ter way can a
Fls.
+ Hn., Bsn., Cl.
sin-gle girl, with lei-sure spare time find, Than to go a-round, broad-en
Str.
out her back-ground, Al-so im-prove her mind? Plus it gives more chance for
meet-ing up with peo-ple, would-n't you say? Such as cer-tain mem-bers of the


op-po-site sex she hopes to get in-volved with some day. And who can
In 2
tell? Who knows when they might
Fls.
Str.
Bsn.
Cello
Tempo - In 4
come one's way? Who
Celeste, Fls.
knows when I'll see him, who knows? Or
W.W.
L.H.
L.H.
Str.
mp

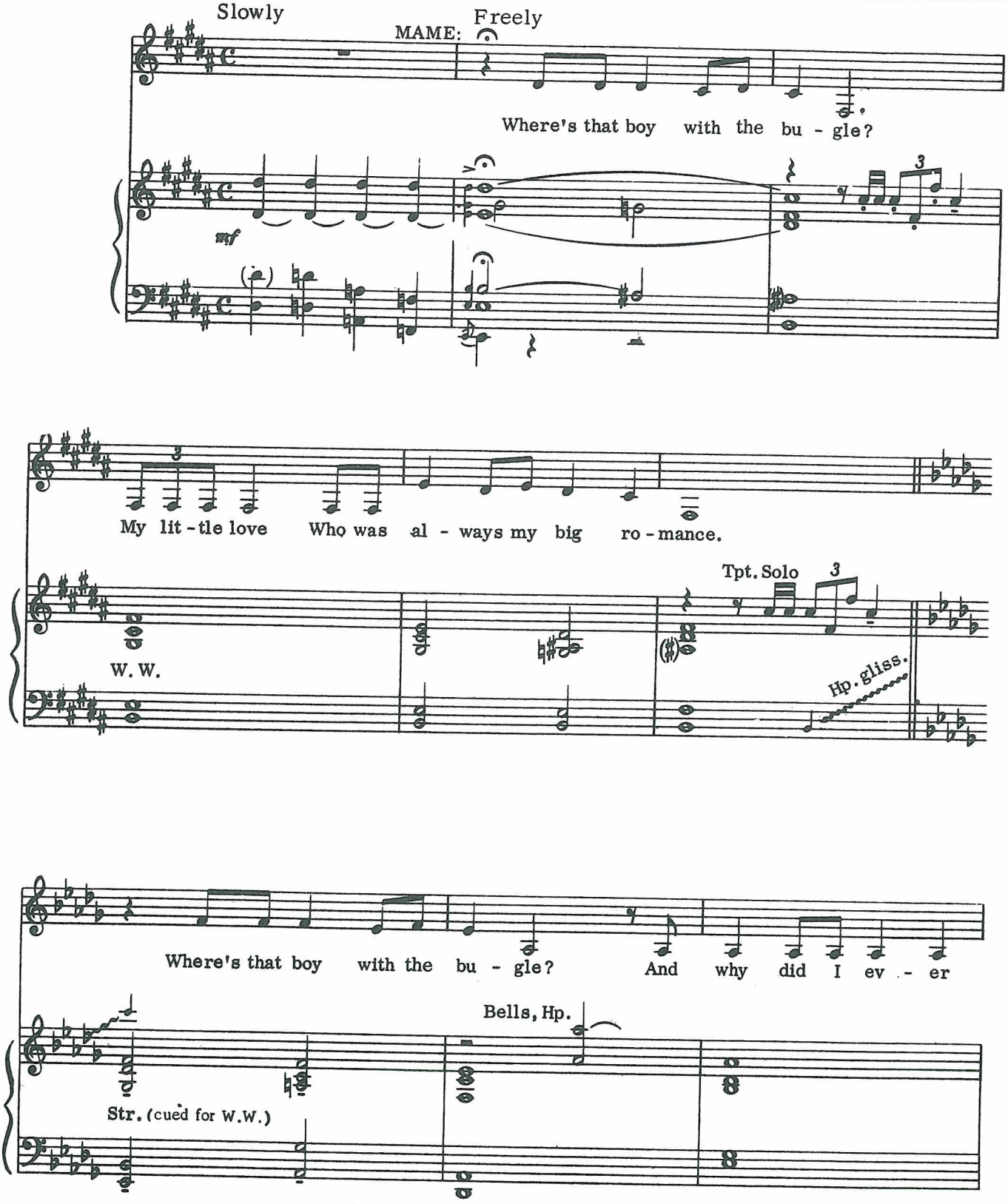

why it will be him, who knows?
Str.
Per-fect he does-n't have to be, good look-ing or rich and smart.
Str., W. W.
3
Long as he's cra - zy af- ter me, And we see heart to heart. Who
rall.
knows when he'll be there, who knows? One
W. W.
L.H.
L.H.
Str.
a tempo


day he'll see me there and hold out his arms.
Str.
Str., Bell
W. W.
Trbs., Hn.
Tempo rubato
First he'll kiss me, Say he loves me. And then pro - pose! But
p Str.
Hn.
why, where, when, Who knows?
rall.

IF HE WALKED INTO MY LIFE

from *Mame*

Music and Lyric by
JERRY HERMAN



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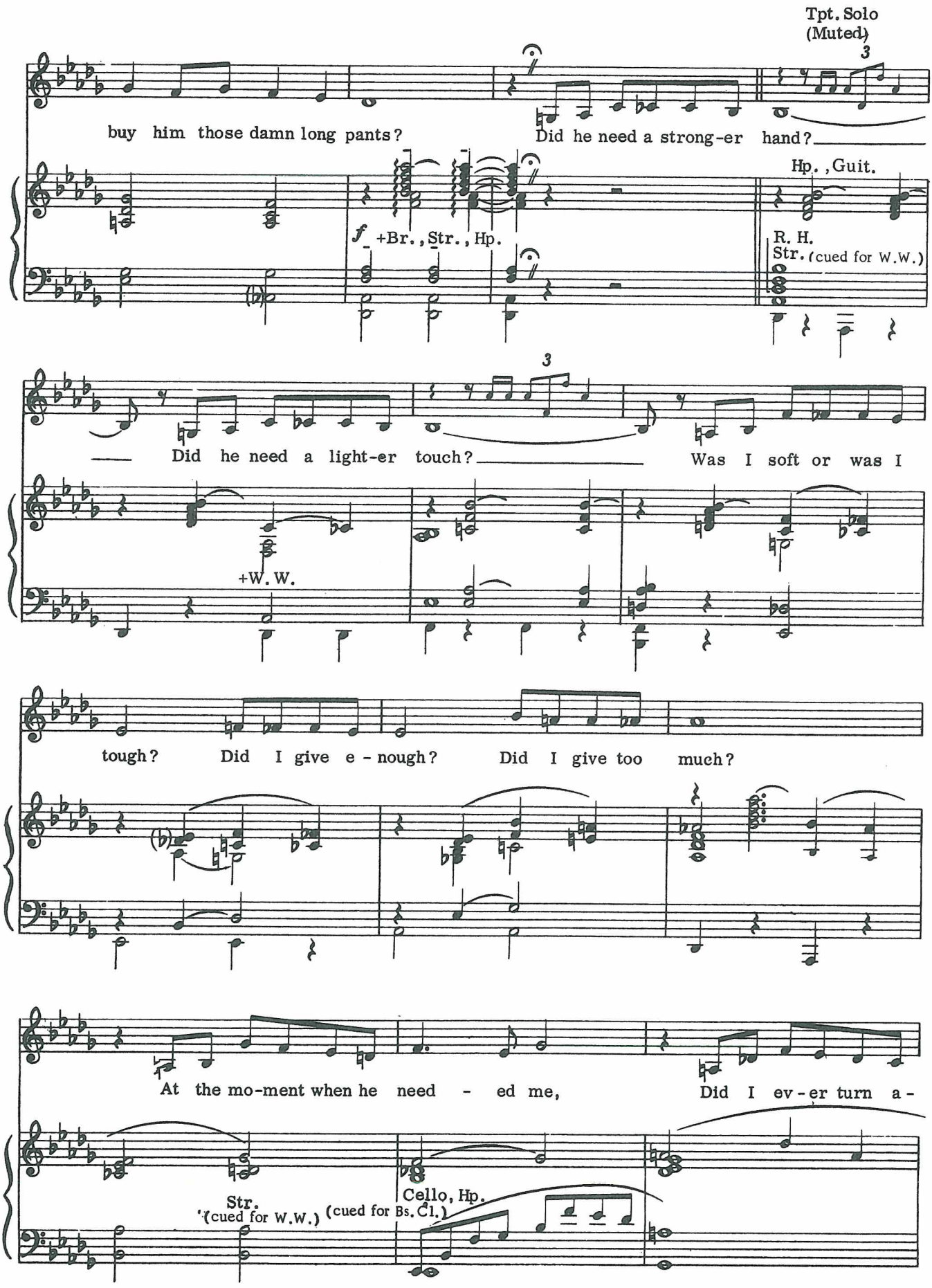
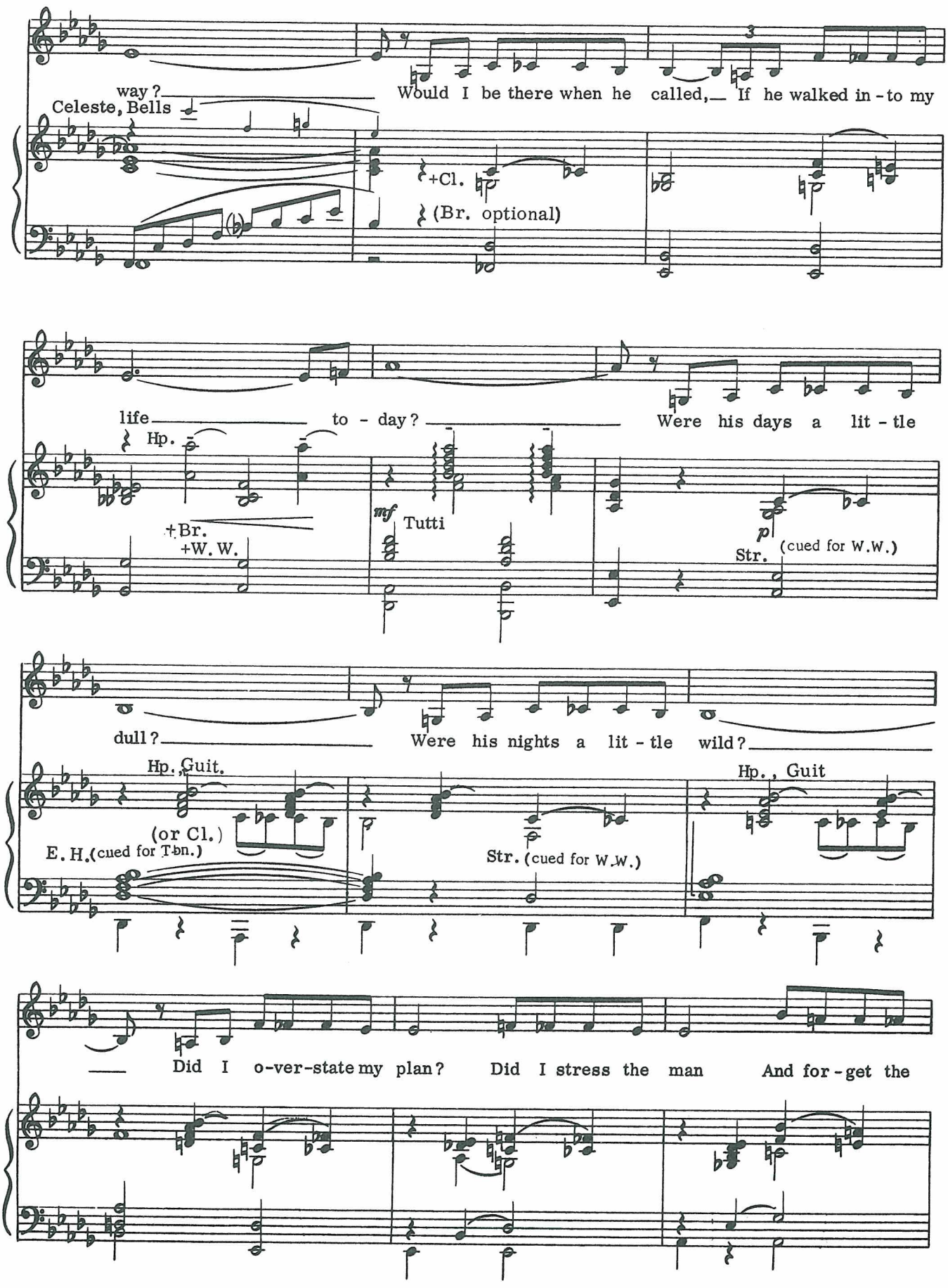
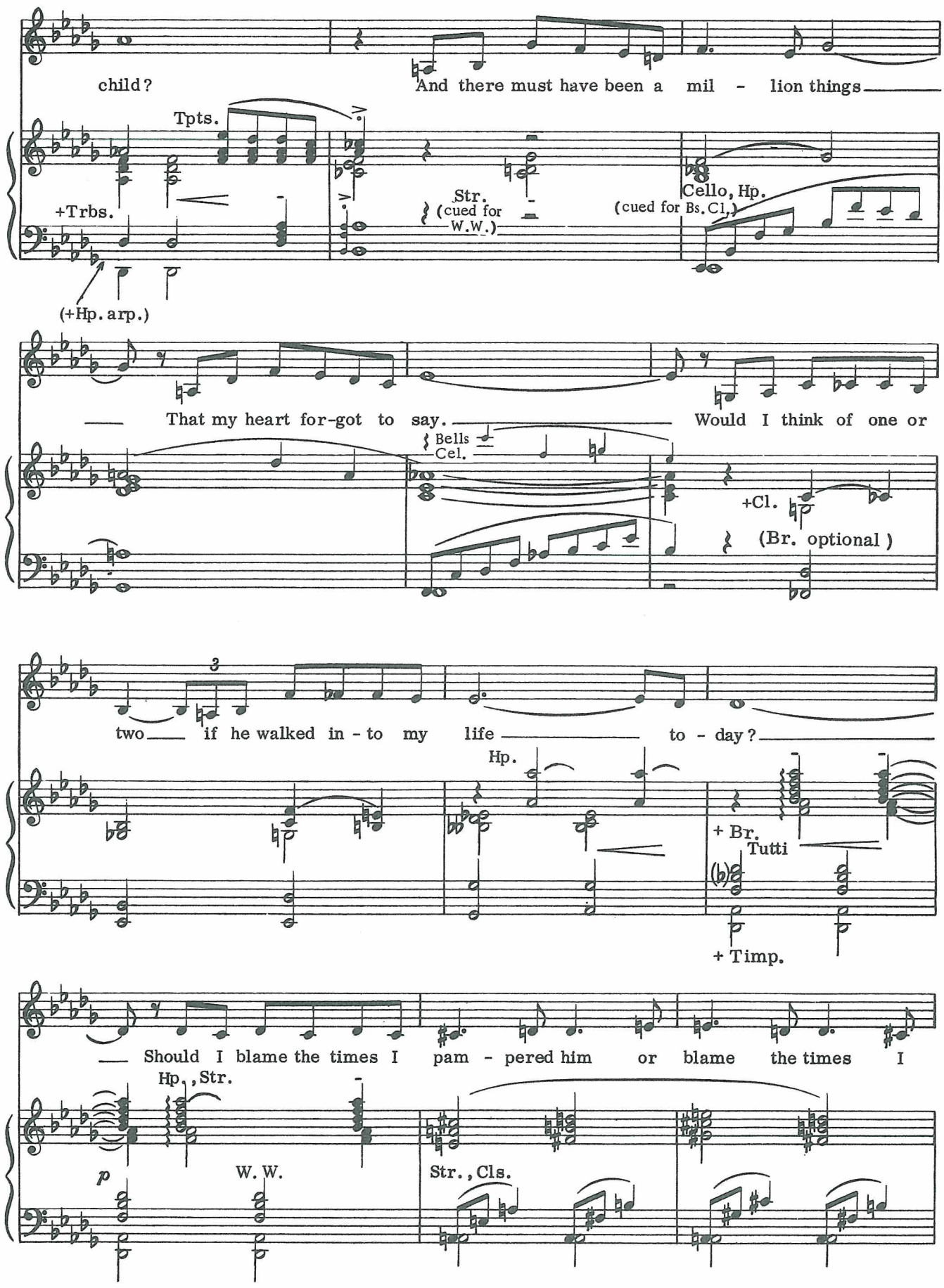
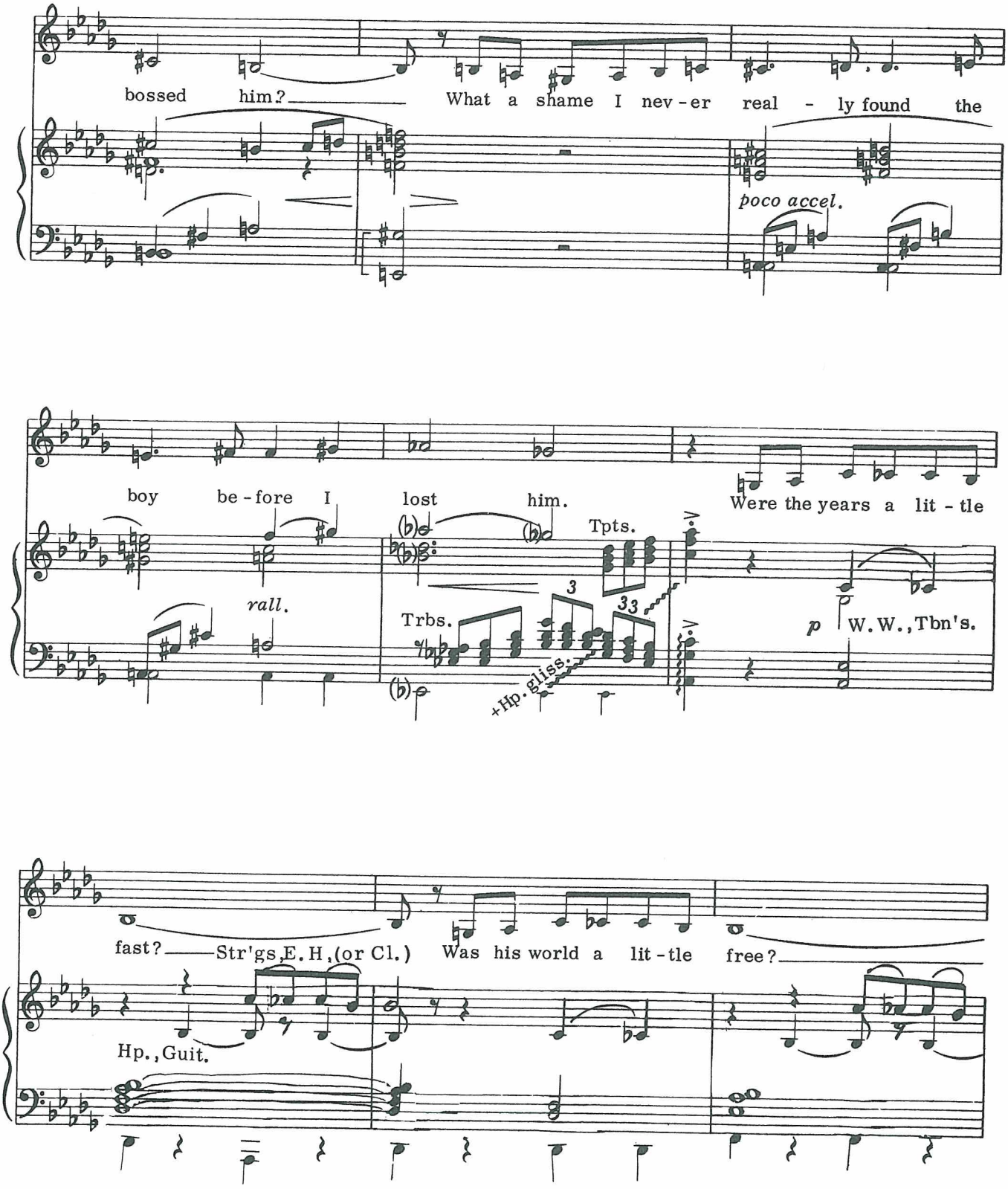
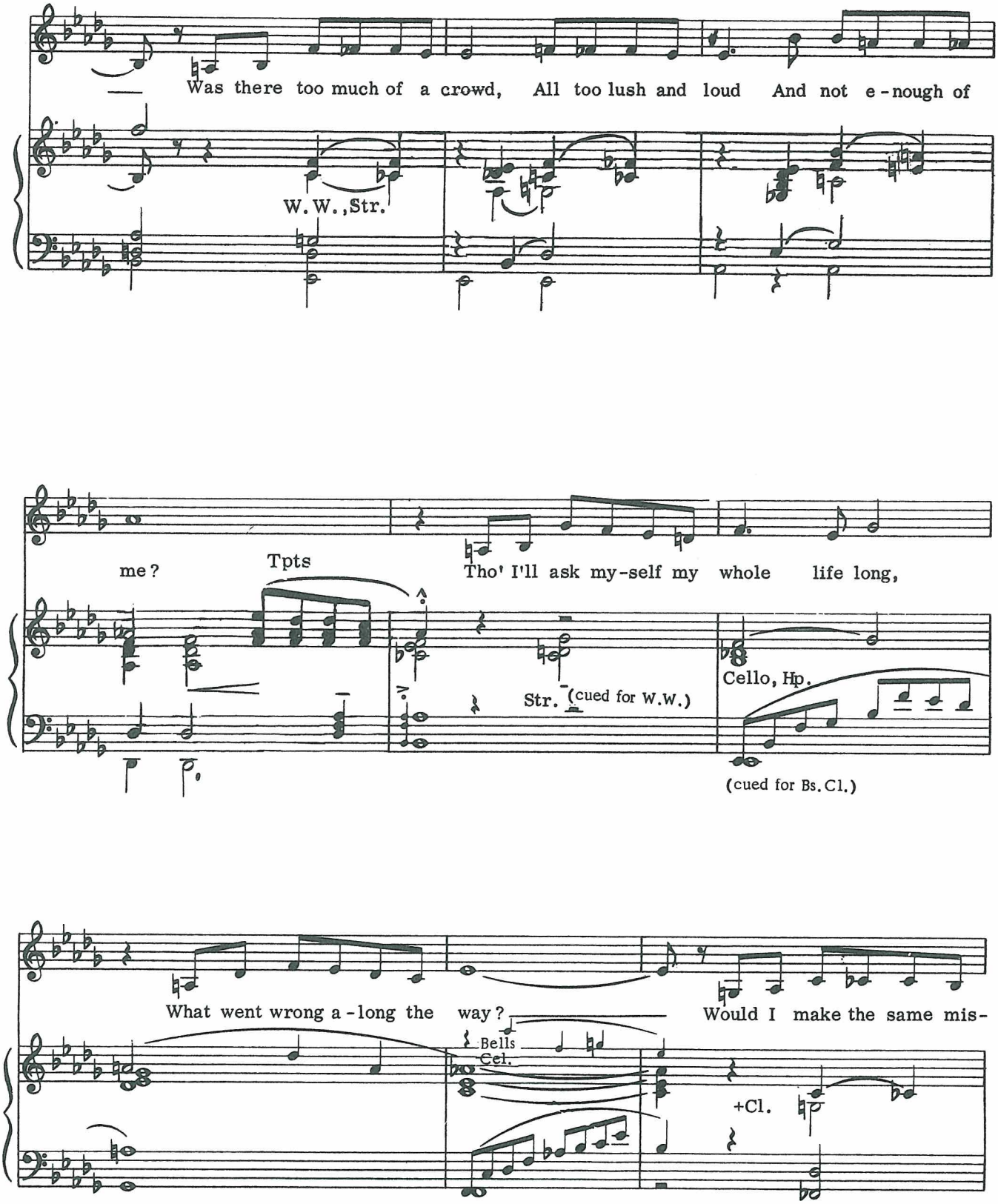
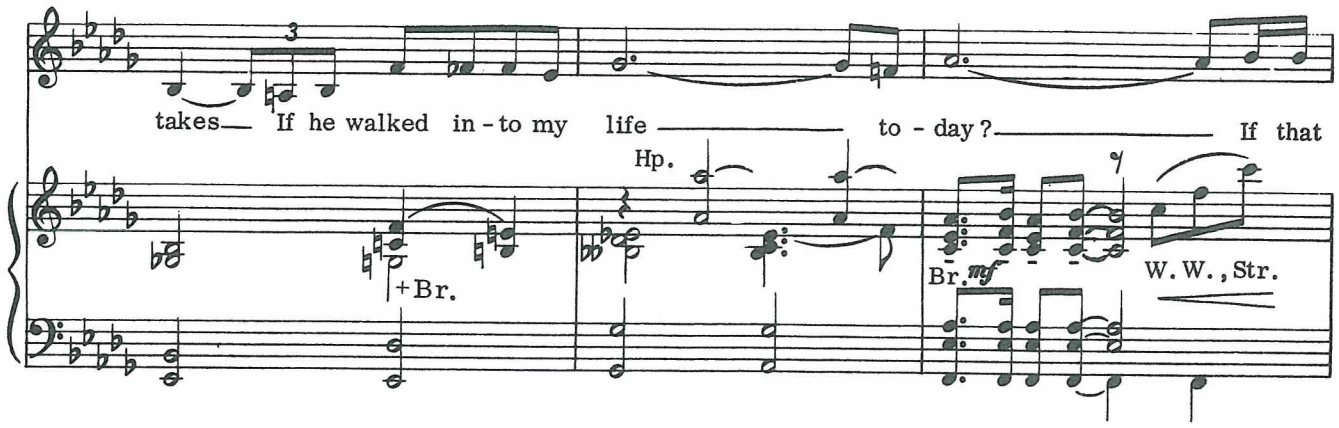

Tpt. Solo
(Muted)
3
buy him those damn long pants?
Did he need a strong-er hand?
Hp., Guit.
f +Br., Str., Hp.
R. H.
Str. (cued for W.W.)
3
Did he need a light-er touch?
Was I soft or was I
+W.W.
tough?
Did I give e - nough?
Did I give too much?
At the mo-ment when he need - ed me,
Did I ev-er turn a-
Str.
(cued for W.W.)
Cello, Hp.
(cued for Bs. Cl.)

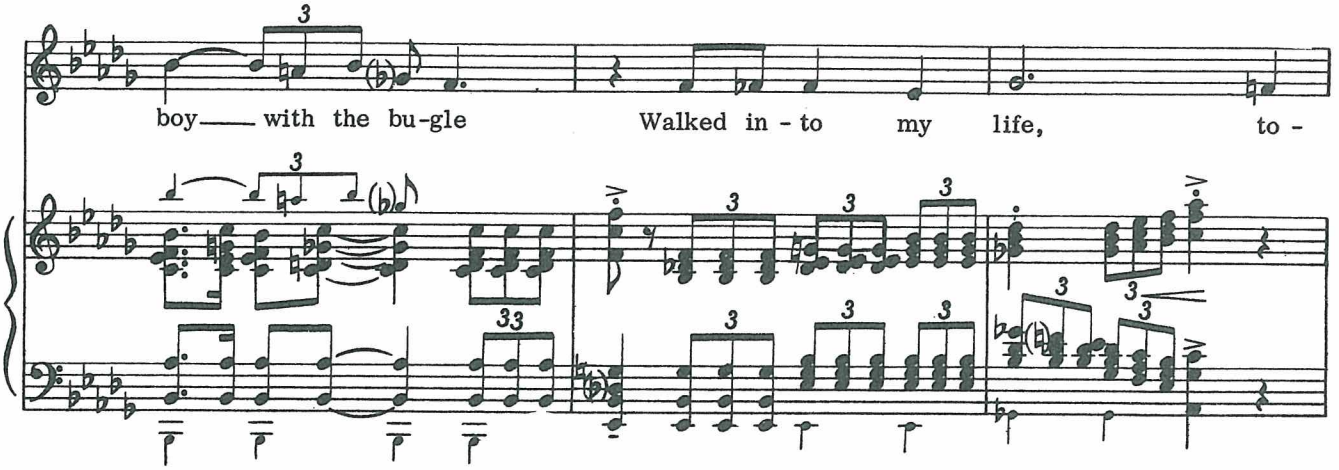

way?
Would I be there when he called, If he walked in - to my
Celeste, Bells
+Cl.
(Br. optional)
life to - day?
Were his days a lit - tle
Hp.
+Br.
+W. W.
mf Tutti
p
Str. (cued for W.W.)
dull?
Were his nights a lit - tle wild?
Hp., Guit.
(or Cl.)
E. H. (cued for T-bn.)
Str. (cued for W.W.)
Hp., Guit
Did I o-ver-state my plan? Did I stress the man And for - get the

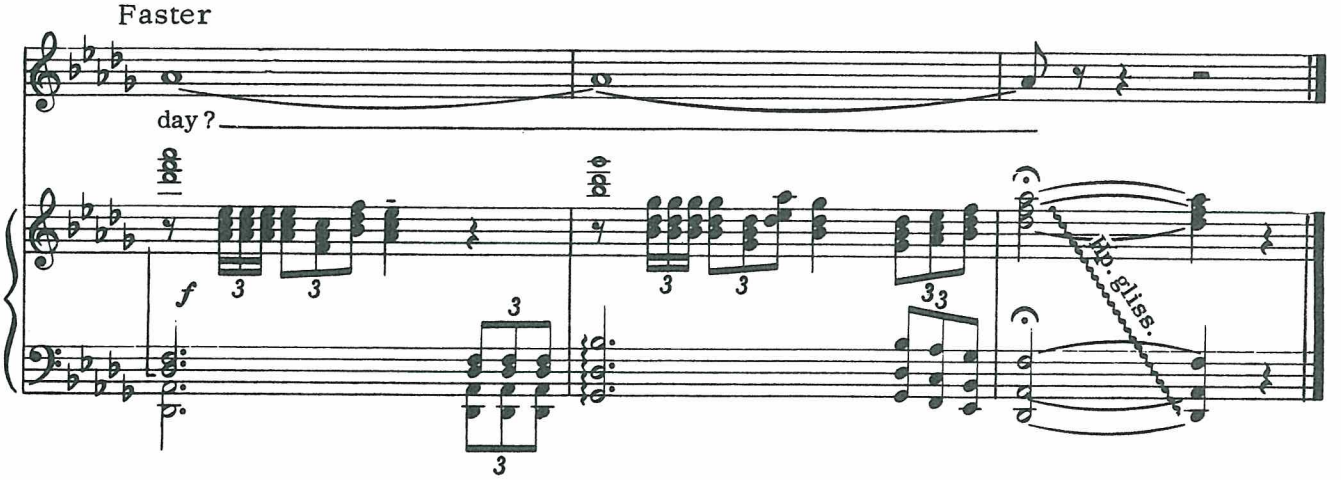

child?
And there must have been a mil - lion things
Tpts.
+Trbs.
(+Hp. arp.)
Str.
(cued for W.W.)
Cello, Hp.
(cued for Bs. Cl.)
That my heart for-got to say.
Would I think of one or
Bells
Cel.
+Cl.
(Br. optional)
two
if he walked in - to my life
to - day?
Hp.
+ Br.
Tutti
+ Timp.
Should I blame the times I pam - pered him or blame the times I
Hp., Str.
p
W. W.
Str., Cls.


bossed him? What a shame I nev-er real - ly found the
poco accel.
boy be-fore I lost him. Were the years a lit - tle
rall.
Tpts.
Trbs.
+Hp. gliss.
p W.W., Tbn's.
fast? Str'gs, E.H, (or Cl.) Was his world a lit-tle free?
Hp., Guit.


Was there too much of a crowd, All too lush and loud And not e-nough of
W.W.,Str.
me?
Tpts
Tho' I'll ask my-self my whole life long,
Str.
(cued for W.W.)
Cello, Hp.
(cued for Bs.Cl.)
What went wrong a-long the way?
Would I make the same mis-
Bells
Cel.
+Cl.


takes— If he walked in - to my life — to - day? — If that
Hp.
+Br.
Br. mf
W. W., Str.

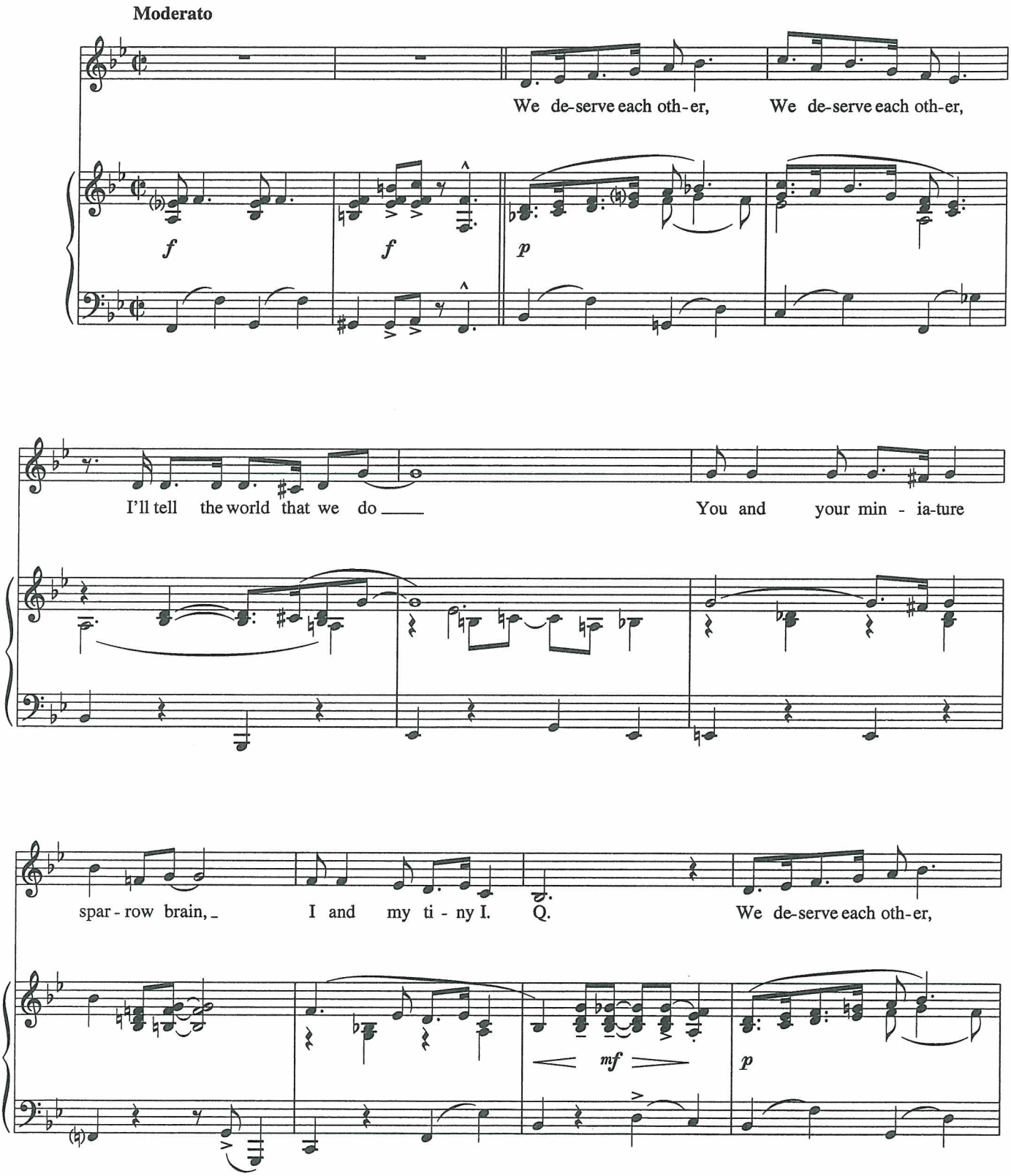

boy— with the bu-gle Walked in - to my life, to -


Faster
day?
f
Hp. gliss.

WE DESERVE EACH OTHER

from *Me and Juliet*

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



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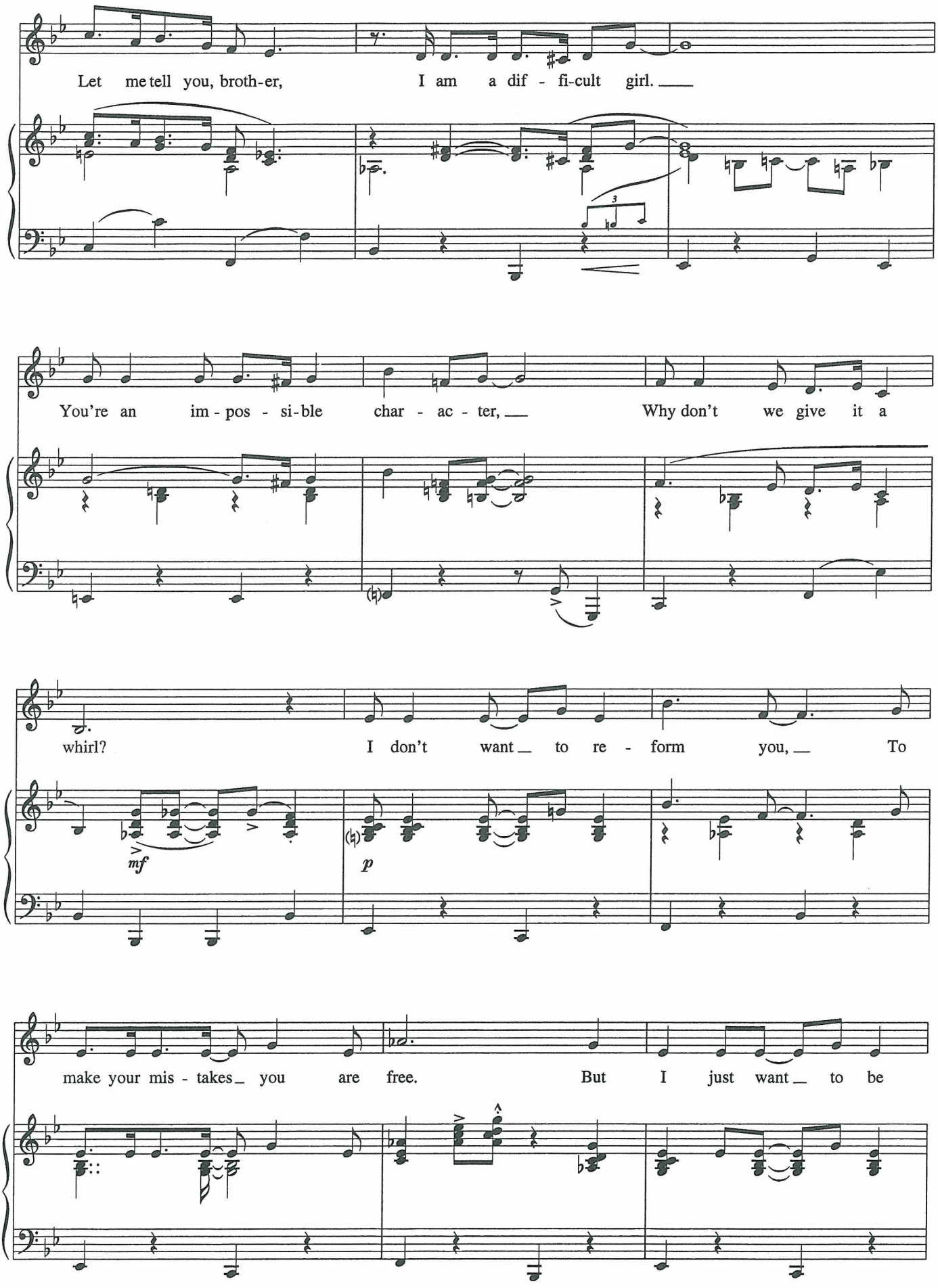
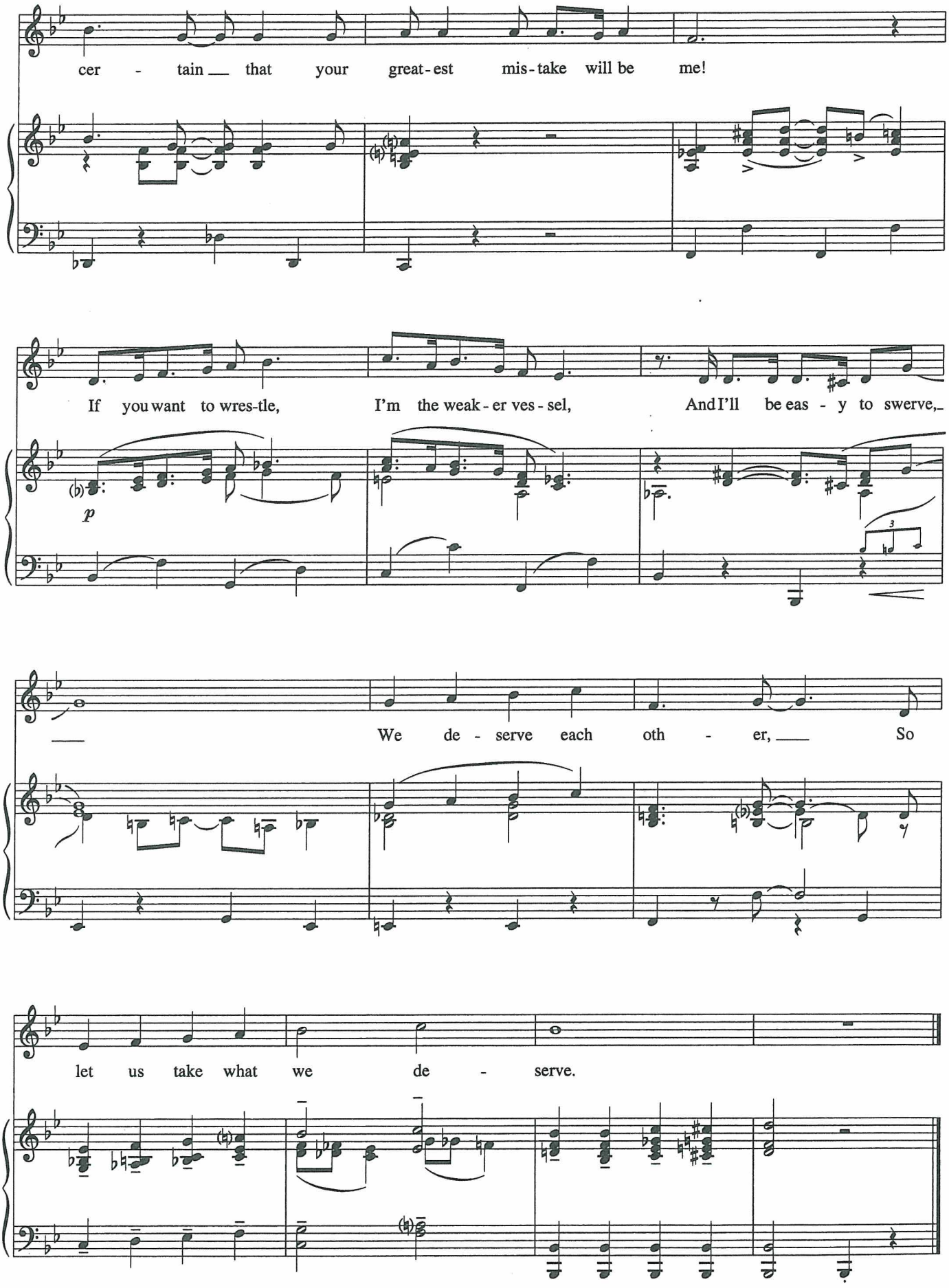
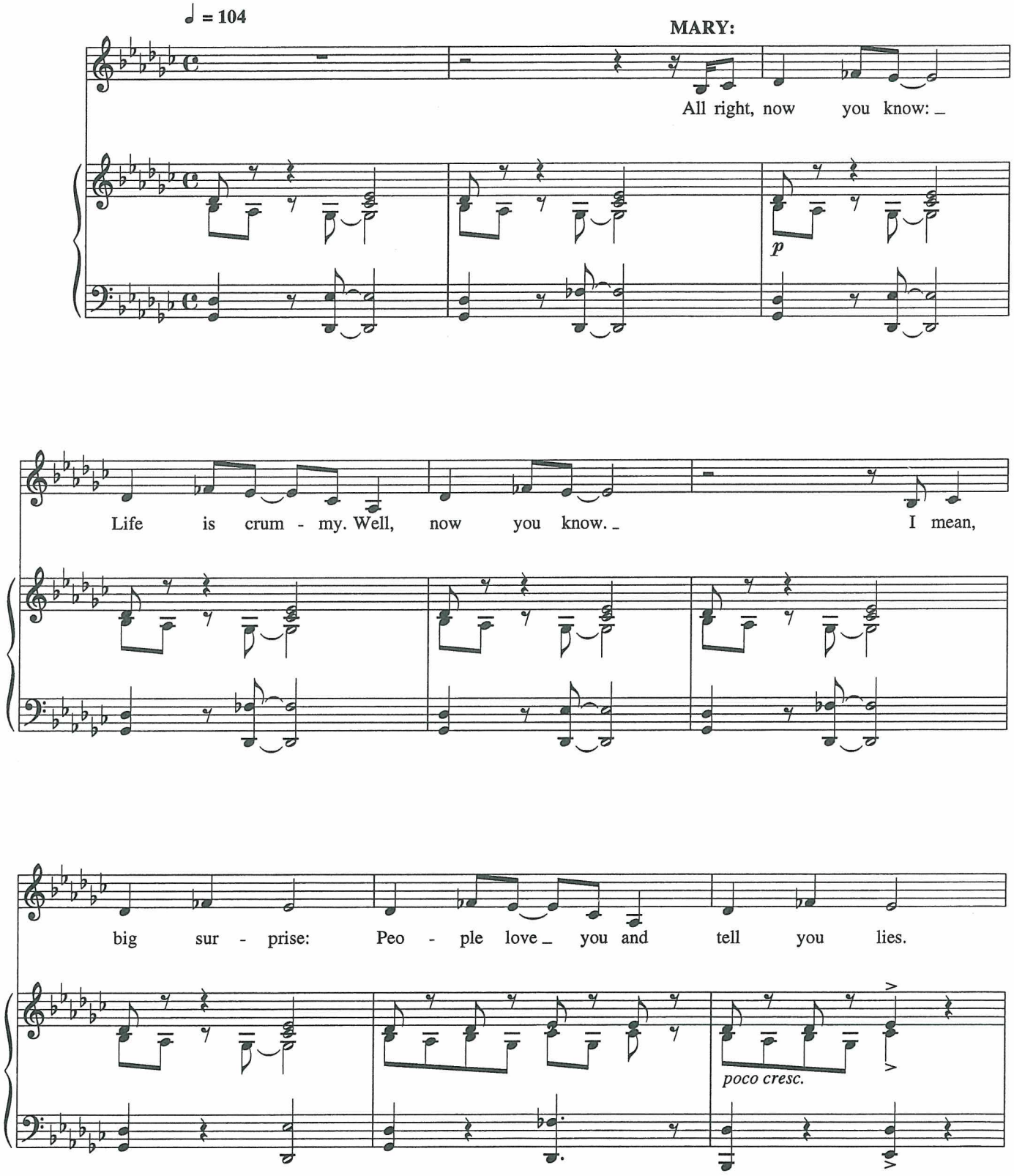

Let me tell you, broth-er, I am a dif - fi-cult girl.
You're an im - pos - si-ble char - ac - ter, Why don't we give it a
whirl? I don't want to re - form you, To
mf
p
make your mis - takes you are free. But I just want to be


cer - tain that your great-est mis-take will be me!
If you want to wres-tle, I'm the weak-er ves-sel, And I'll be eas - y to swerve,
p
We de - serve each oth - er, So
let us take what we de - serve.

NOW YOU KNOW
from *Merrily We Roll Along*

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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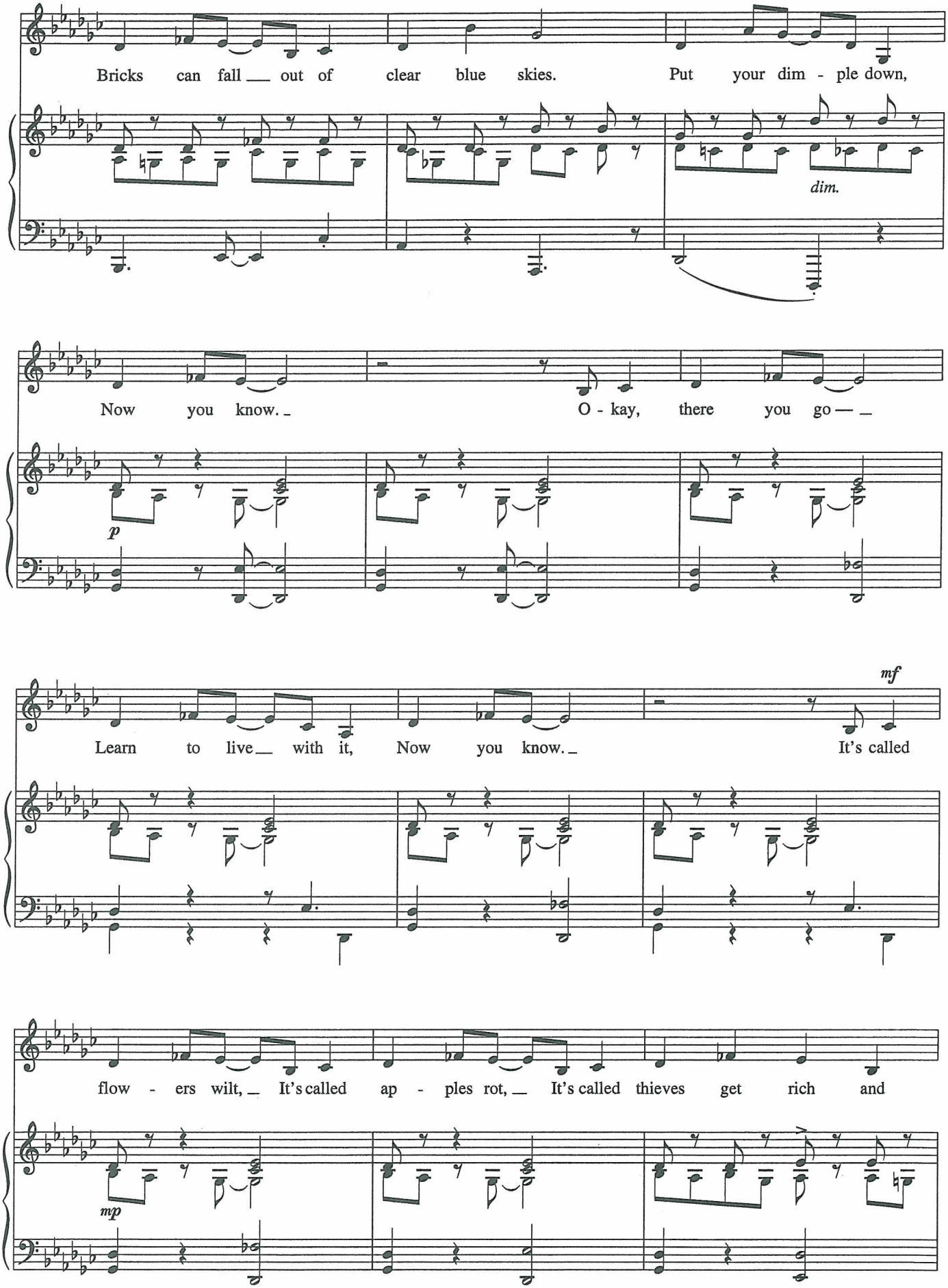
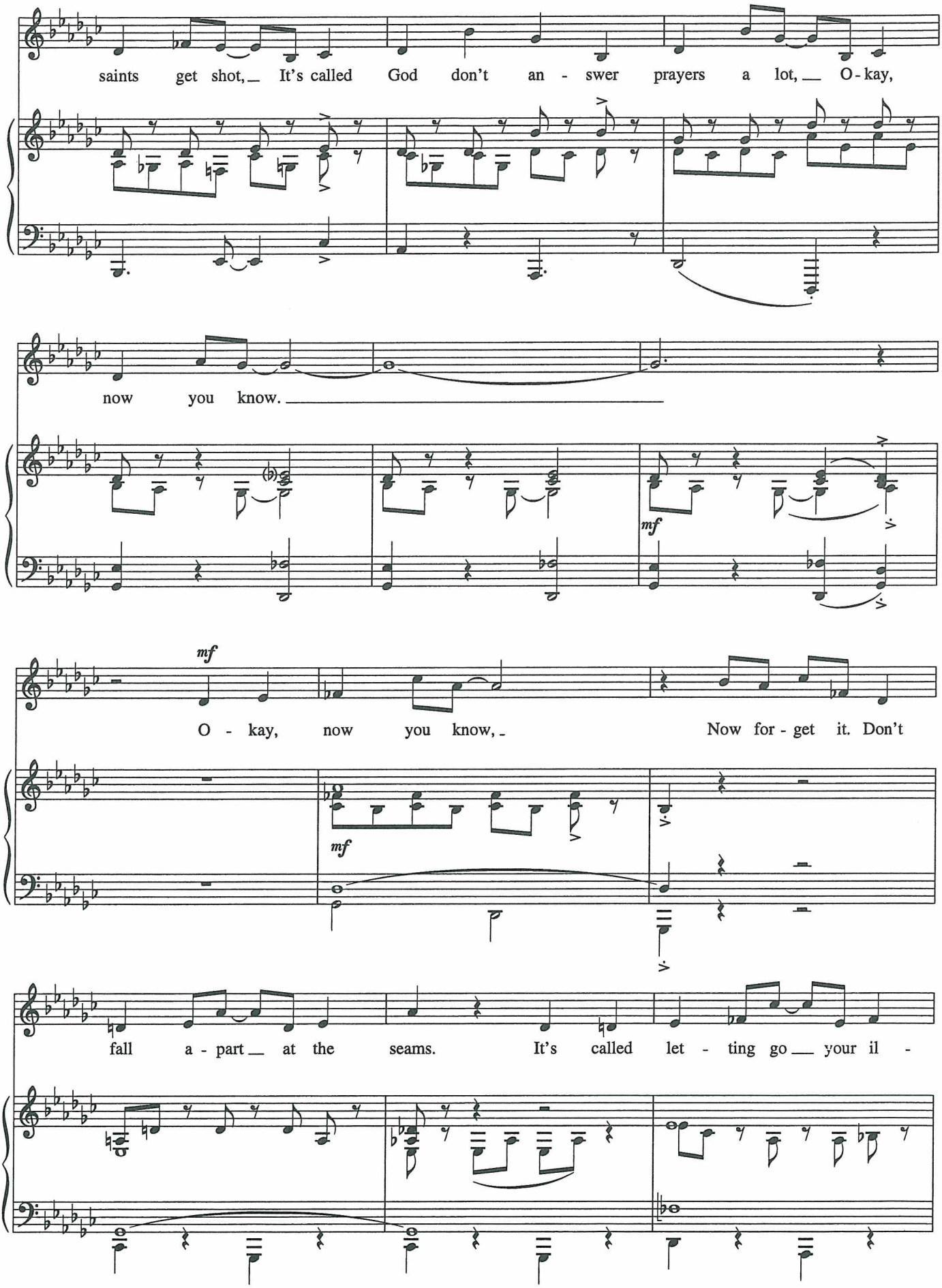
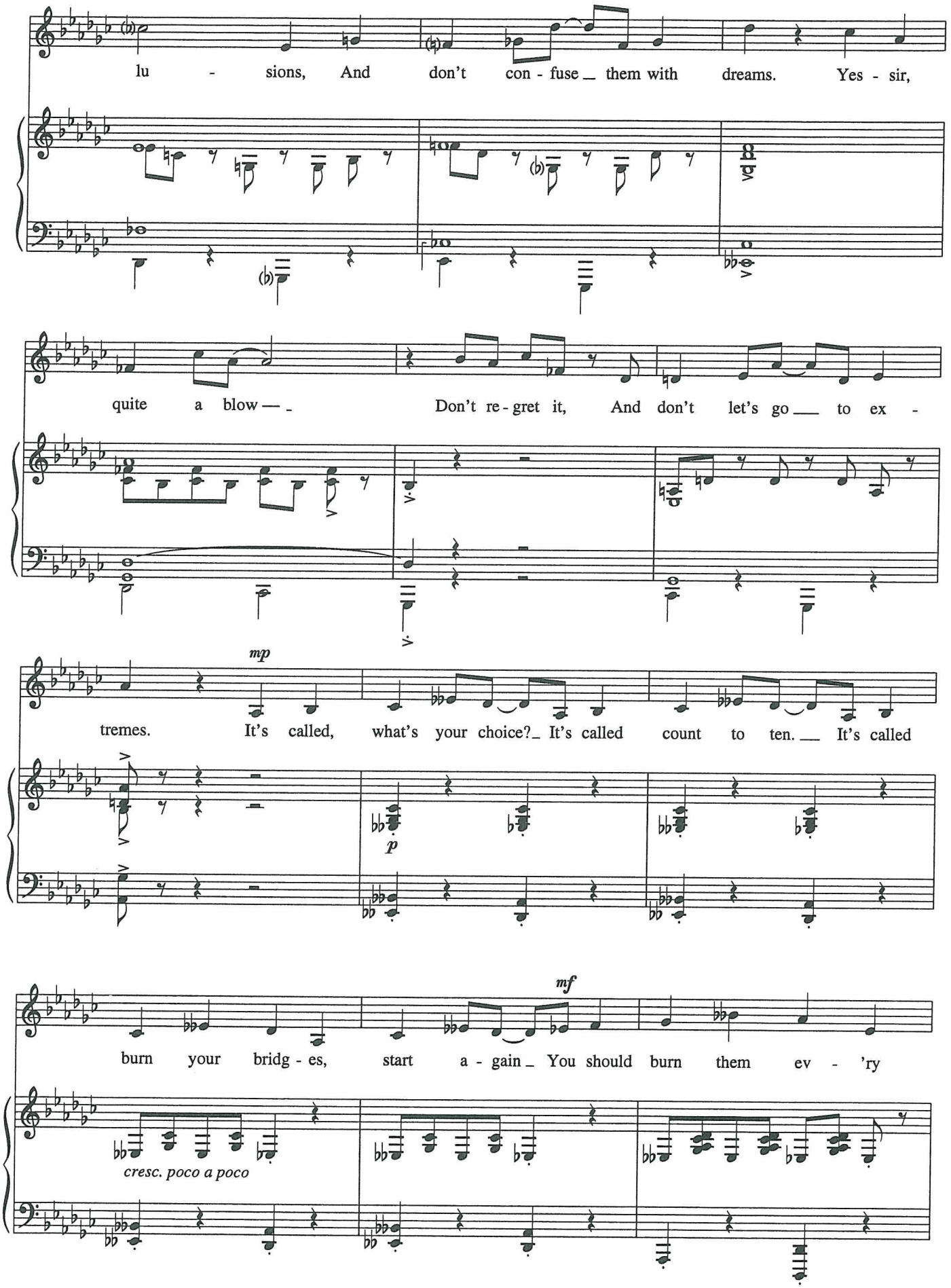
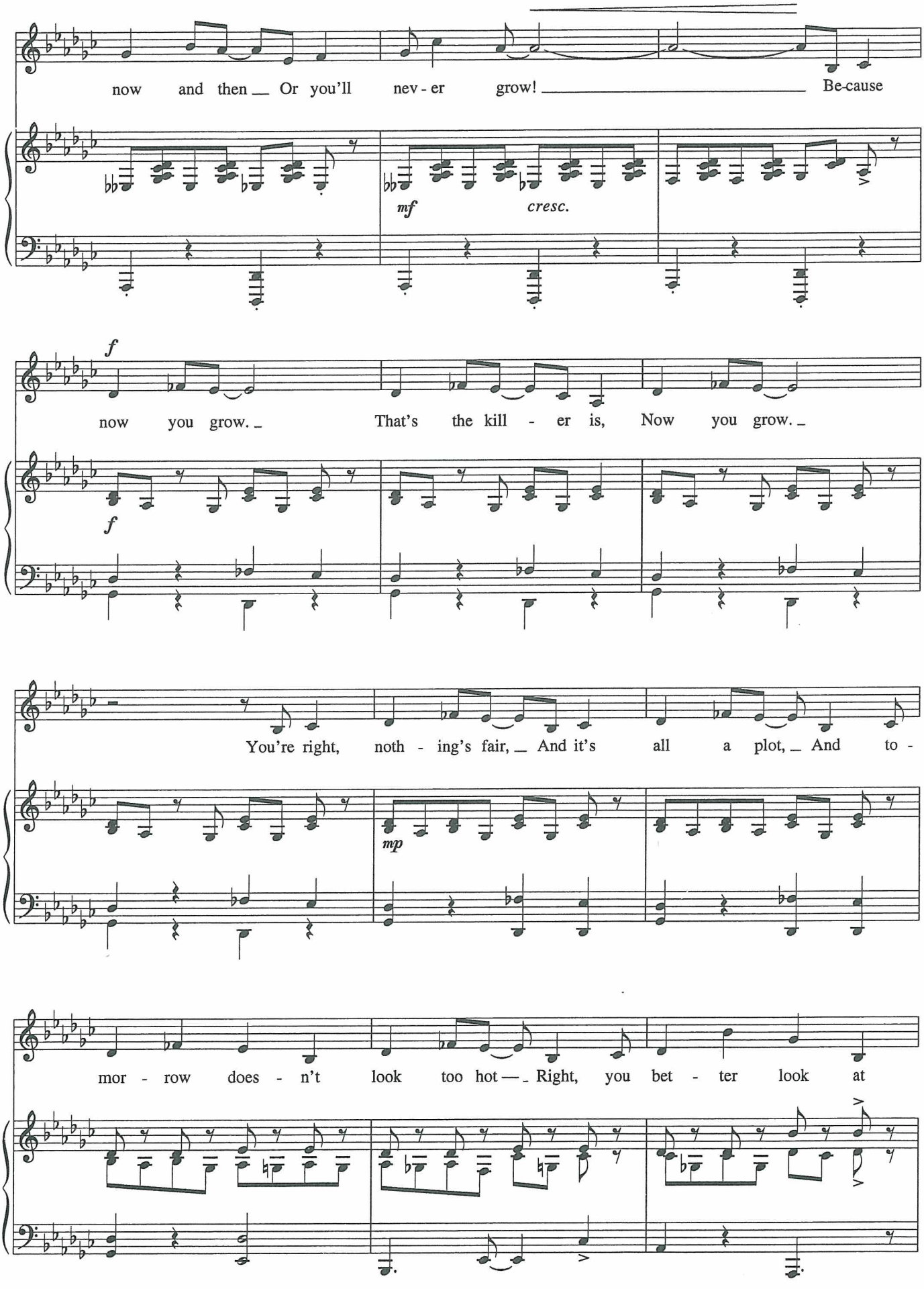
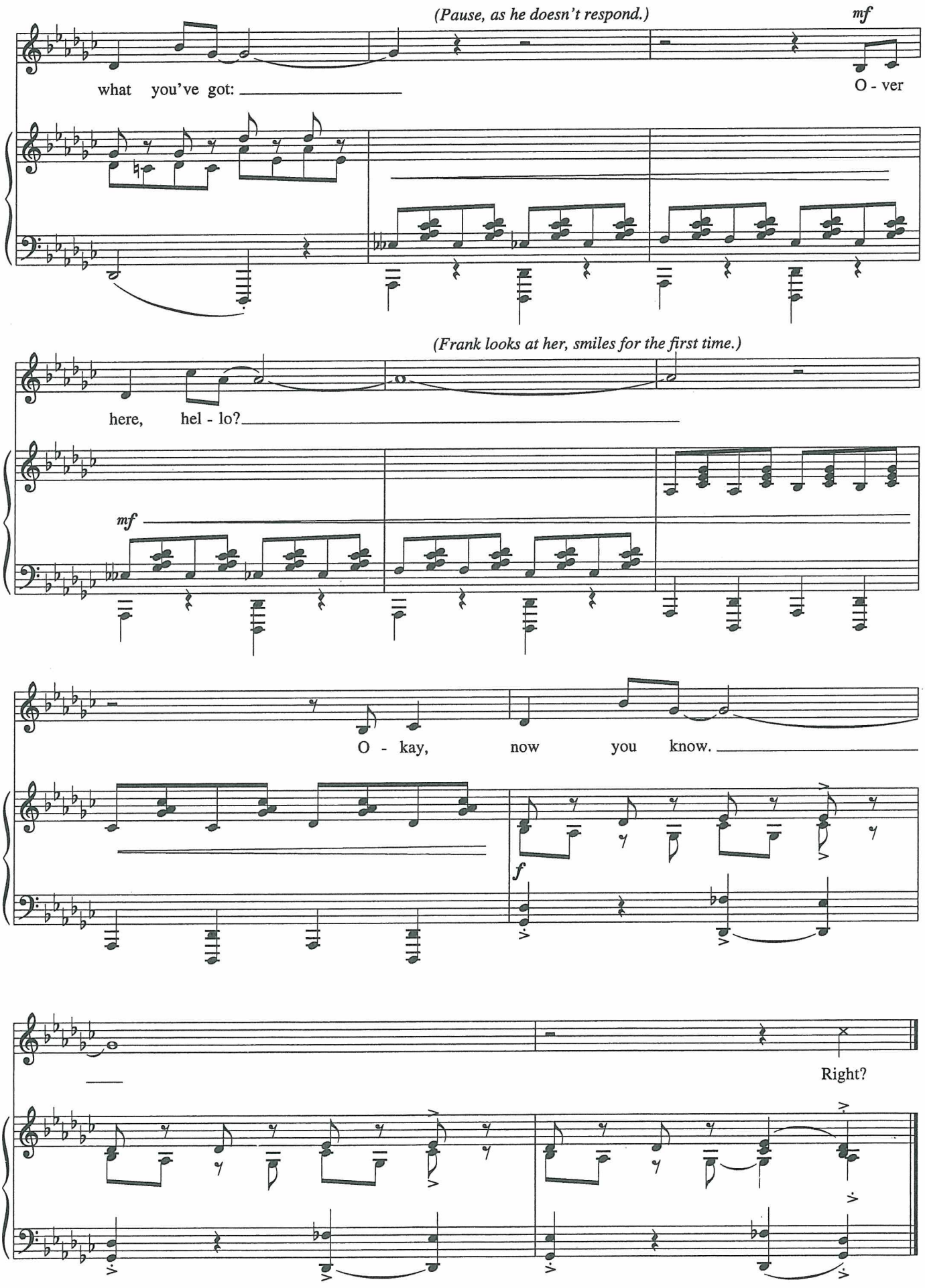

Bricks can fall out of clear blue skies. Put your dim - ple down,
dim.
Now you know. O - kay, there you go
p
Learn to live with it, Now you know. It's called
mf
flow - ers wilt, It's called ap - ples rot, It's called thieves get rich and
mp


saints get shot, It's called God don't an - swer prayers a lot, O - kay,
now you know.
mf
O - kay, now you know, Now for - get it. Don't
mf
fall a - part at the seams. It's called let - ting go your il -


lu - sions, And don't con - fuse _ them with dreams. Yes - sir,
quite a blow — _ Don't re - gret it, And don't let's go ___ to ex -
mp
tremes. It's called, what's your choice?_ It's called count to ten. ___ It's called
p
mf
burn your bridg - es, start a - gain _ You should burn them ev - 'ry
cresc. poco a poco

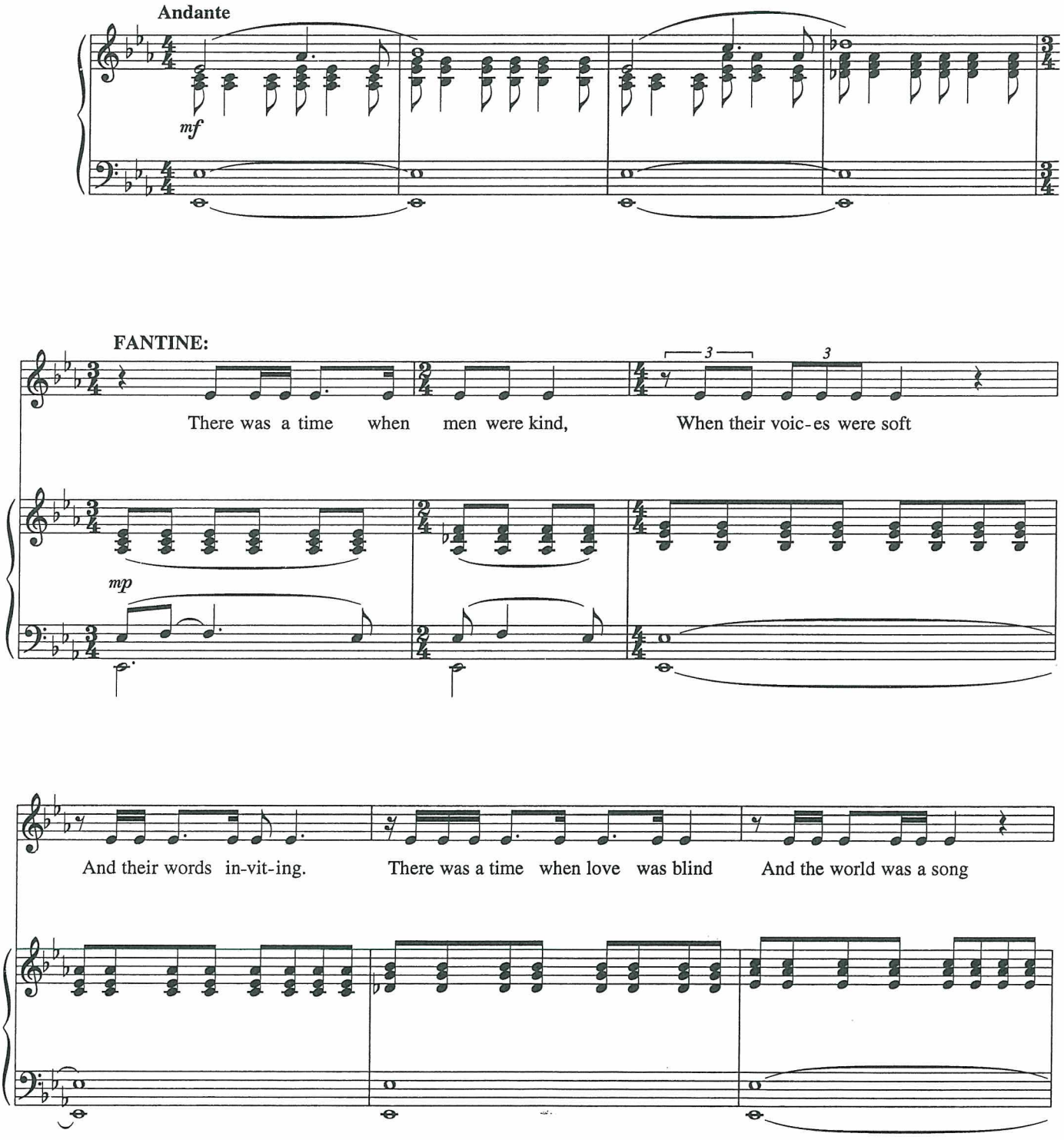

now and then _ Or you'll nev - er grow! _ Be-cause
mf
cresc.
f
now you grow. _ That's the kill - er is, Now you grow. _
f
You're right, noth - ing's fair, _ And it's all a plot, _ And to -
mp
mor - row does - n't look too hot — _ Right, you bet - ter look at


(Pause, as he doesn't respond.)
mf
what you've got:
O - ver
(Frank looks at her, smiles for the first time.)
here, hel - lo?
mf
O - kay, now you know.
f
Right?

I DREAMED A DREAM

from *Les Misérables*

Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER
Original Text by ALAIN BOUBLIL and JEAN-MARC NATEL
Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG



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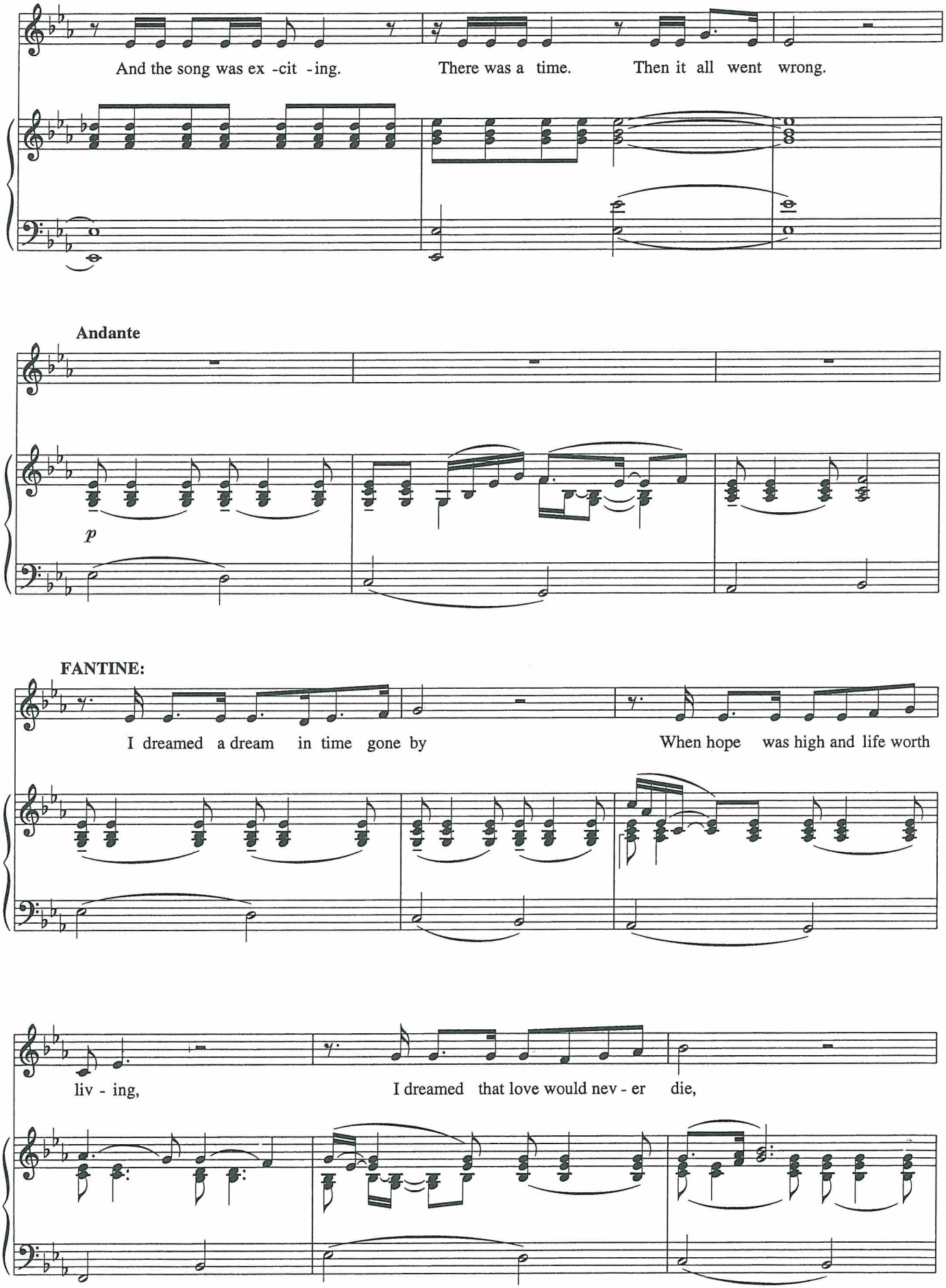
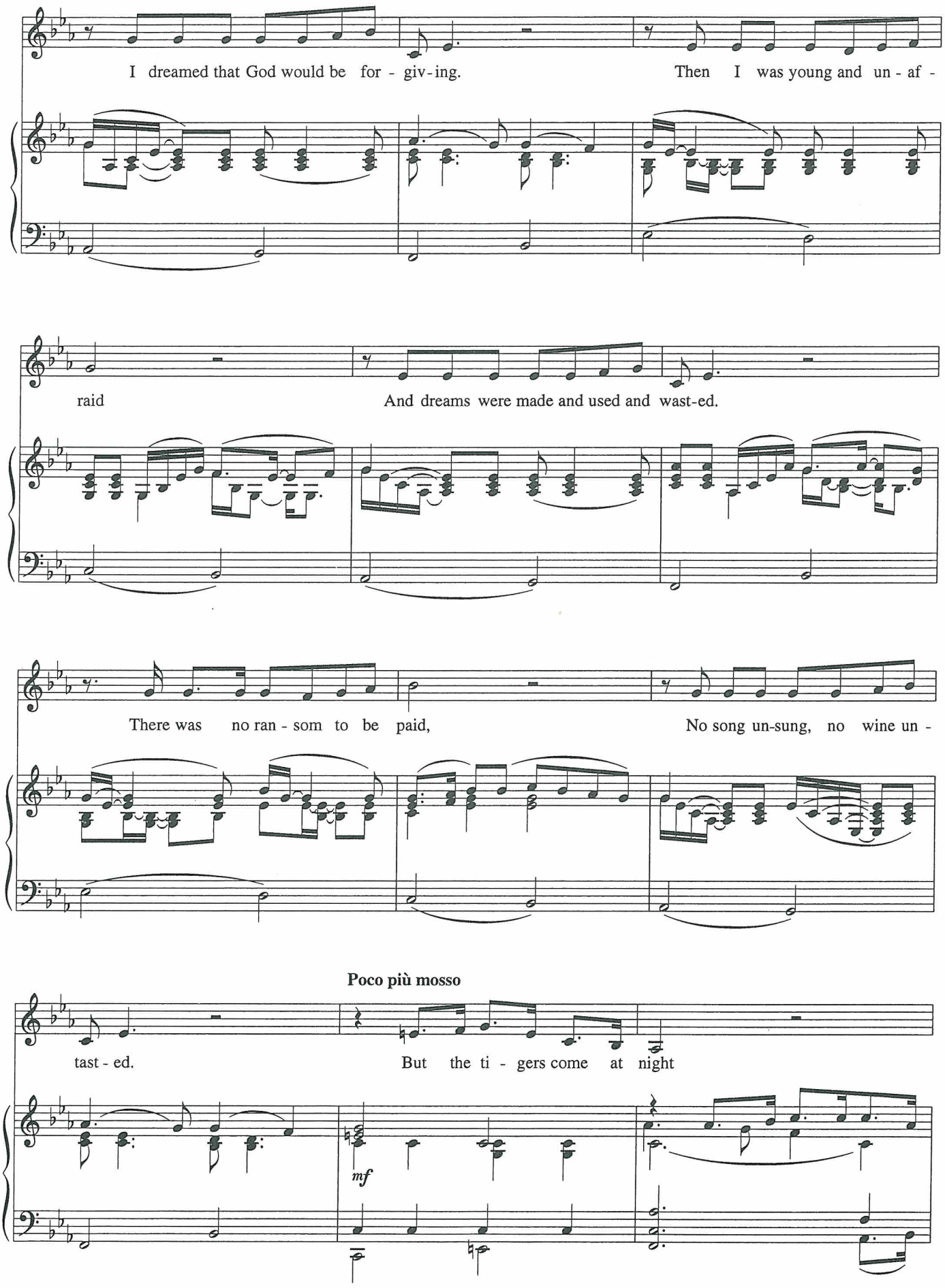
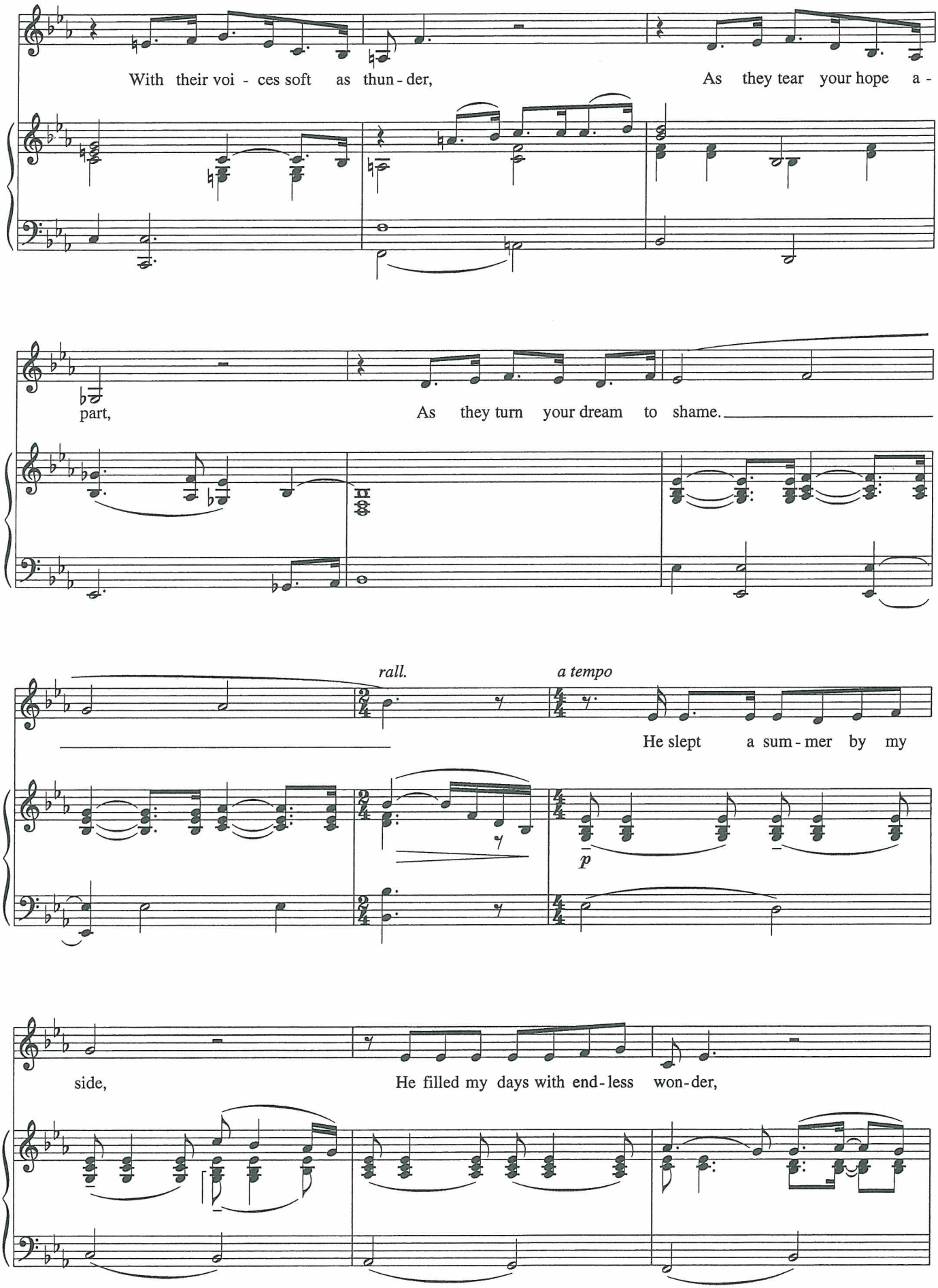
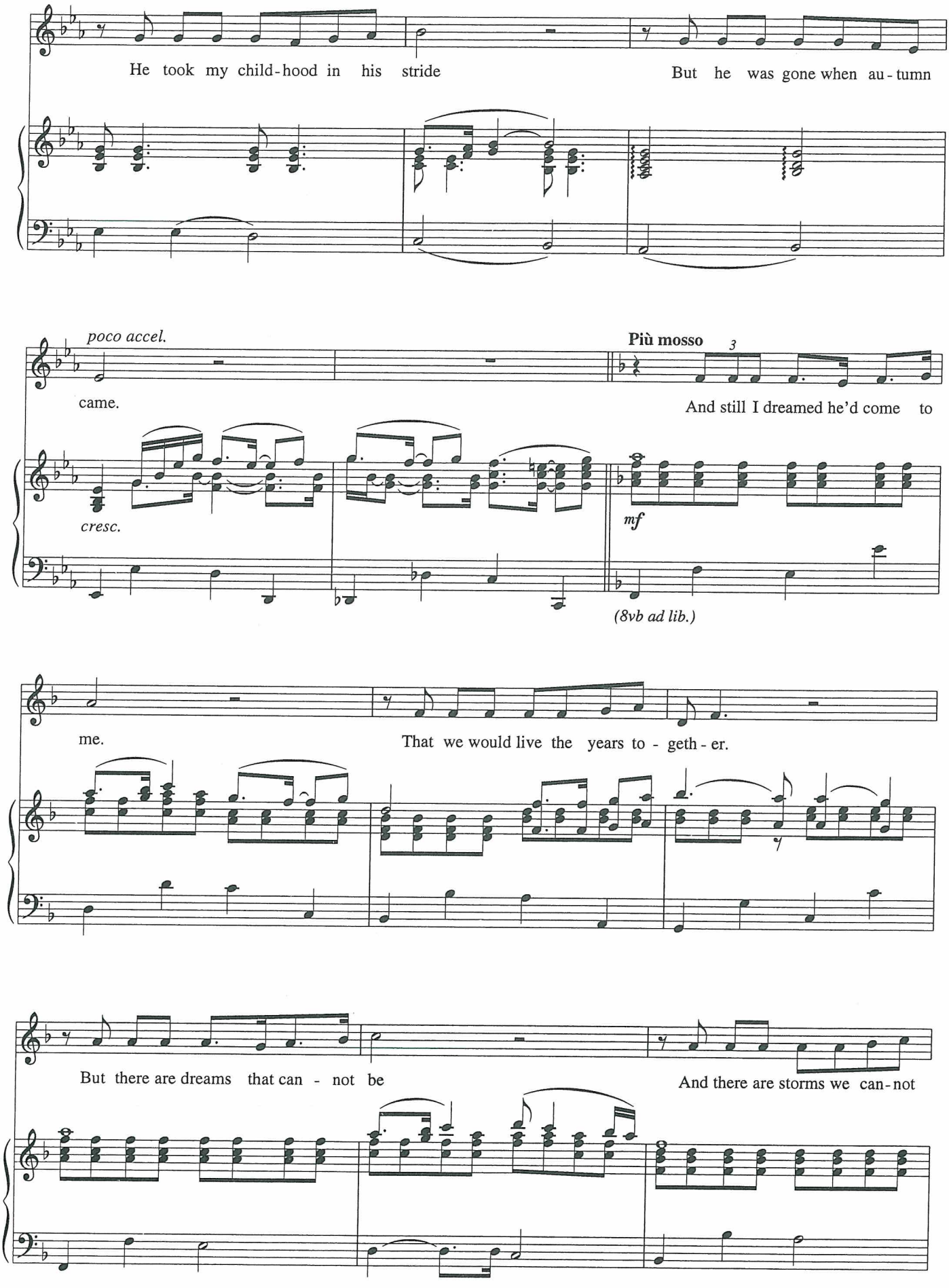
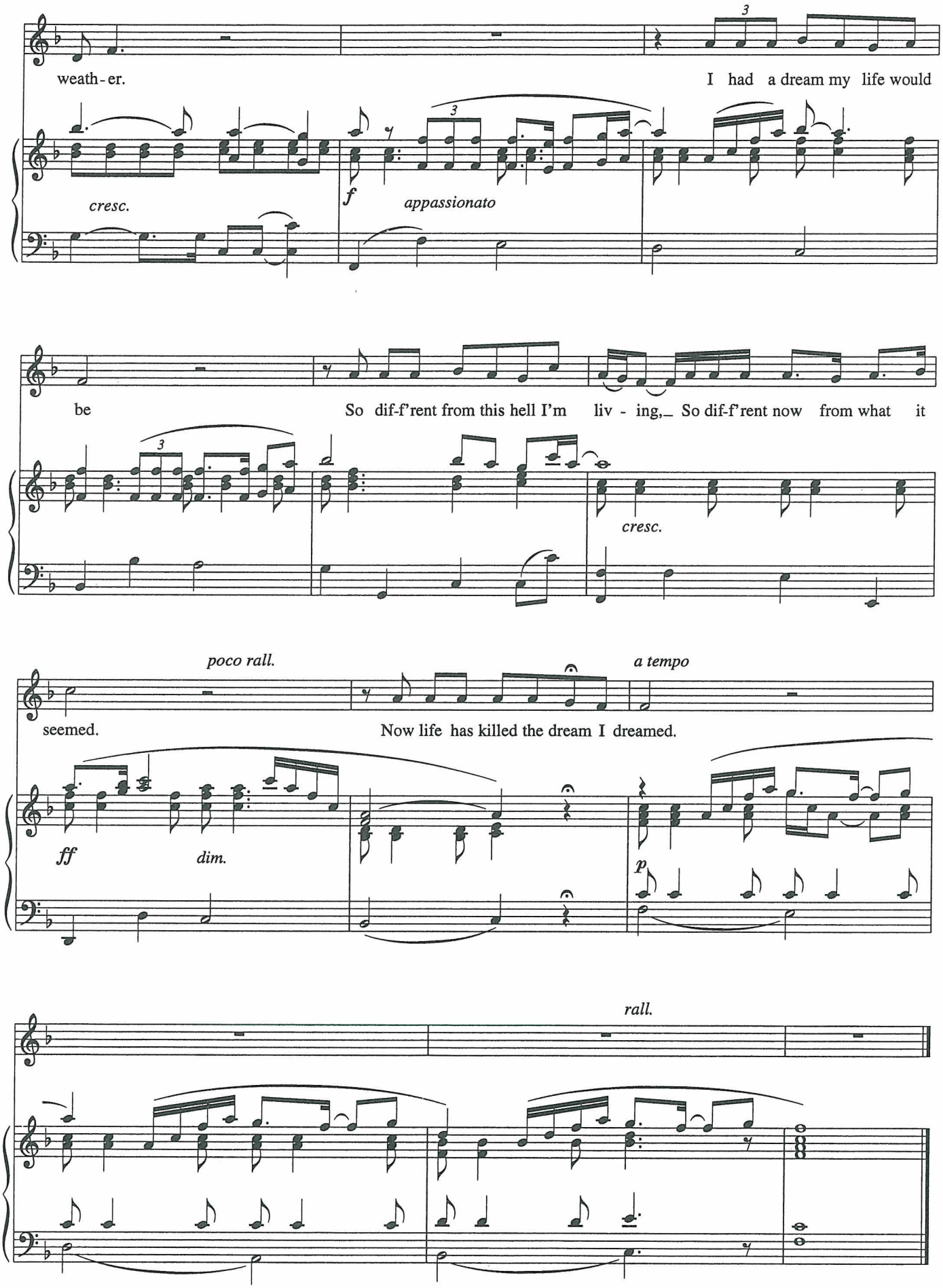

And the song was ex -cit -ing.
There was a time.
Then it all went wrong.
Andante
p
FANTINE:
I dreamed a dream in time gone by
When hope was high and life worth
liv - ing,
I dreamed that love would nev - er die,


I dreamed that God would be for - giv - ing.
Then I was young and un - af -
raid
And dreams were made and used and wast-ed.
There was no ran - som to be paid,
No song un-sung, no wine un -
Poco più mosso
tast - ed.
But the ti - gers come at night
mf

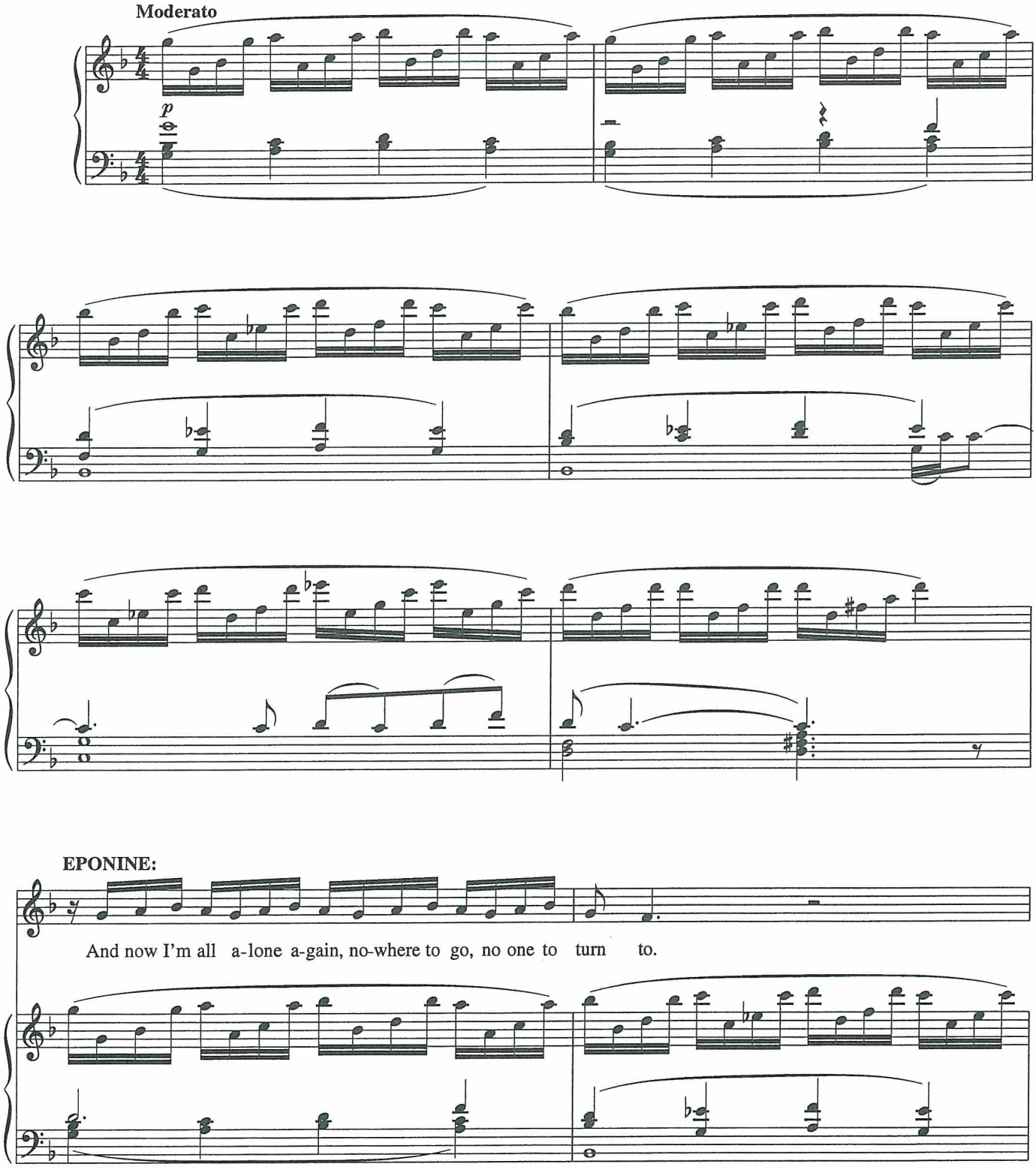

With their voi - ces soft as thun - der,
As they tear your hope a -
part,
As they turn your dream to shame.
rall.
a tempo
He slept a sum - mer by my
p
side,
He filled my days with end - less won - der,


He took my child-hood in his stride
But he was gone when au-tumn
poco accel.
came.
Più mosso
3
And still I dreamed he'd come to
cresc.
mf
(8vb ad lib.)
me.
That we would live the years to - geth - er.
But there are dreams that can - not be
And there are storms we can-not


weath - er.
I had a dream my life would
cresc.
f
appassionato
be
So dif-f'rent from this hell I'm liv - ing,_ So dif-f'rent now from what it
cresc.
poco rall.
a tempo
seemed.
Now life has killed the dream I dreamed.
ff
dim.
p
rall.

ON MY OWN
from *Les Misérables*

Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER, JOHN CAIRD and TREVOR NUNN
Original Text by ALAIN BOUBLIL and JEAN-MARC NATEL
Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG



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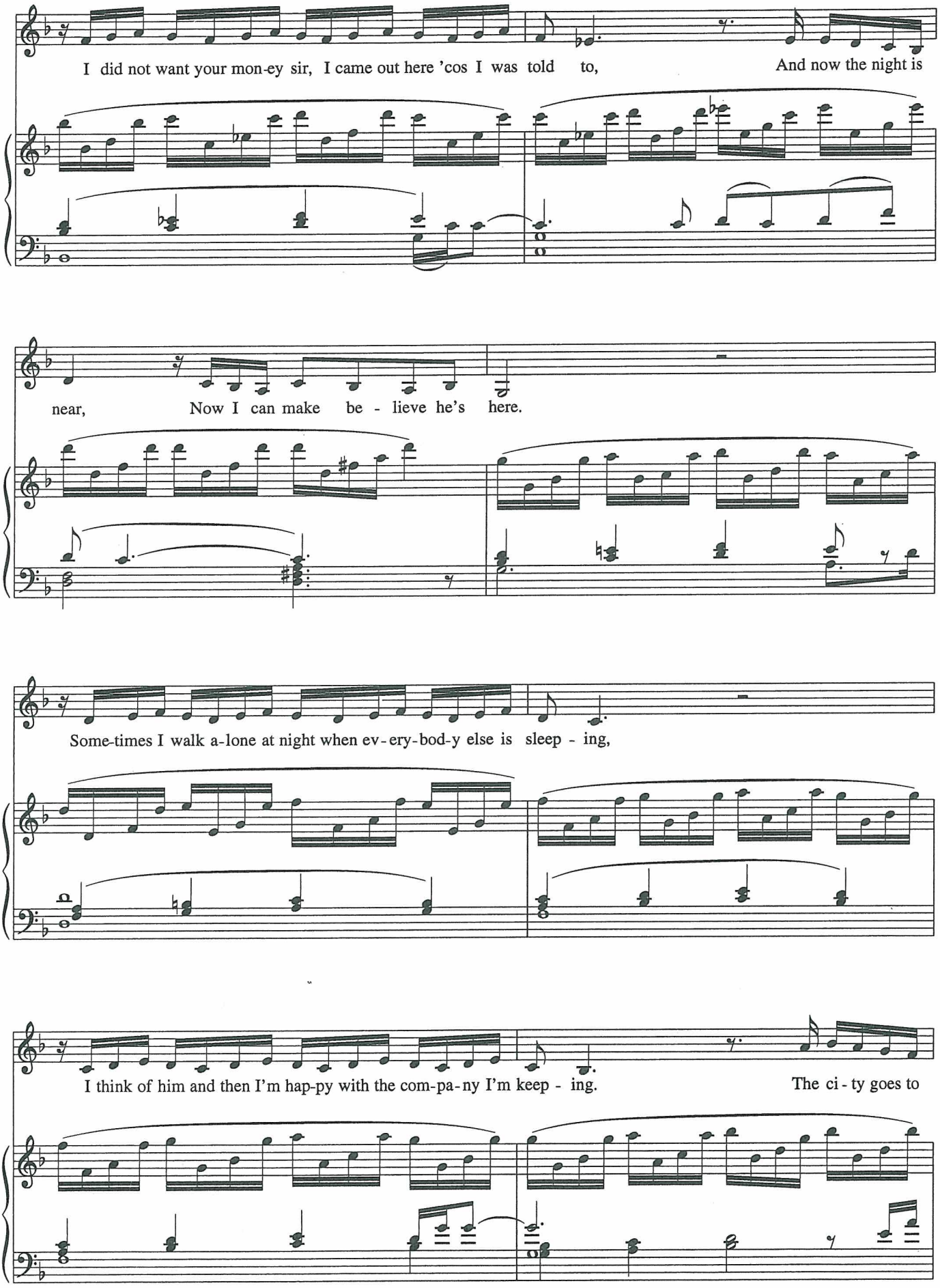
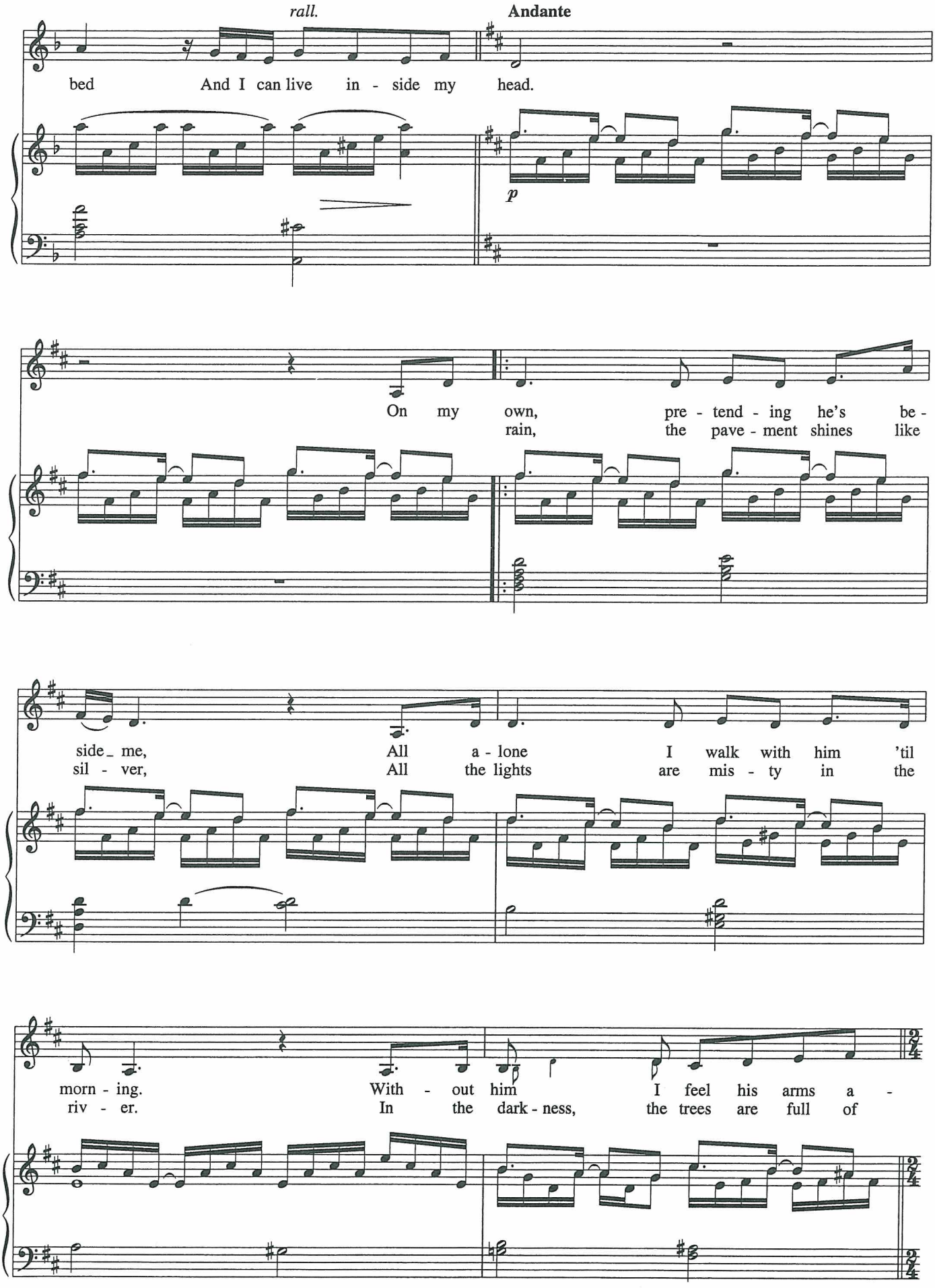
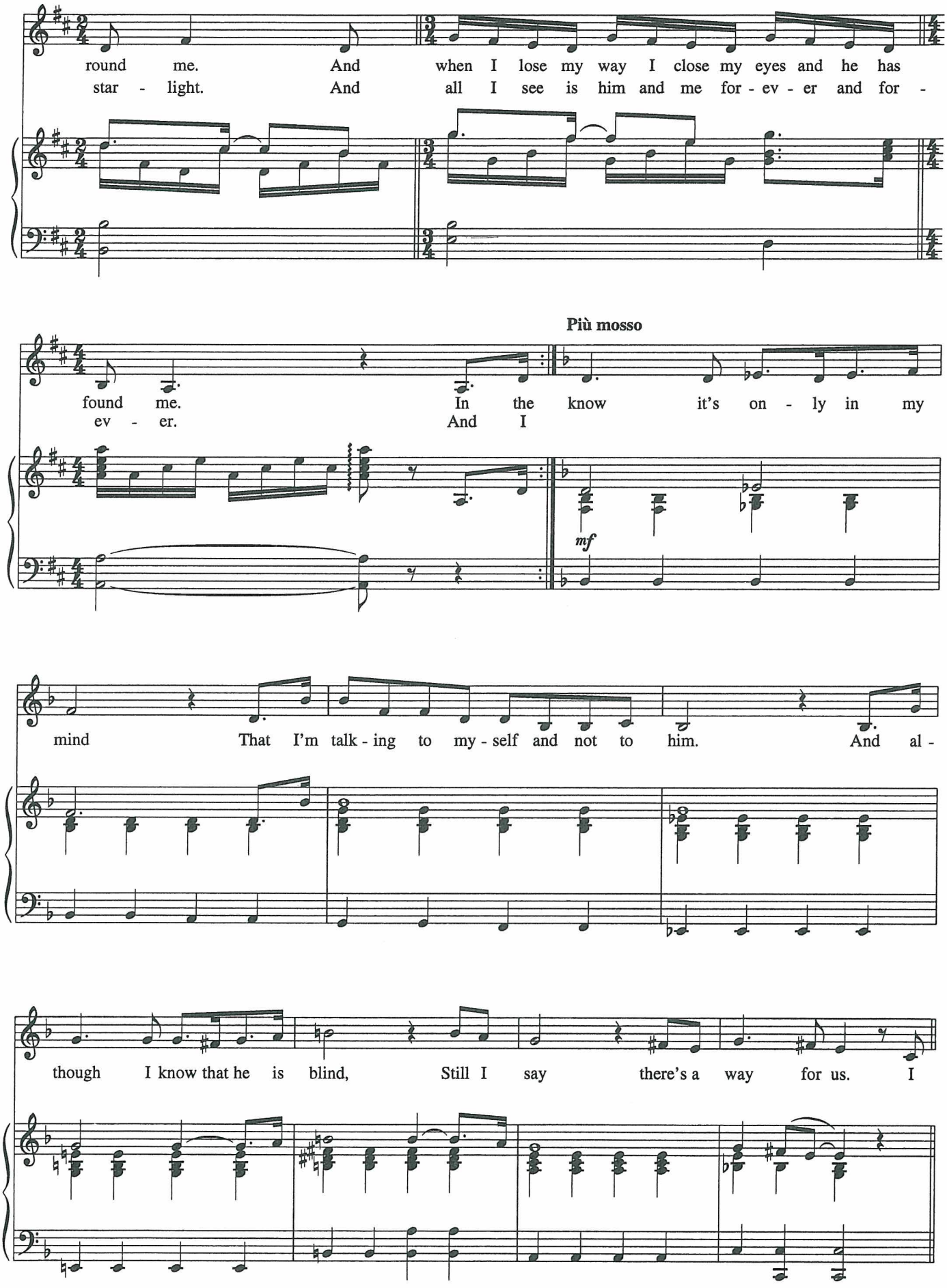
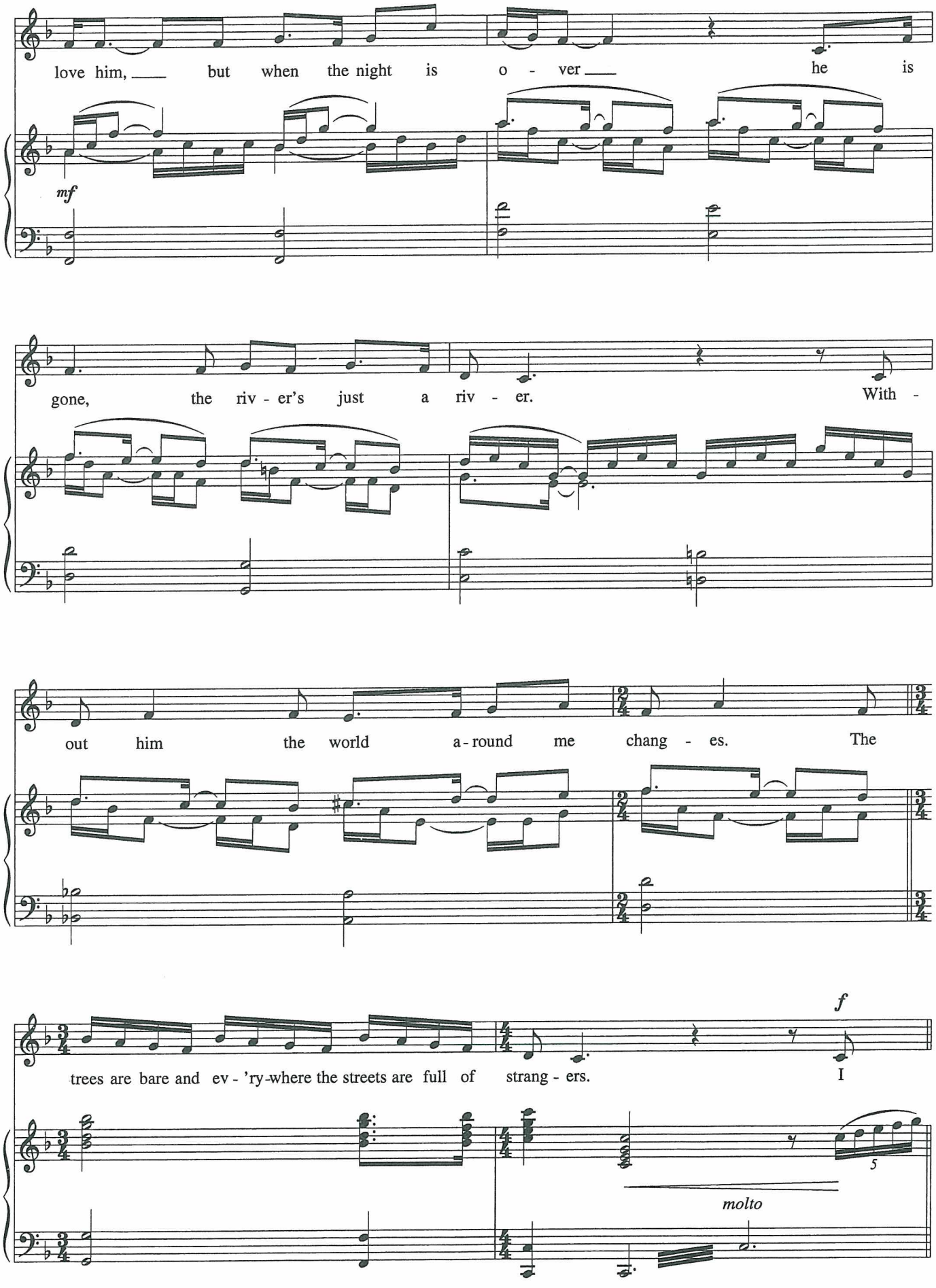
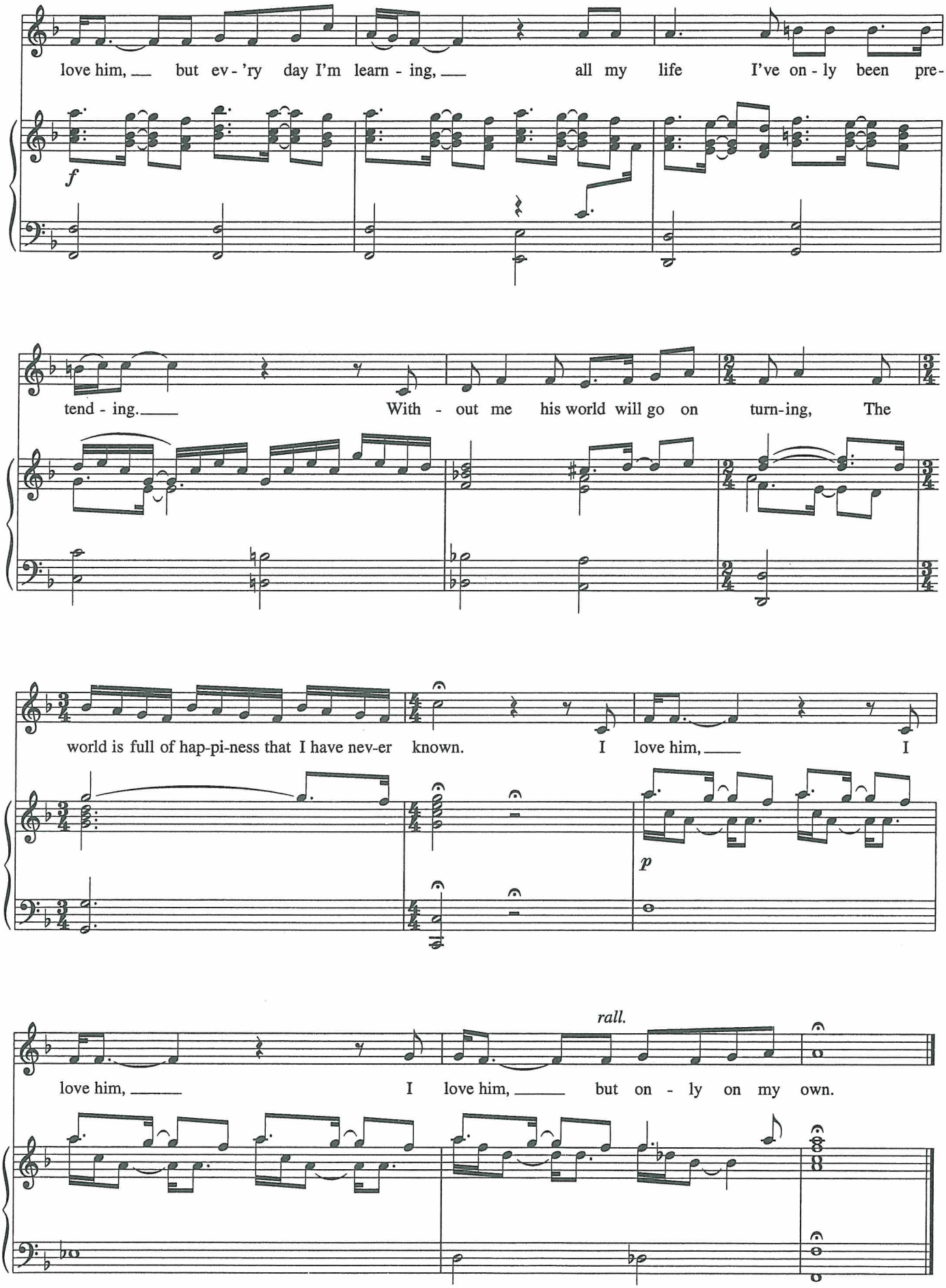

I did not want your mon-ey sir, I came out here 'cos I was told to,
And now the night is
near,
Now I can make be - lieve he's here.
Some-times I walk a-lone at night when ev-ery-bod-y else is sleep - ing,
I think of him and then I'm hap-py with the com-pa-ny I'm keep - ing.
The ci - ty goes to


rall.
Andante
bed And I can live in - side my head.
p
On my own, pre - tend - ing he's be -
rain, the pave - ment shines like
side_ me, All a - lone I walk with him 'til
sil - ver, All the lights are mis - ty in the
morn - ing. With - out him I feel his arms a -
riv - er. In the dark - ness, the trees are full of


round me. And when I lose my way I close my eyes and he has
star - light. And all I see is him and me for - ev - er and for -
Più mosso
found me. In the know it's on - ly in my
ev - er. And I
mf
mind That I'm talk - ing to my - self and not to him. And al -
though I know that he is blind, Still I say there's a way for us. I

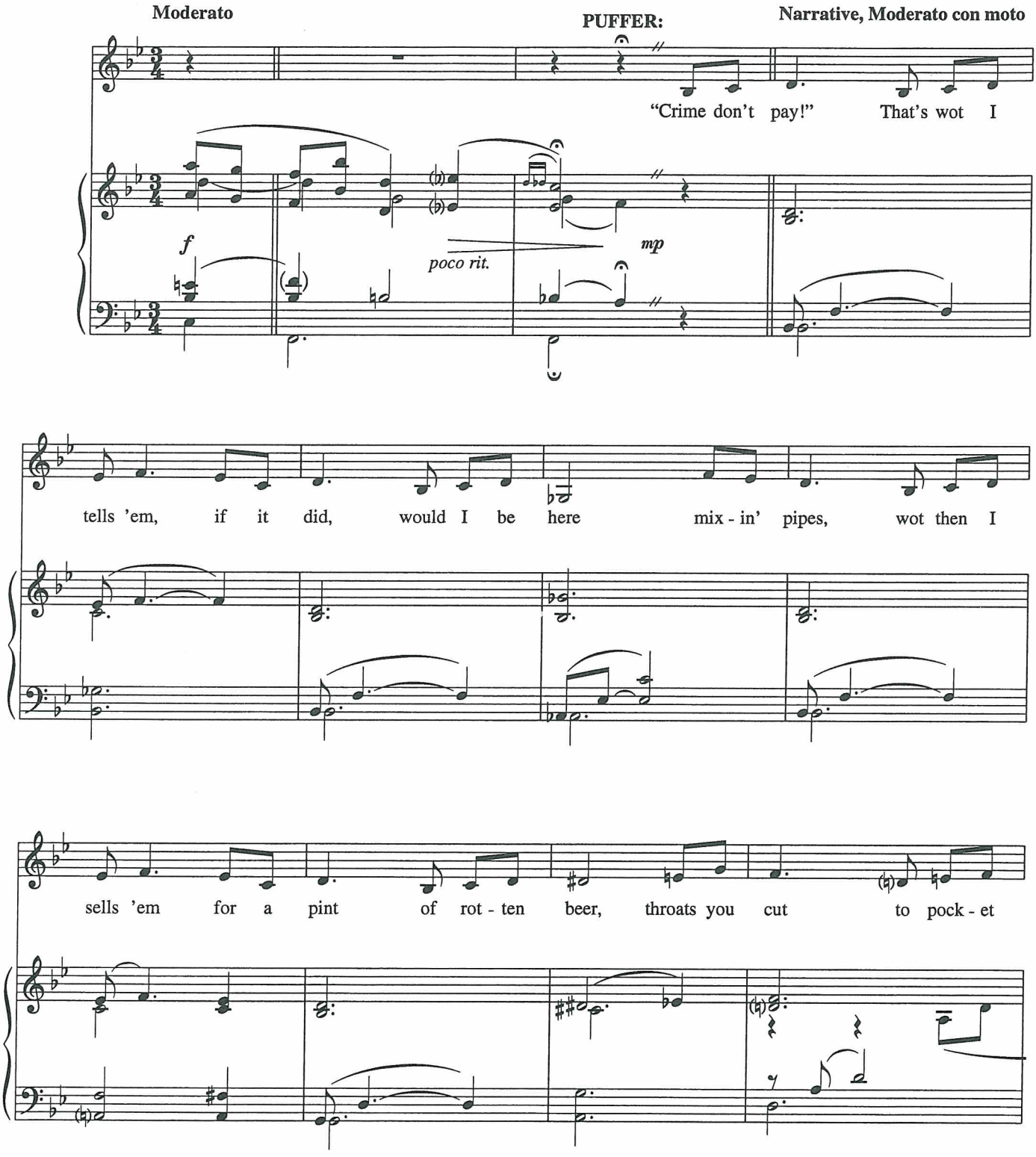

love him, but when the night is o - ver he is
mf
gone, the riv - er's just a riv - er. With -
out him the world a - round me chang - es. The
trees are bare and ev - 'ry-where the streets are full of strang - ers. I
f
5
molto


love him, but ev - 'ry day I'm learn - ing, all my life I've on - ly been pre-
f
tend - ing. With - out me his world will go on turn-ing, The
world is full of hap-pi-ness that I have nev-er known. I love him, I
p
rall.
love him, I love him, but on - ly on my own.

THE WAGES OF SIN

from *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*

Words and Music by
RUPERT HOLMES



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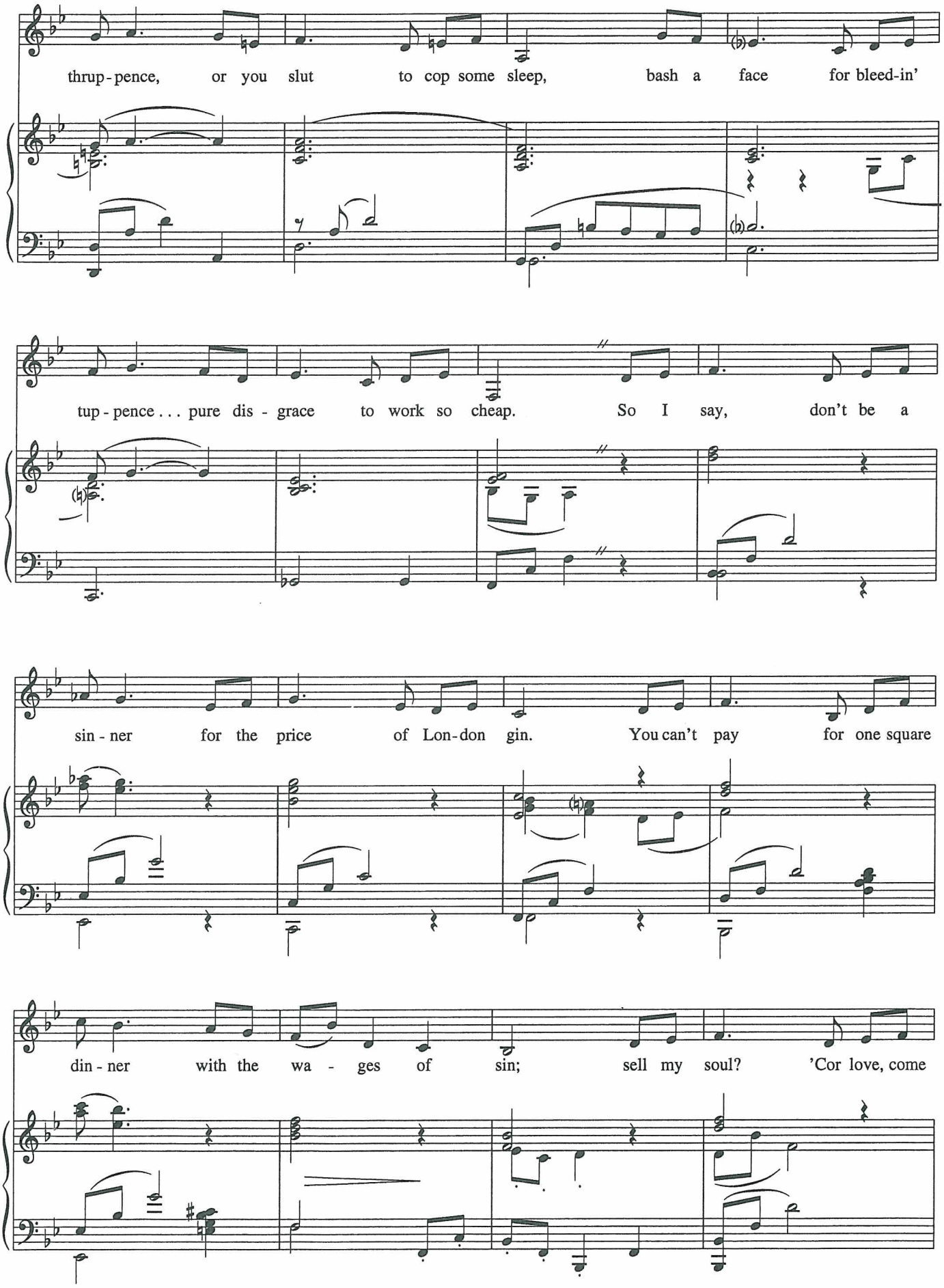
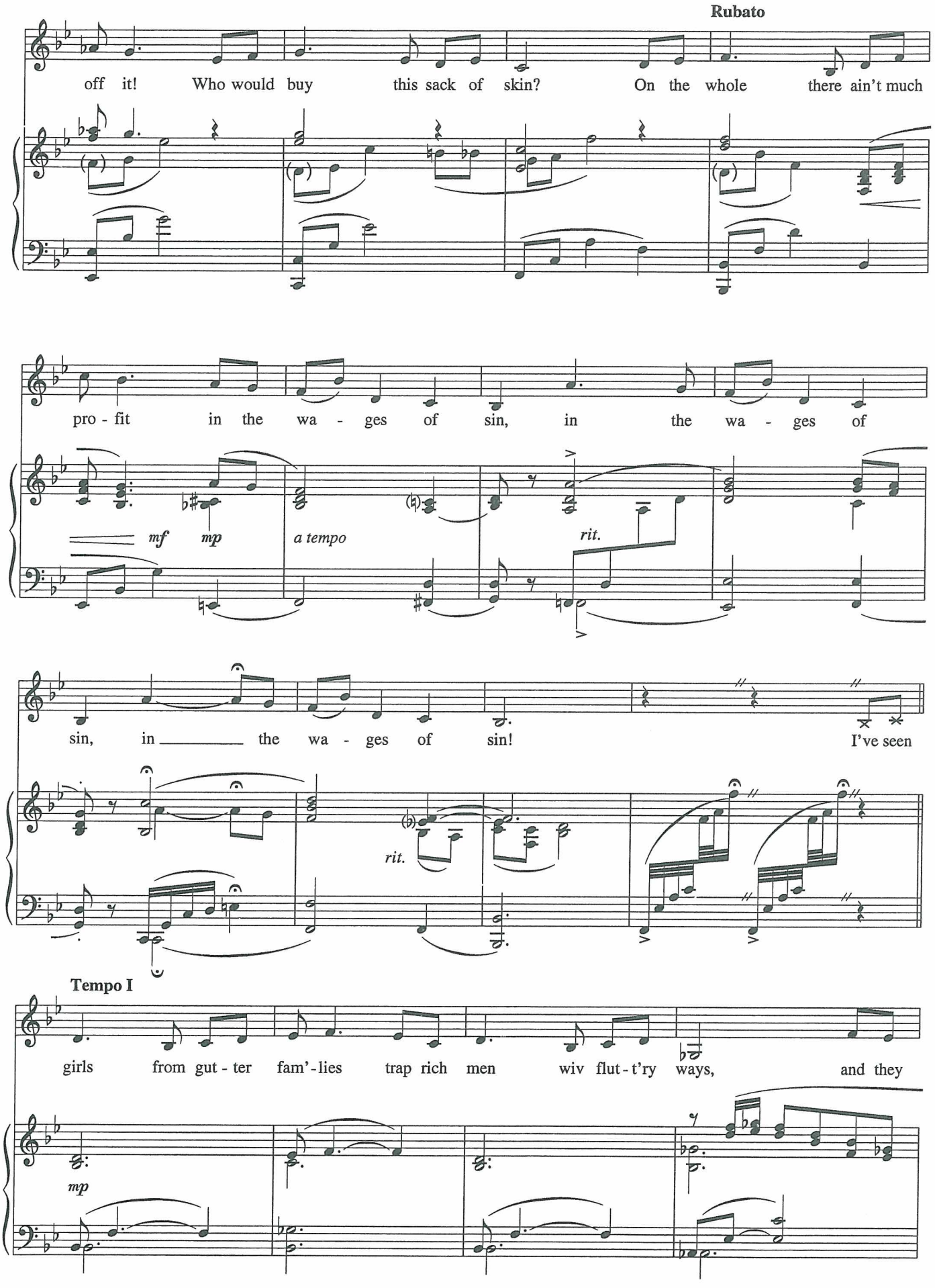
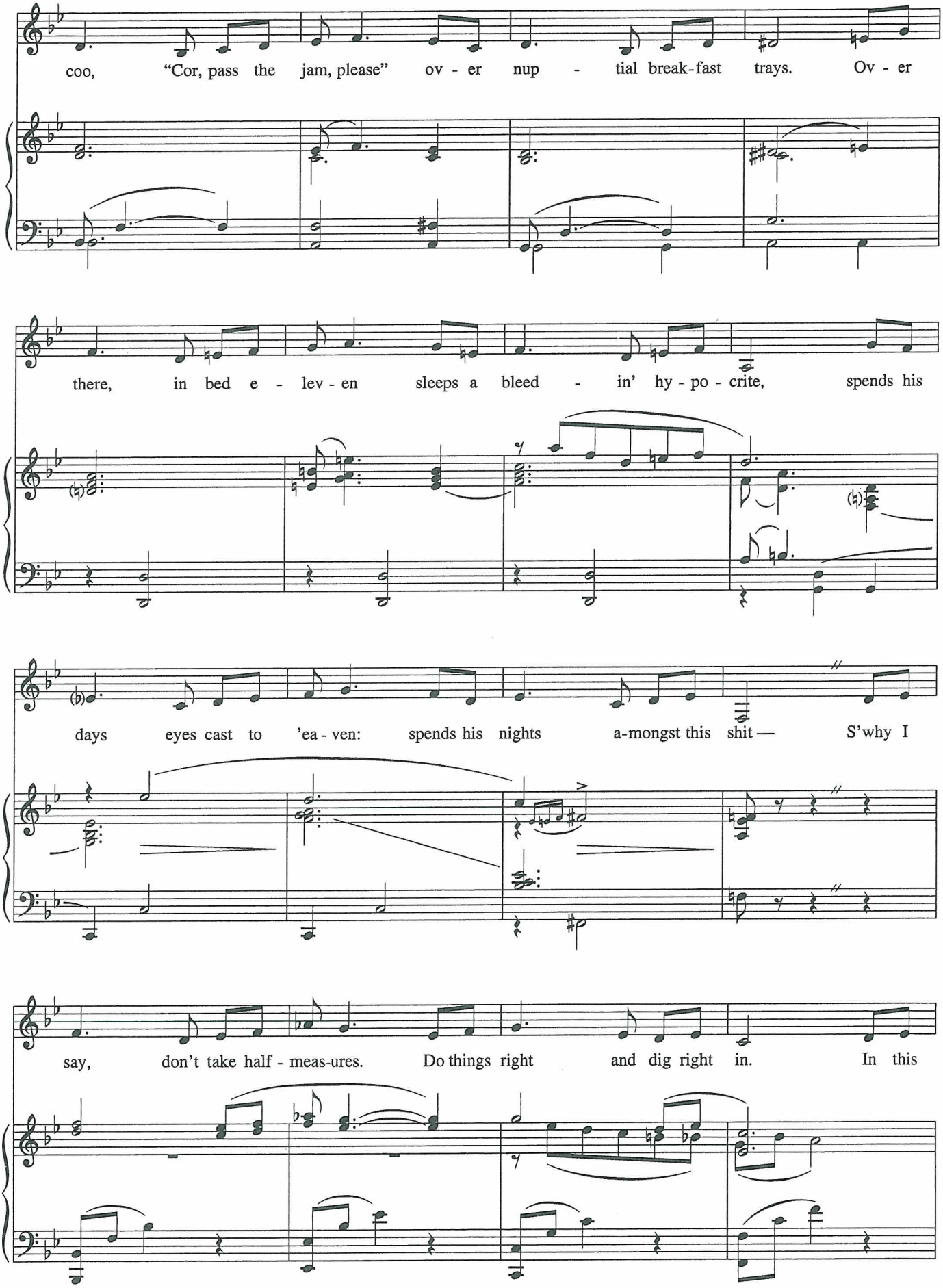
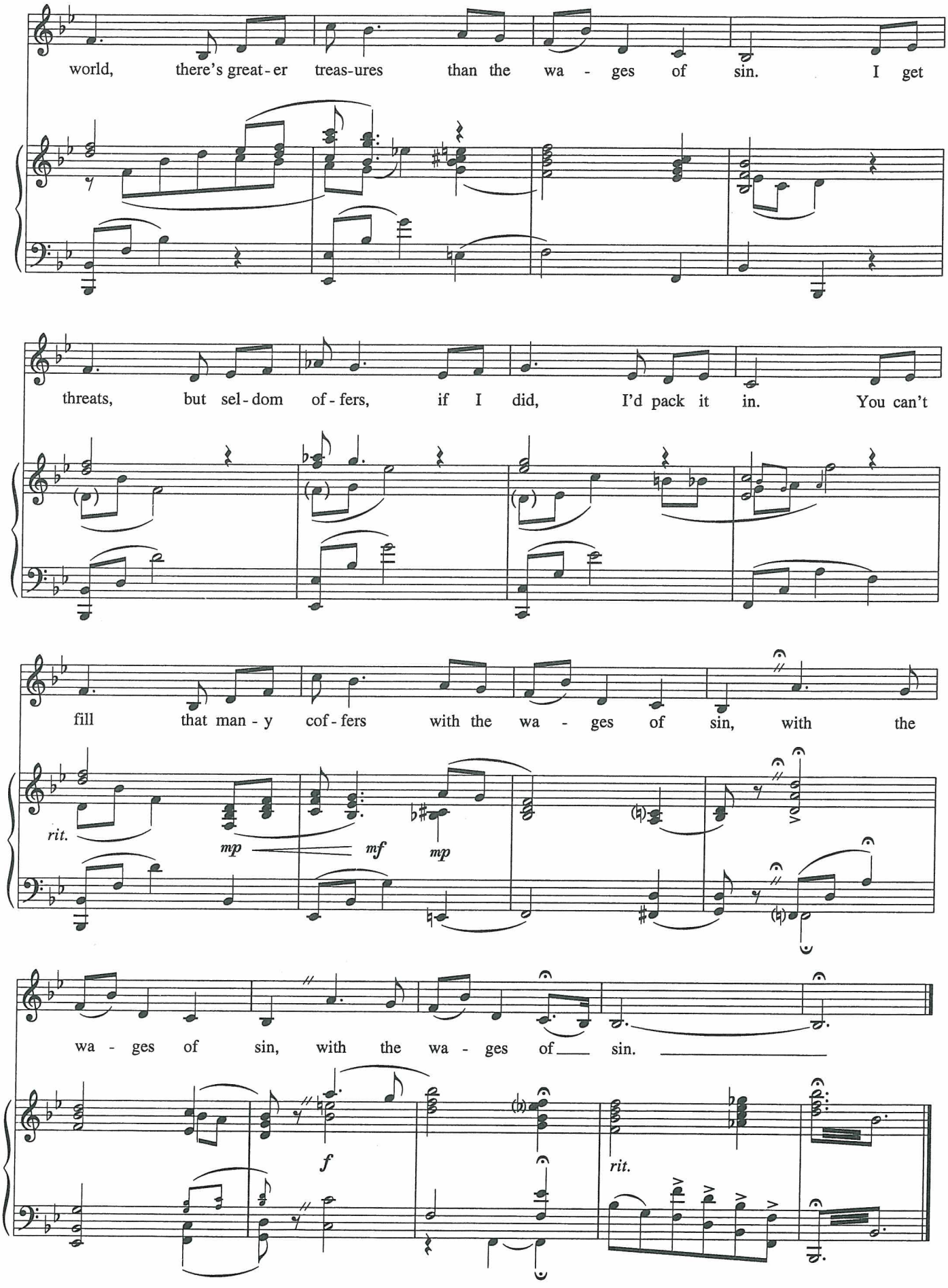

thrup - pence, or you slut to cop some sleep, bash a face for bleed-in'
tup - pence . . . pure dis - grace to work so cheap. So I say, don't be a
sin - ner for the price of Lon-don gin. You can't pay for one square
din - ner with the wa - ges of sin; sell my soul? 'Cor love, come


Rubato
off it! Who would buy this sack of skin? On the whole there ain't much
pro - fit in the wa - ges of sin, in the wa - ges of
mf
mp
a tempo
rit.
sin, in the wa - ges of sin! I've seen
rit.
Tempo I
girls from gut - ter fam' - lies trap rich men wiv flut - t'ry ways, and they
mp

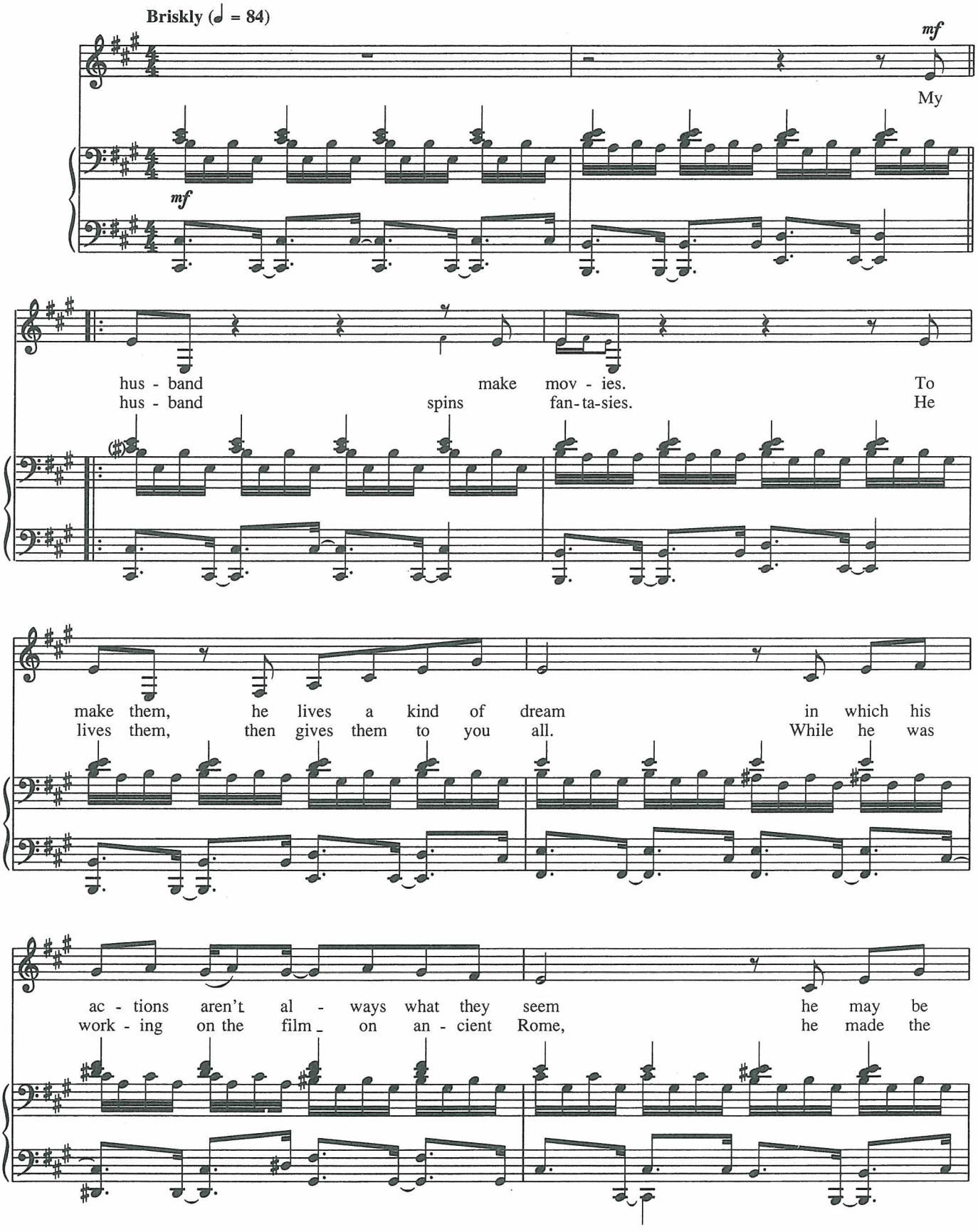

coo, "Cor, pass the jam, please" ov - er nup - tial break-fast trays. Ov - er
there, in bed e - lev - en sleeps a bleed - in' hy - po - crite, spends his
days eyes cast to 'ea - ven: spends his nights a-mongst this shit — S'why I
say, don't take half - meas-ures. Do things right and dig right in. In this


world, there's great-er treas-ures than the wa - ges of sin. I get
threats, but sel-dom of-fers, if I did, I'd pack it in. You can't
fill that man-y cof-fers with the wa - ges of sin, with the
rit.
mp
mf
mp
wa - ges of sin, with the wa - ges of sin.
f
rit.

MY HUSBAND MAKES MOVIES

from *Nine*

Lyrics and Music by
MAURY YESTON



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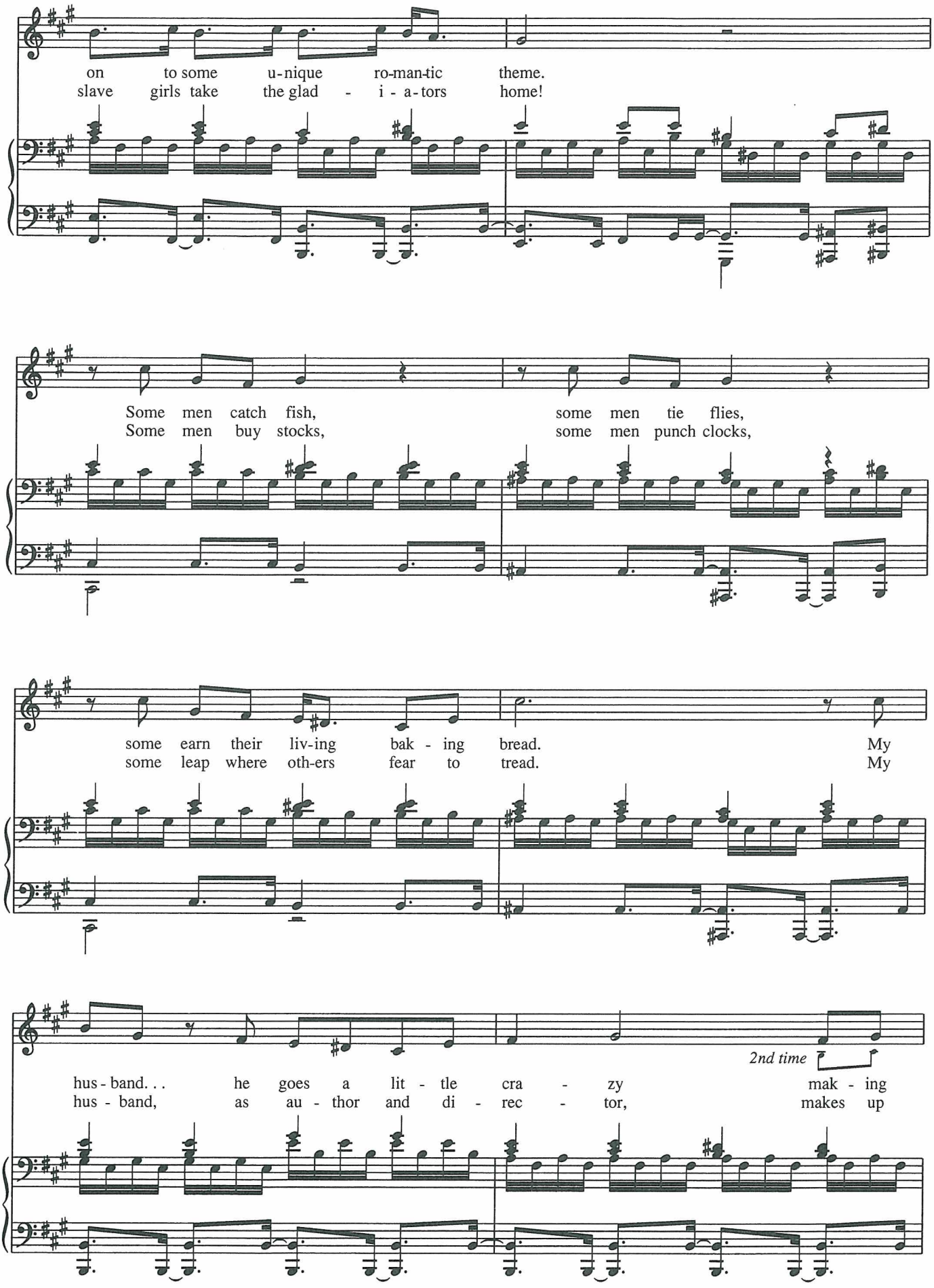
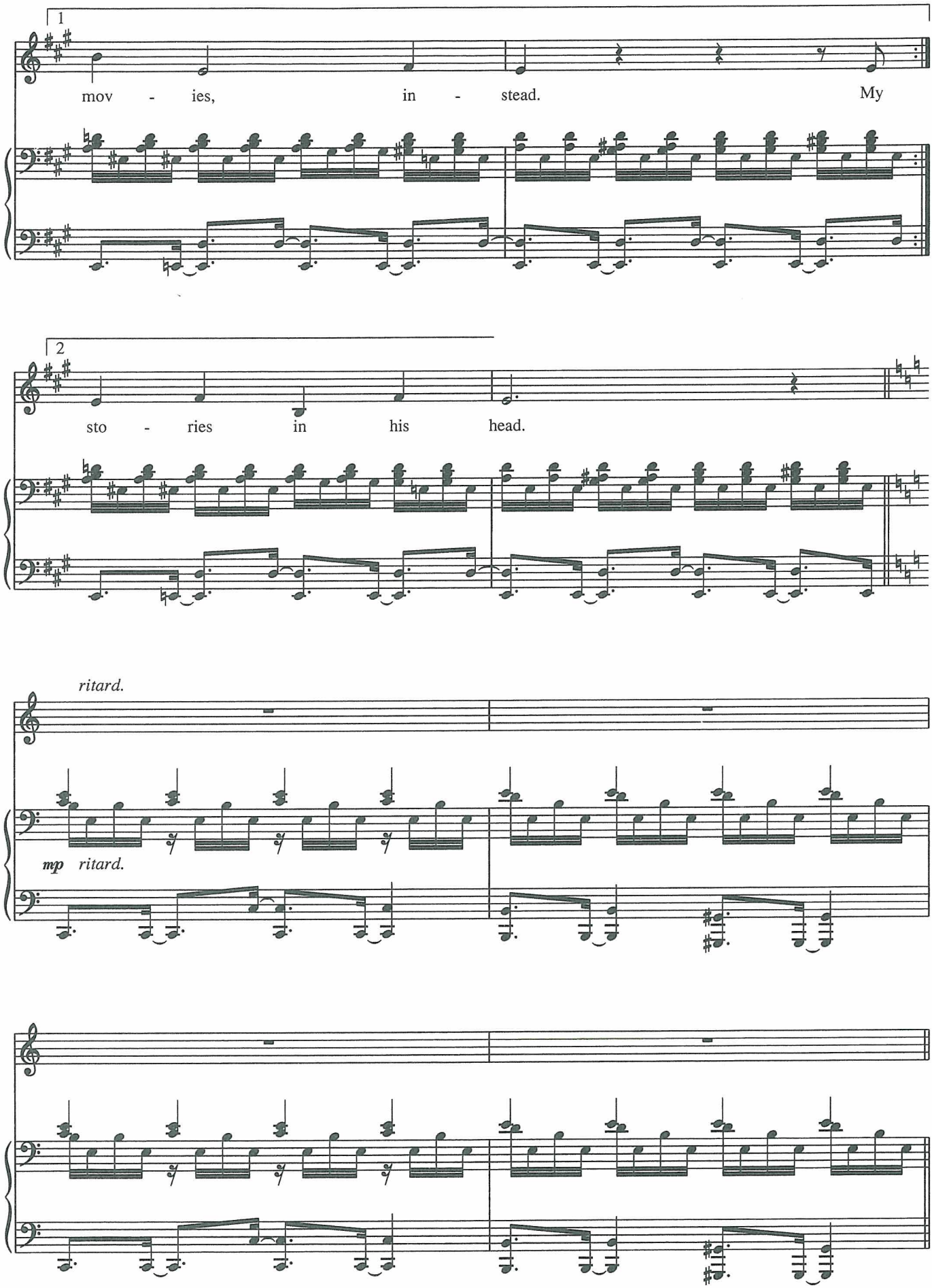
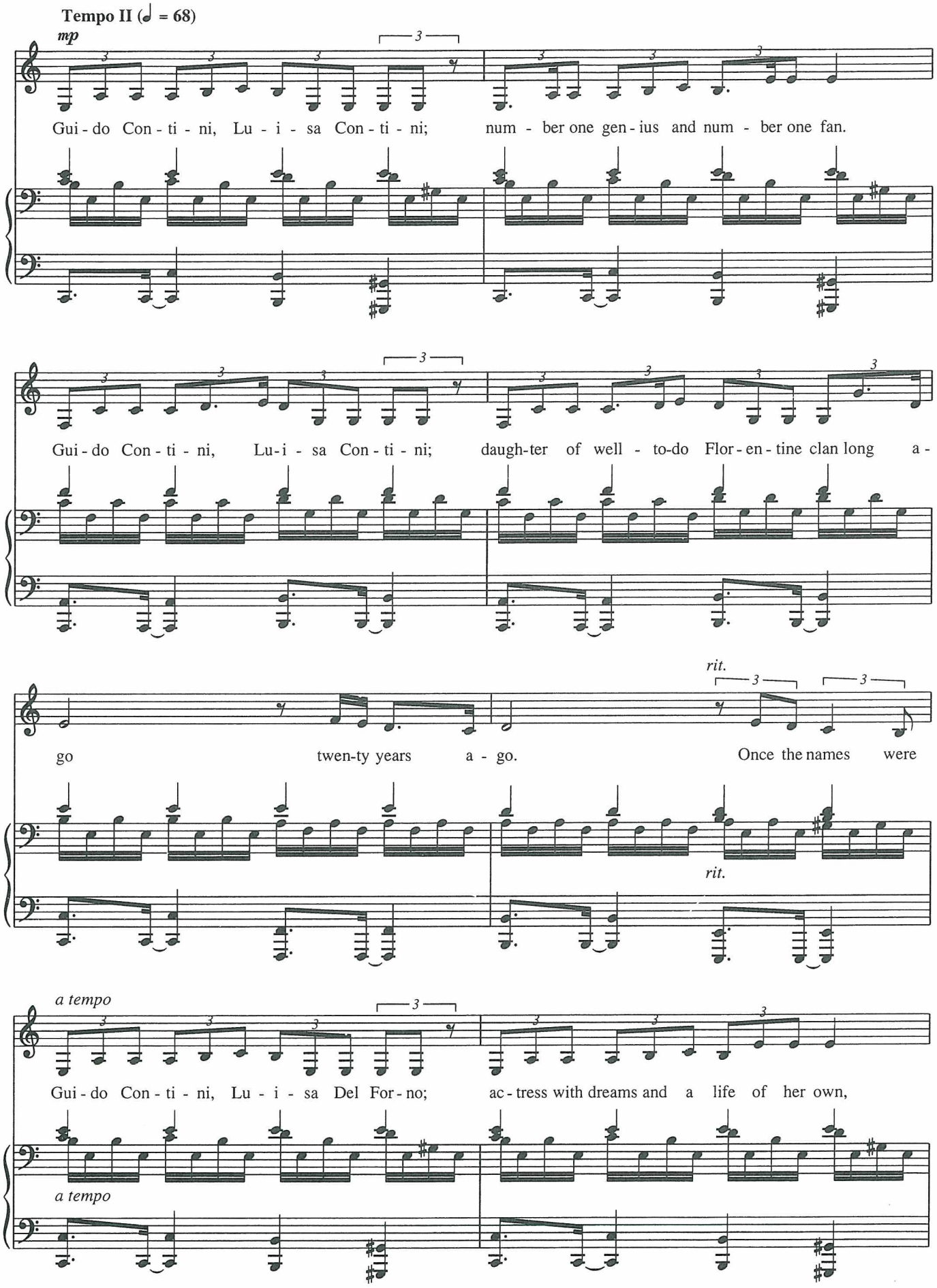
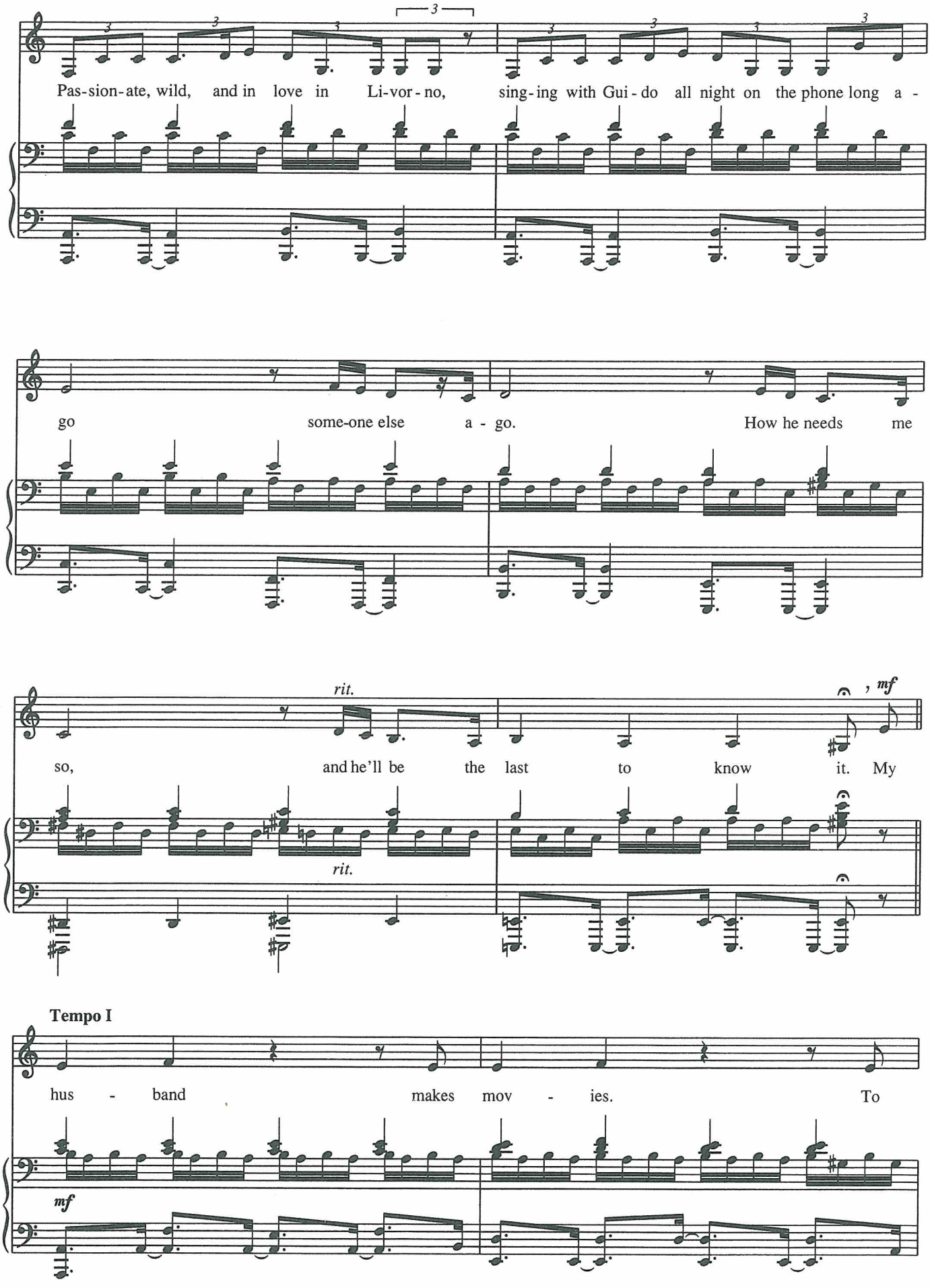
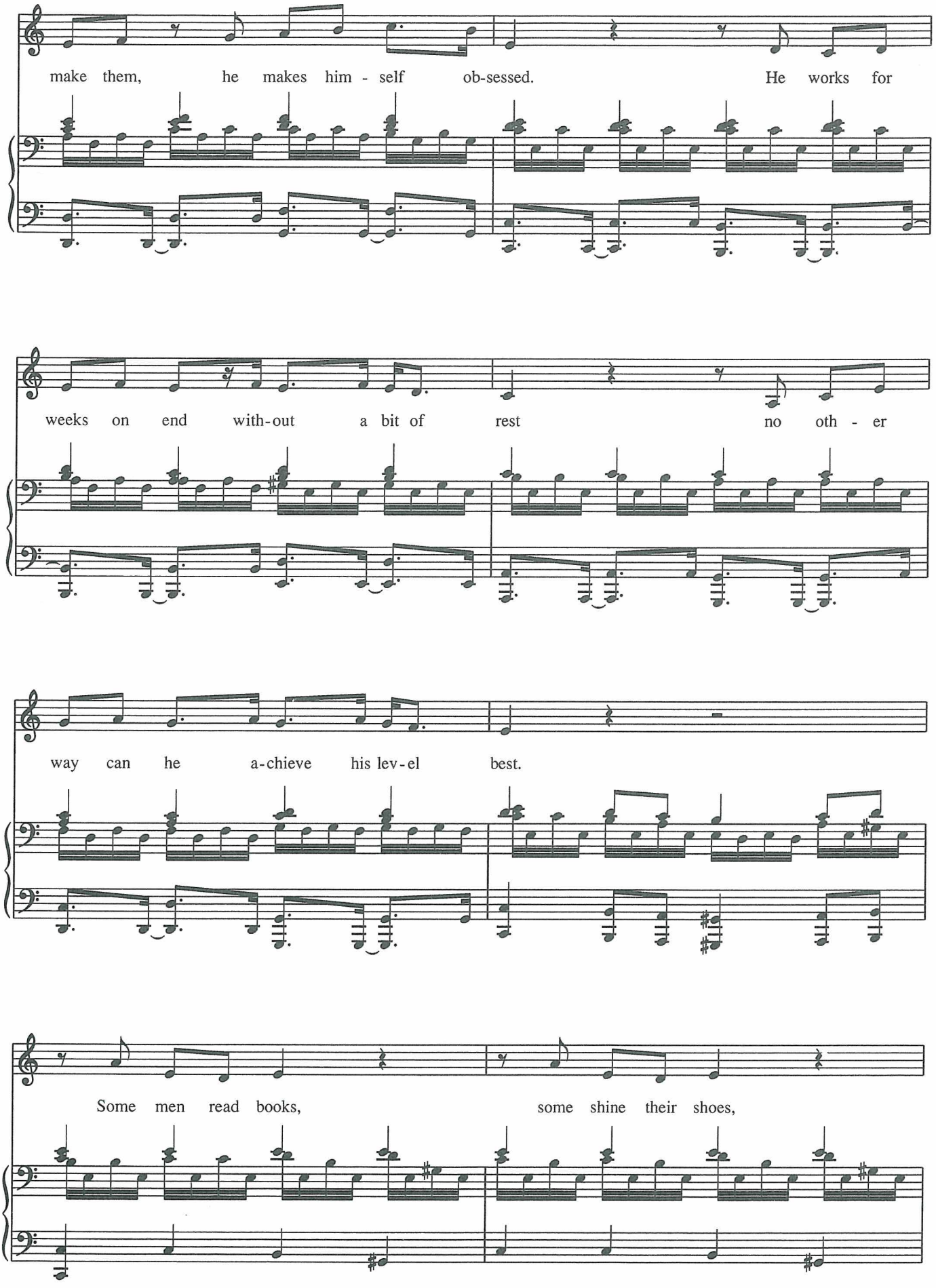
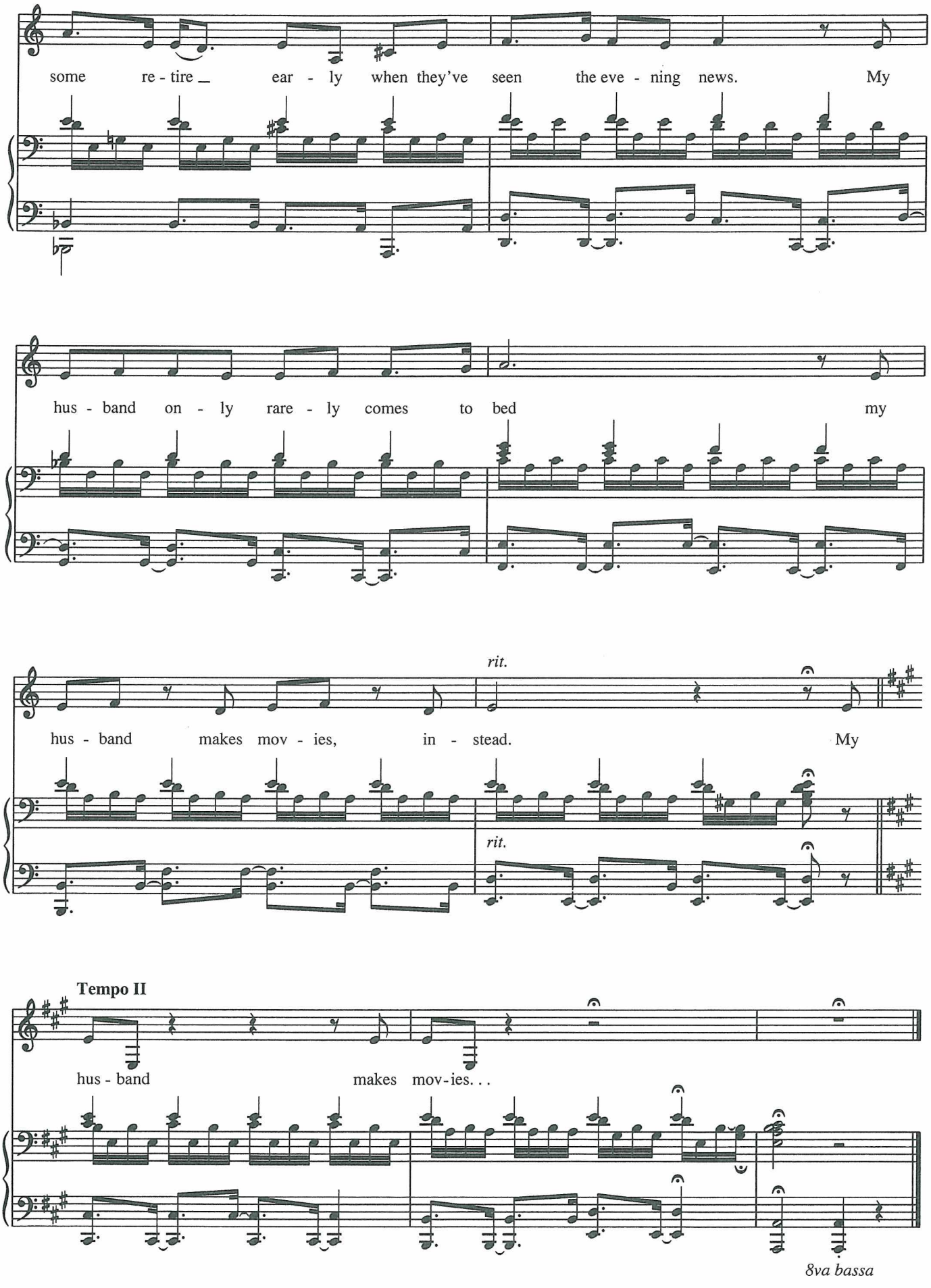

on to some u-nique ro-man-tic theme.
slave girls take the glad - i - a-tors home!
Some men catch fish, some men tie flies,
Some men buy stocks, some men punch clocks,
some earn their liv-ing bak - ing bread. My
some leap where oth-ers fear to tread. My
2nd time
hus-band. . . he goes a lit - tle cra - zy mak - ing
hus - band, as au - thor and di - rec - tor, makes up


1
mov - ies, in - stead. My
2
sto - ries in his head.
ritard.
mp ritard.


Tempo II (♩ = 68)
mp
Gui - do Con - ti - ni, Lu - i - sa Con - ti - ni; num - ber one gen - ius and num - ber one fan.
Gui - do Con - ti - ni, Lu - i - sa Con - ti - ni; daugh-ter of well - to-do Flor - en - tine clan long a -
rit.
go twen-ty years a - go. Once the names were
rit.
a tempo
Gui - do Con - ti - ni, Lu - i - sa Del For - no; ac - tress with dreams and a life of her own,
a tempo


Pas-sion-ate, wild, and in love in Li-vor-no, sing-ing with Gui-do all night on the phone long a-
go some-one else a-go. How he needs me
rit.
so, and he'll be the last to know it. My
mf
rit.
Tempo I
hus-band makes mov-ies. To
mf

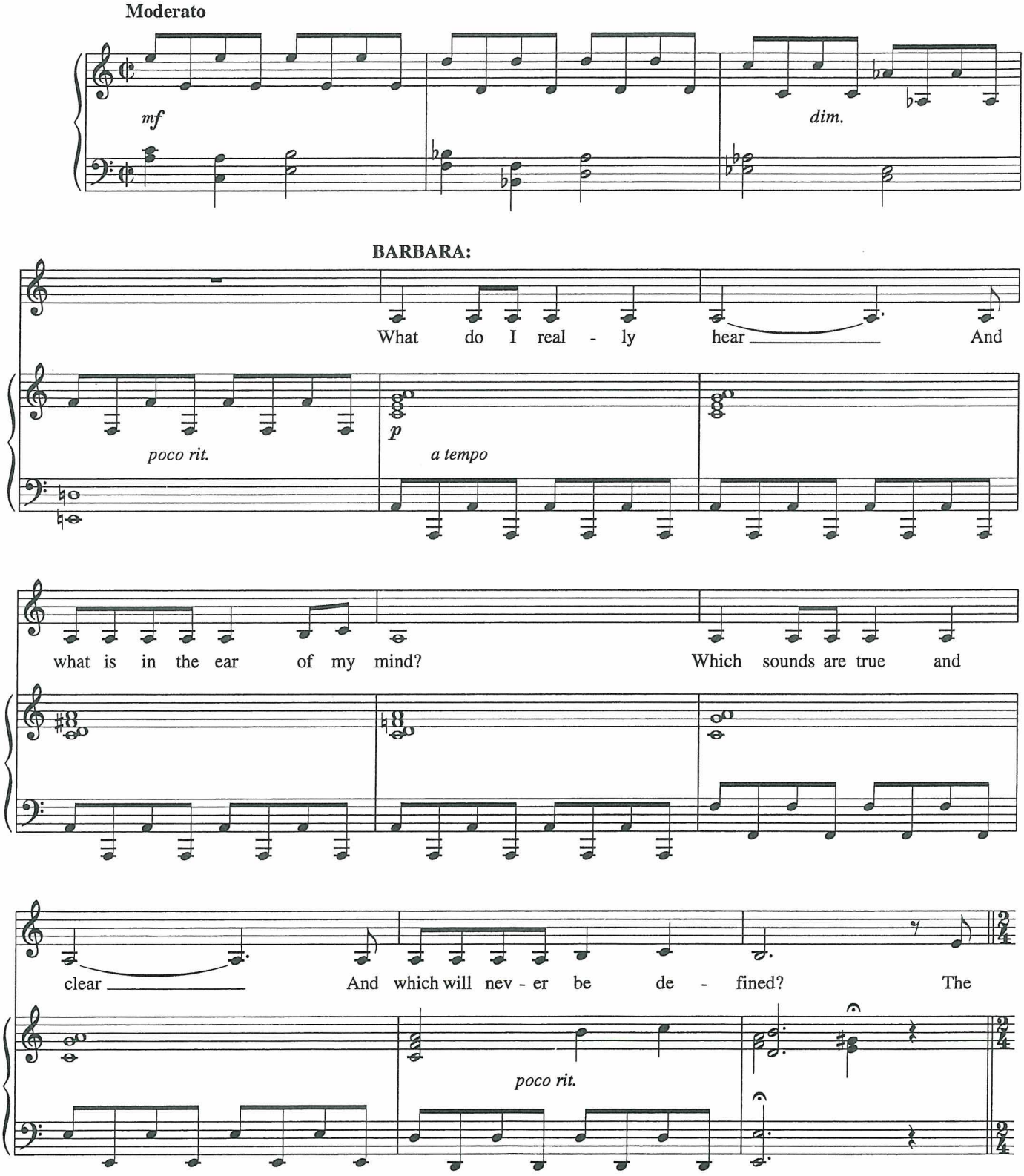

make them, he makes him - self ob-sessed. He works for
weeks on end with-out a bit of rest no oth - er
way can he a-chieve his lev-el best.
Some men read books, some shine their shoes,


some re - tire _ ear - ly when they've seen the eve - ning news. My
hus - band on - ly rare - ly comes to bed my
rit.
hus - band makes mov - ies, in - stead. My
rit.
Tempo II
hus - band makes mov - ies. . .
8va bassa

THE SWEETEST SOUNDS

from *No Strings*

Lyrics and Music by
RICHARD RODGERS



The verse does not appear in the show, but was written by Mr. Rodgers for the song to stand alone.

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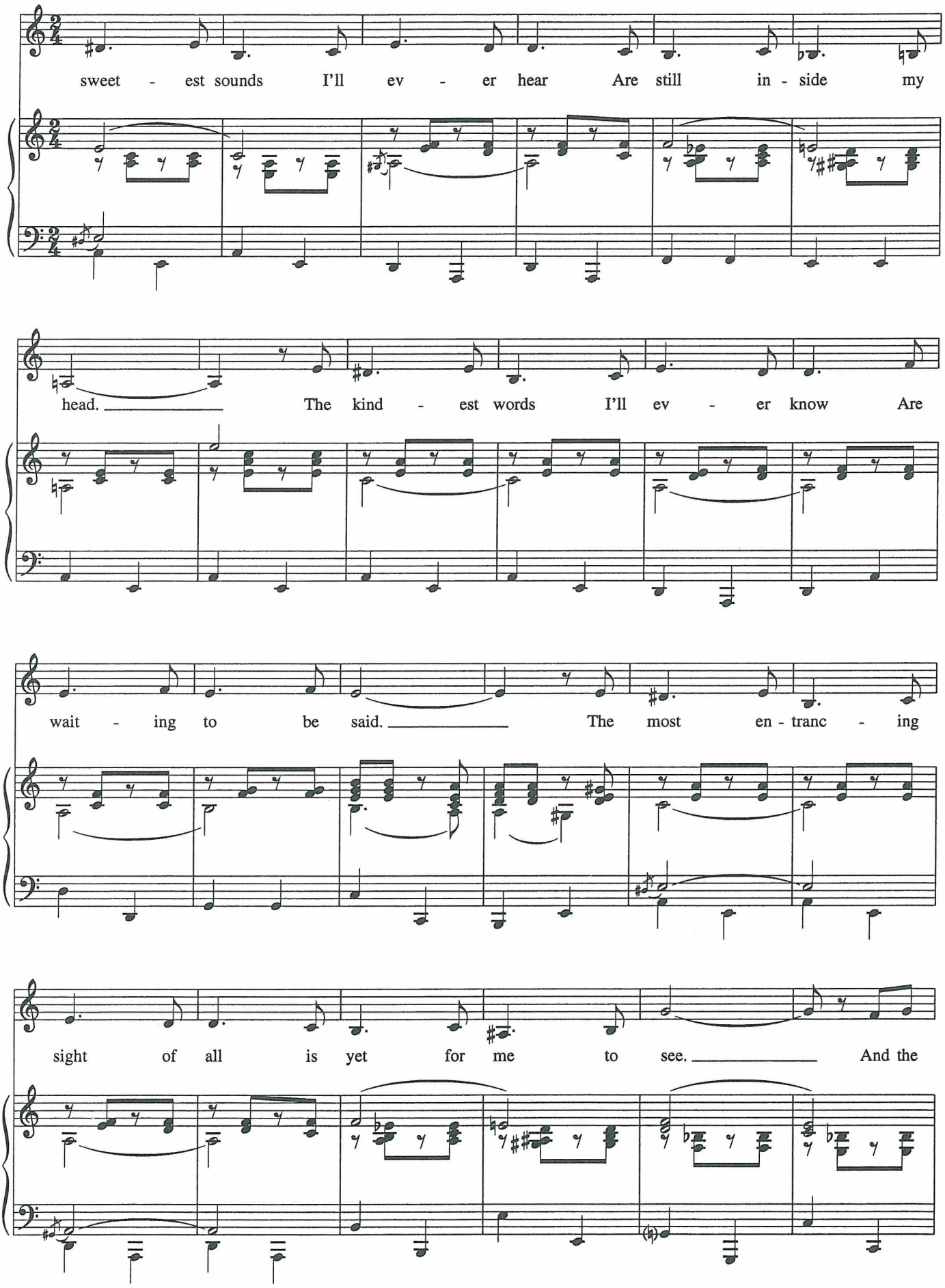
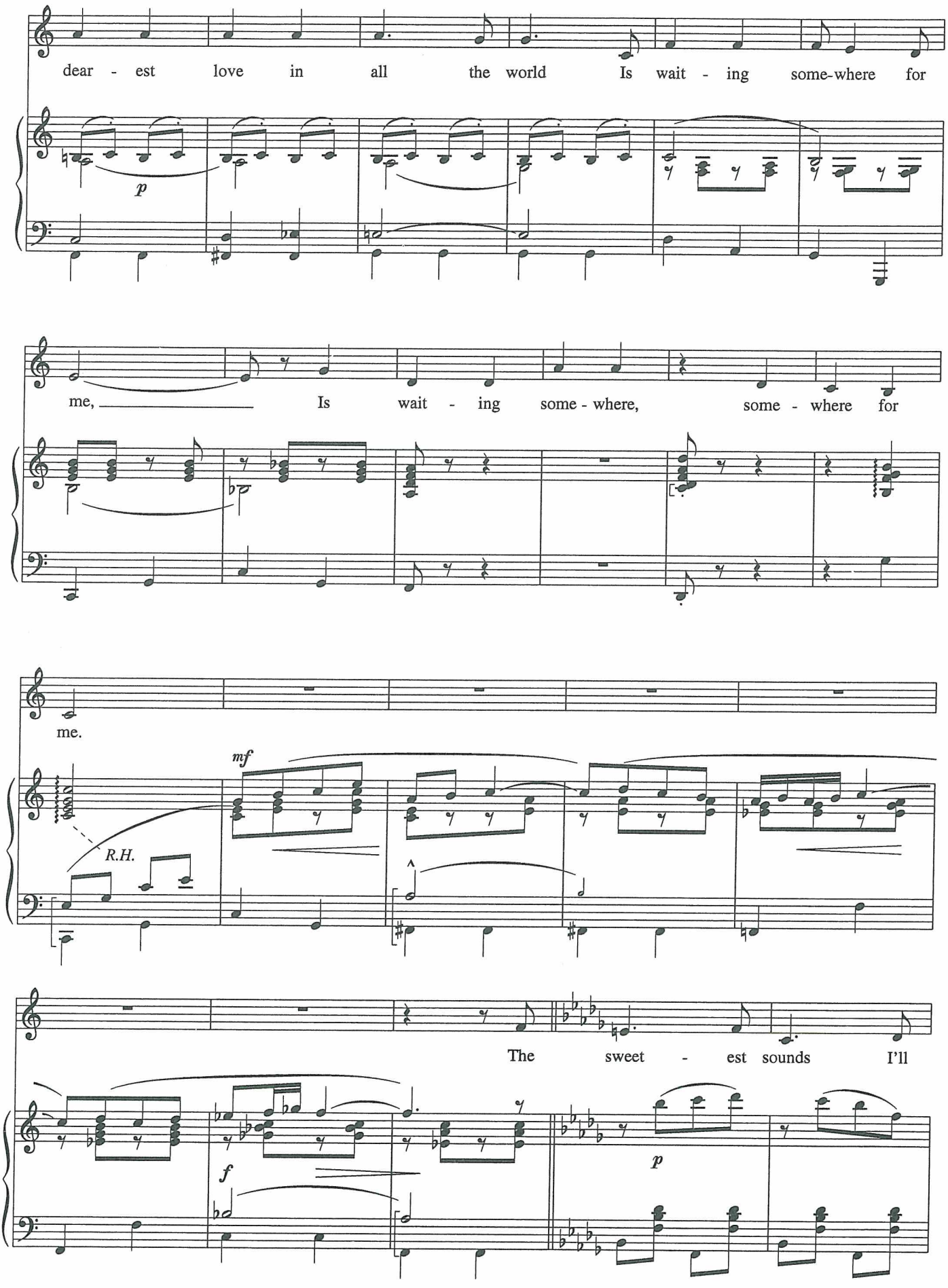
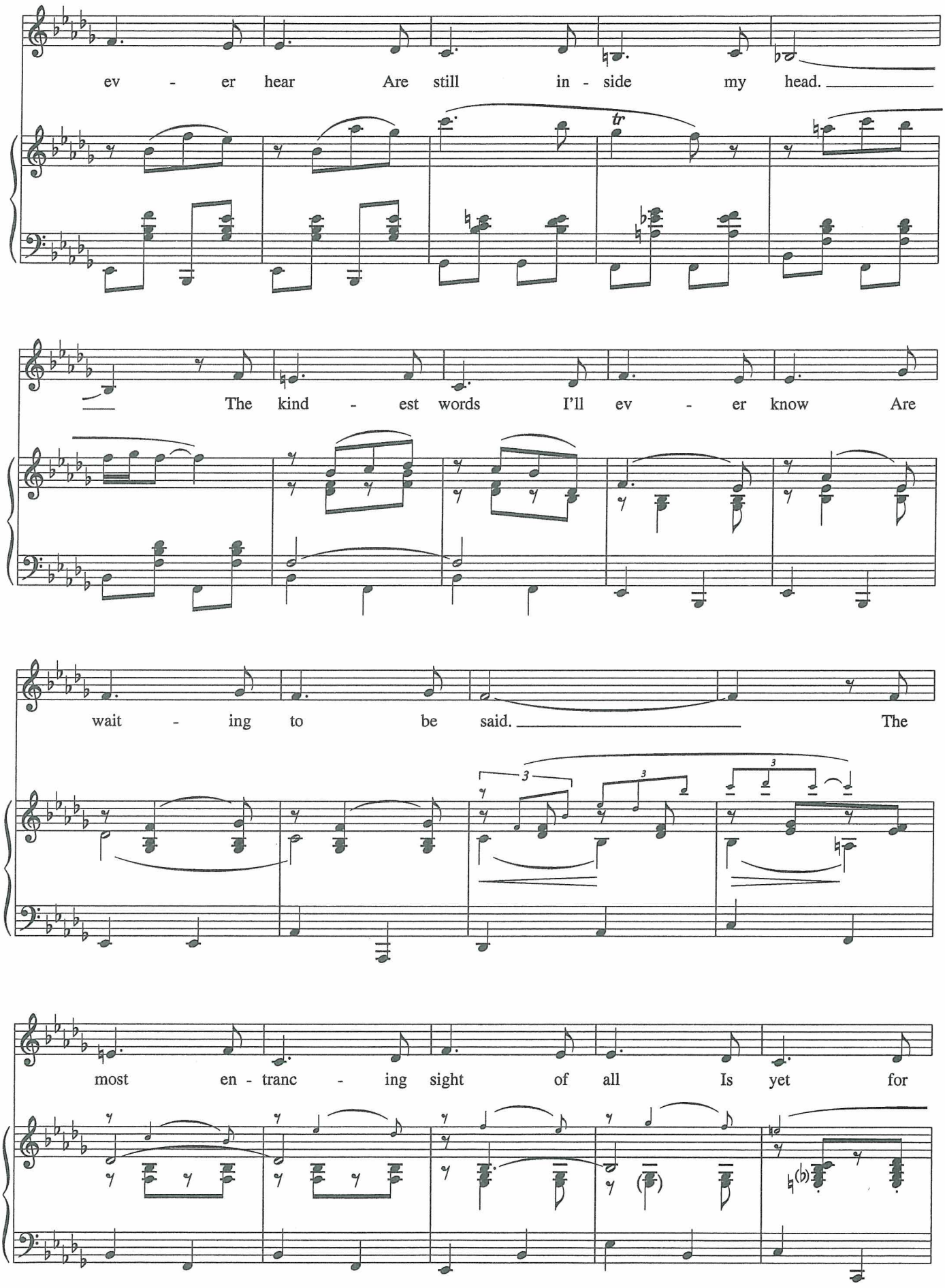
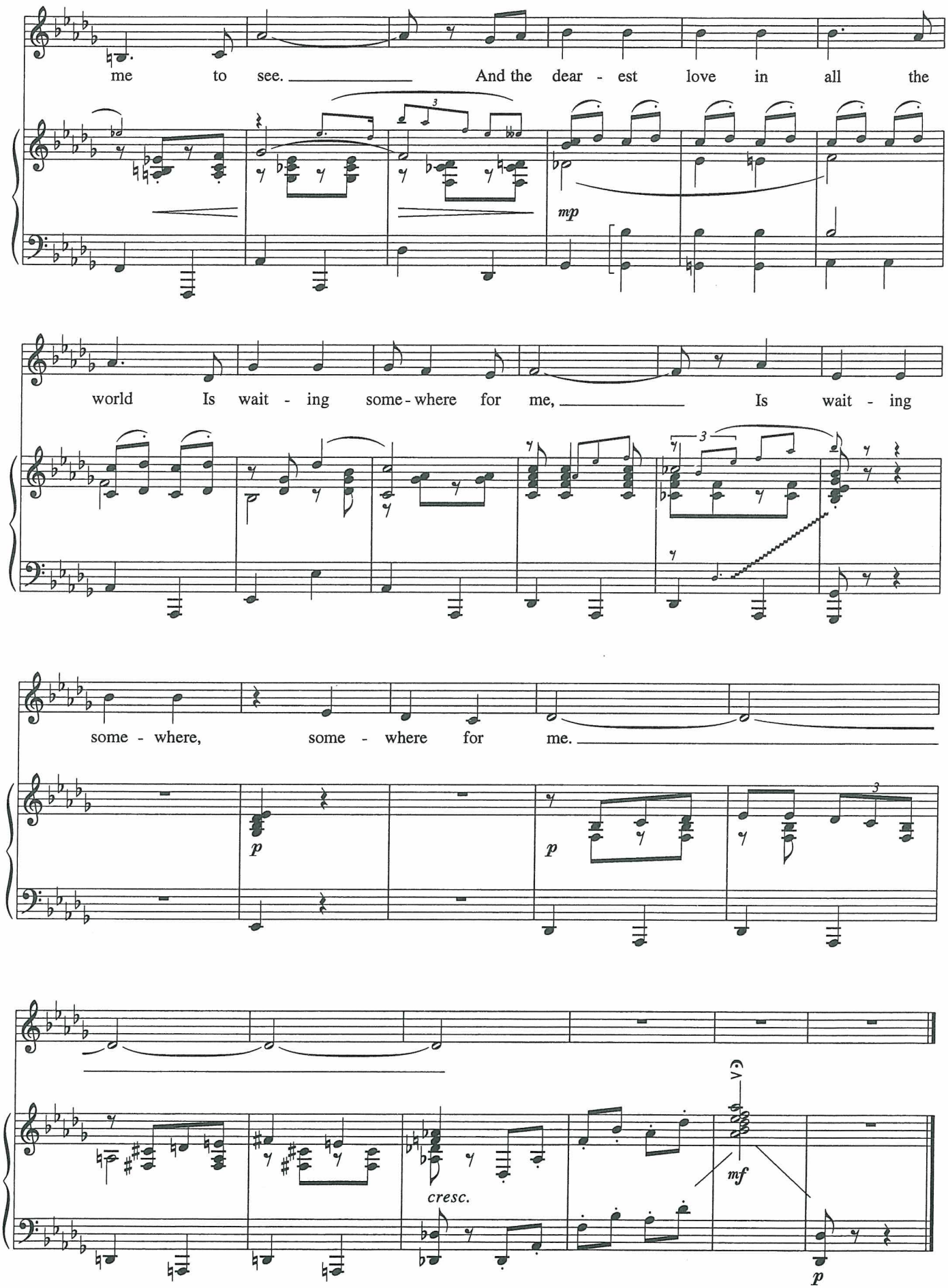

sweet - est sounds I'll ev - er hear Are still in - side my
head. The kind - est words I'll ev - er know Are
wait - ing to be said. The most en - tranc - ing
sight of all is yet for me to see. And the


dear - est love in all the world Is wait - ing some-where for
p
me, Is wait - ing some - where, some - where for
me.
mf
R.H.
The sweet - est sounds I'll
f
p

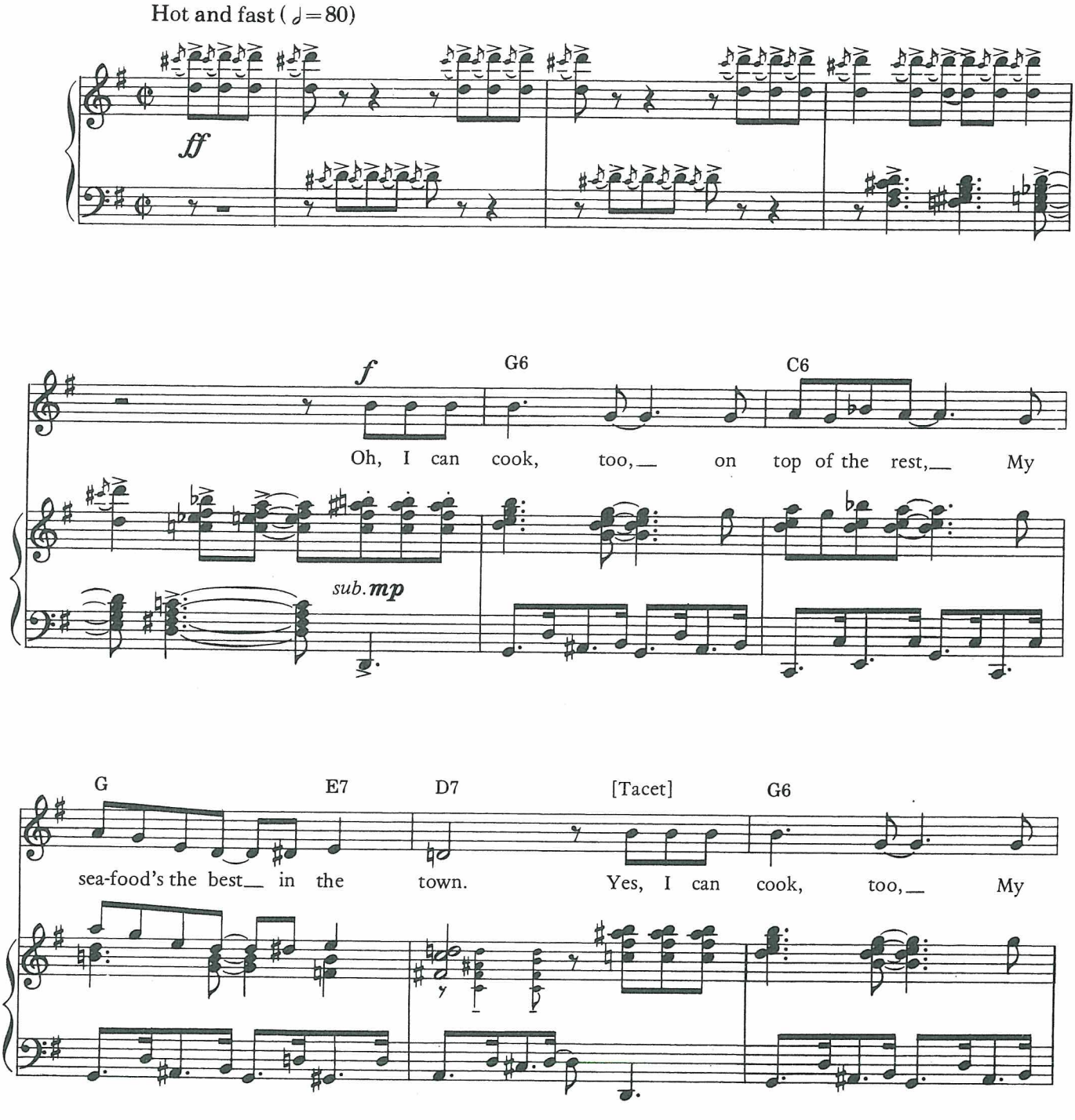

ev - er hear Are still in - side my head.
tr
The kind - est words I'll ev - er know Are
wait - ing to be said.
The
3
3
3
most en - tranc - ing sight of all Is yet for


me to see. And the dear - est love in all the
mp
world Is wait - ing some - where for me, Is wait - ing
some - where, some - where for me.
p
p
cresc.
mf
p

I CAN COOK TOO

from *On the Town*

Words and Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Additional Choruses by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN



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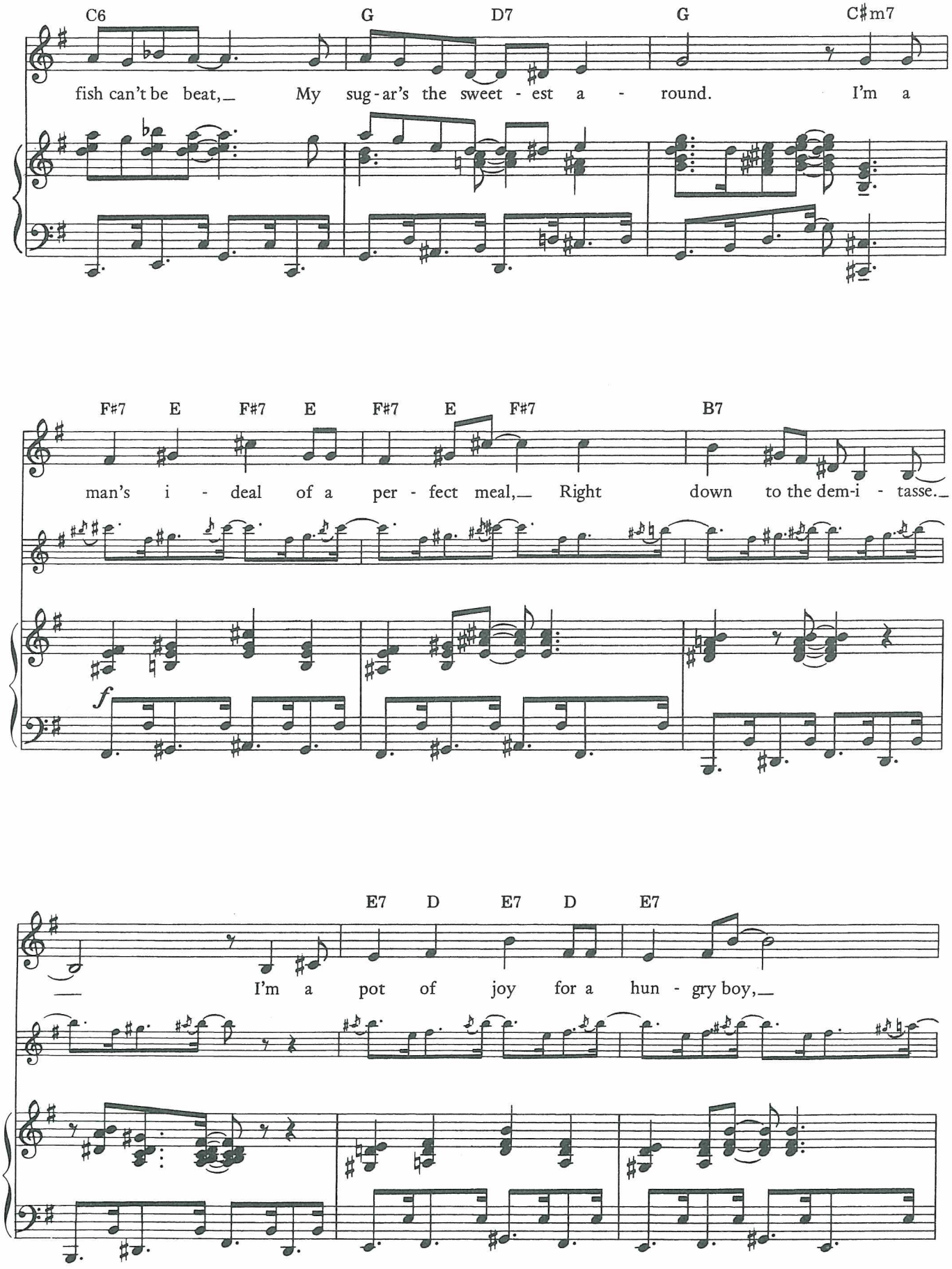
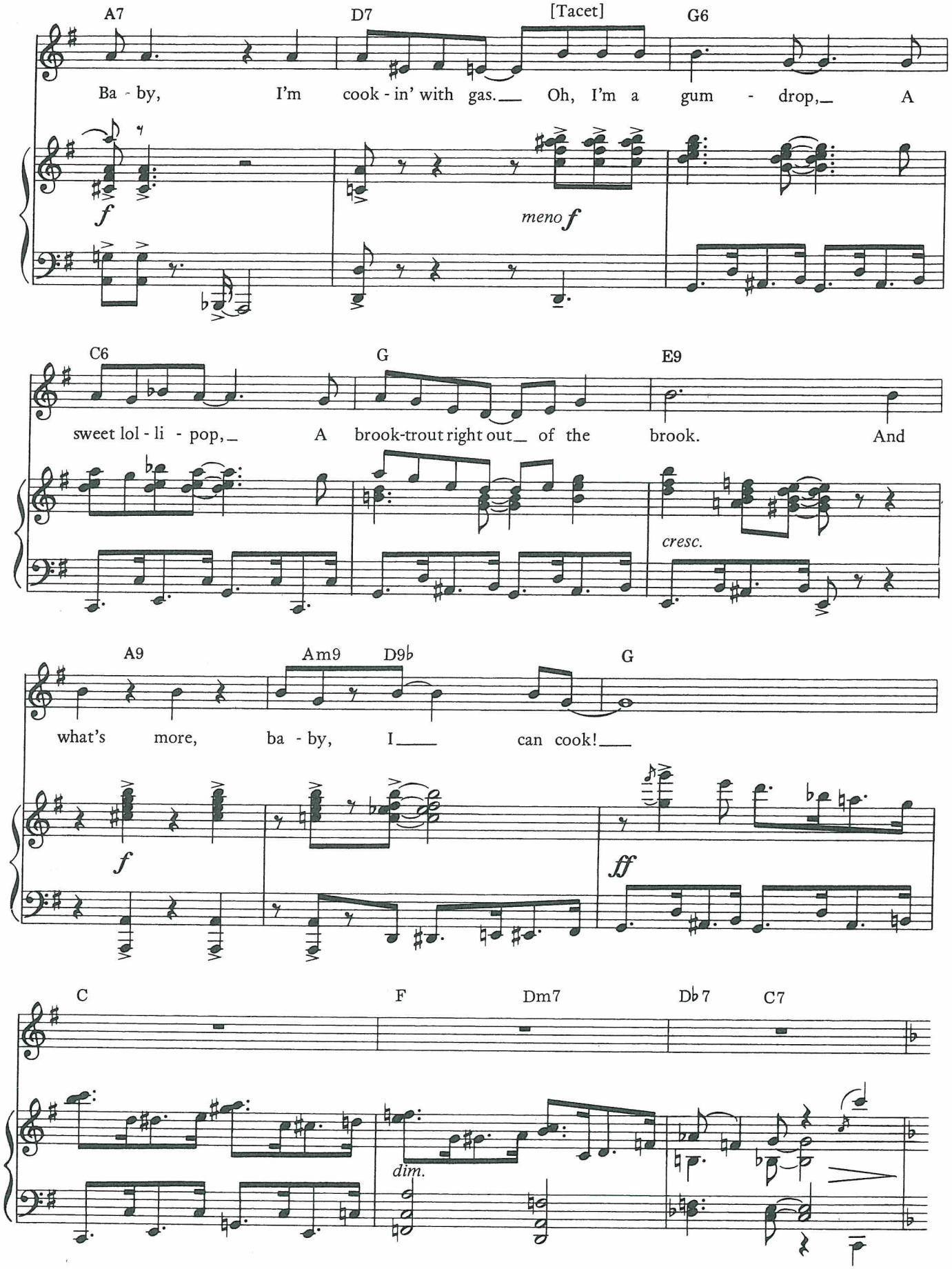
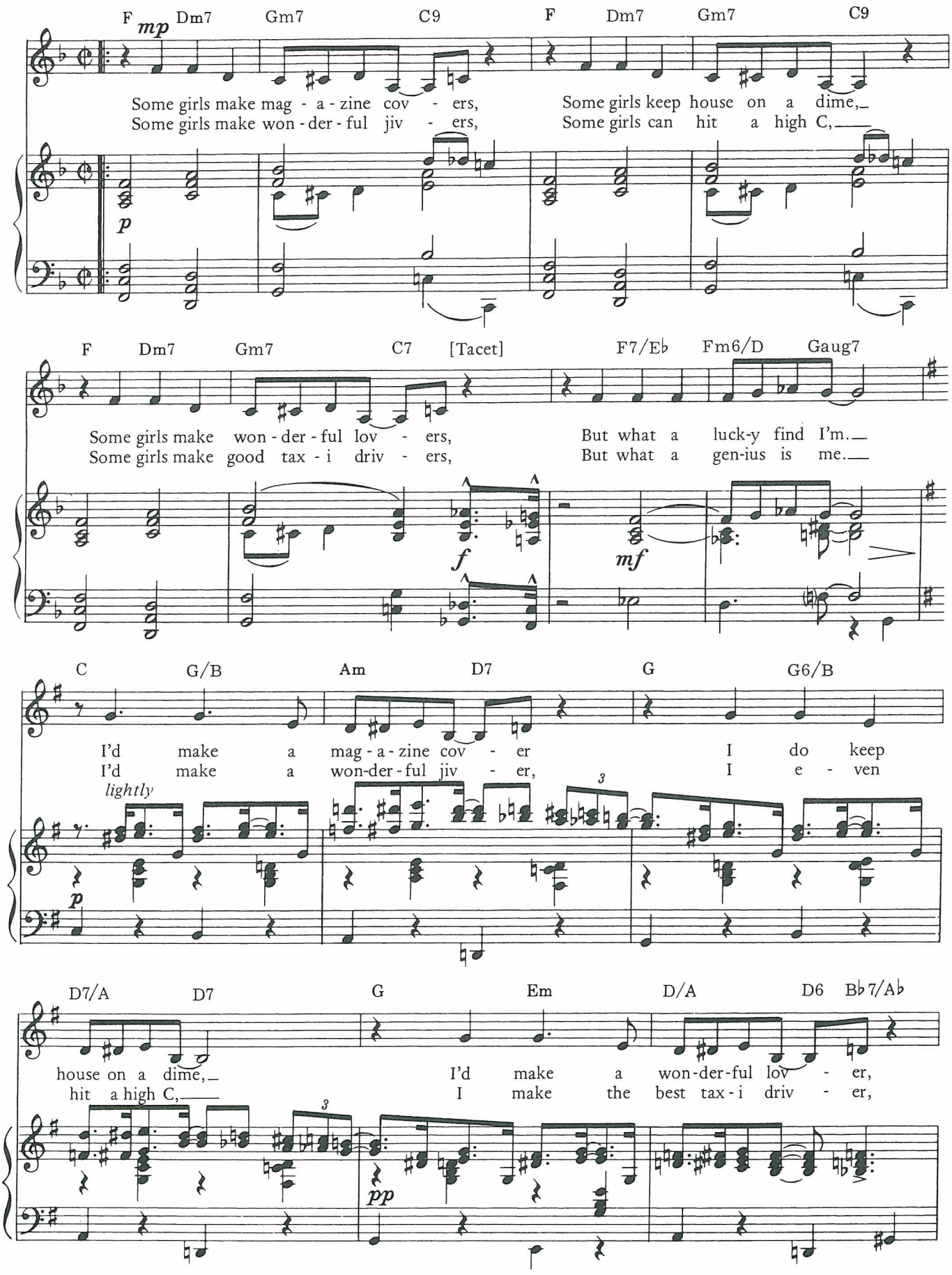
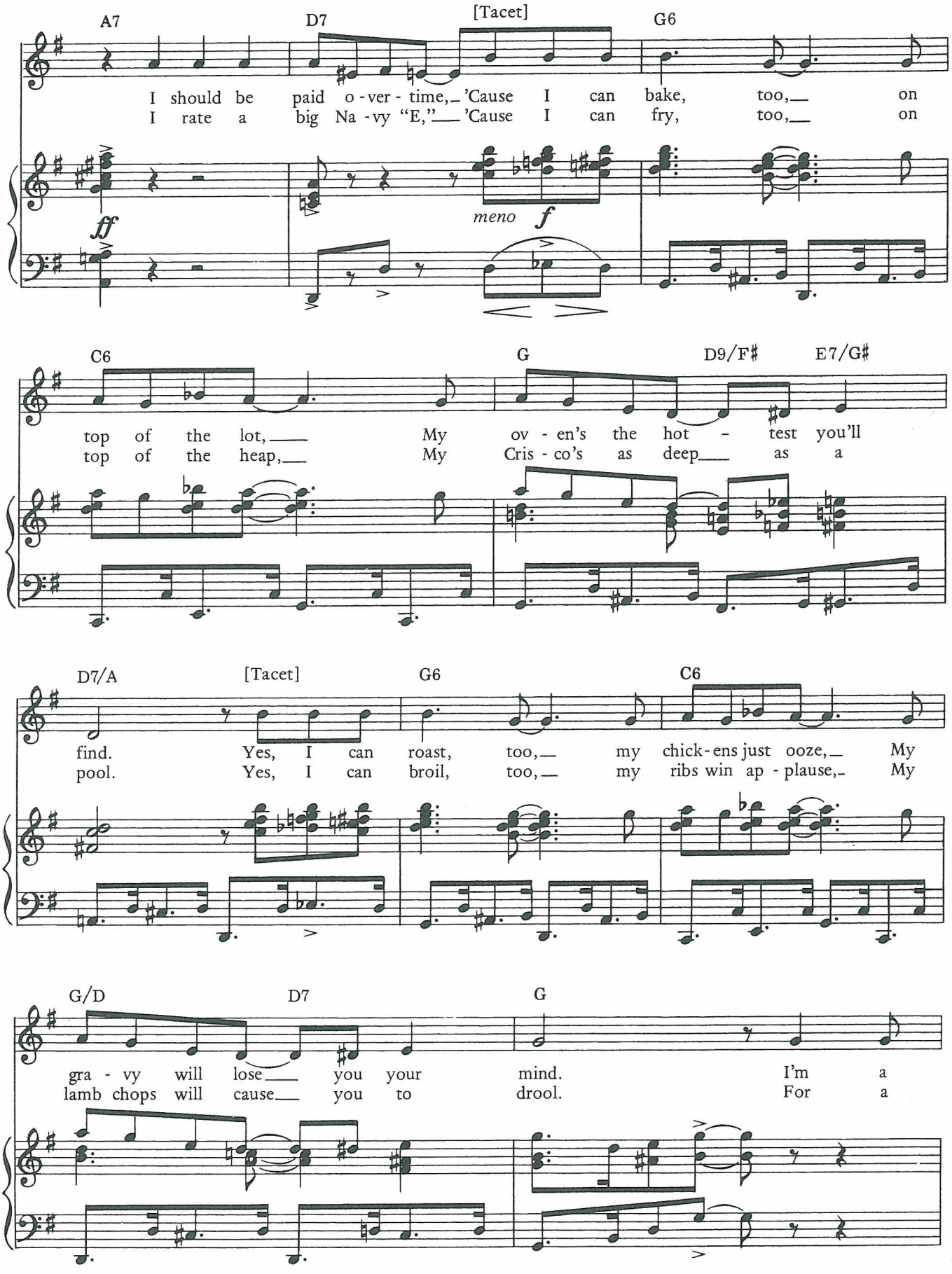
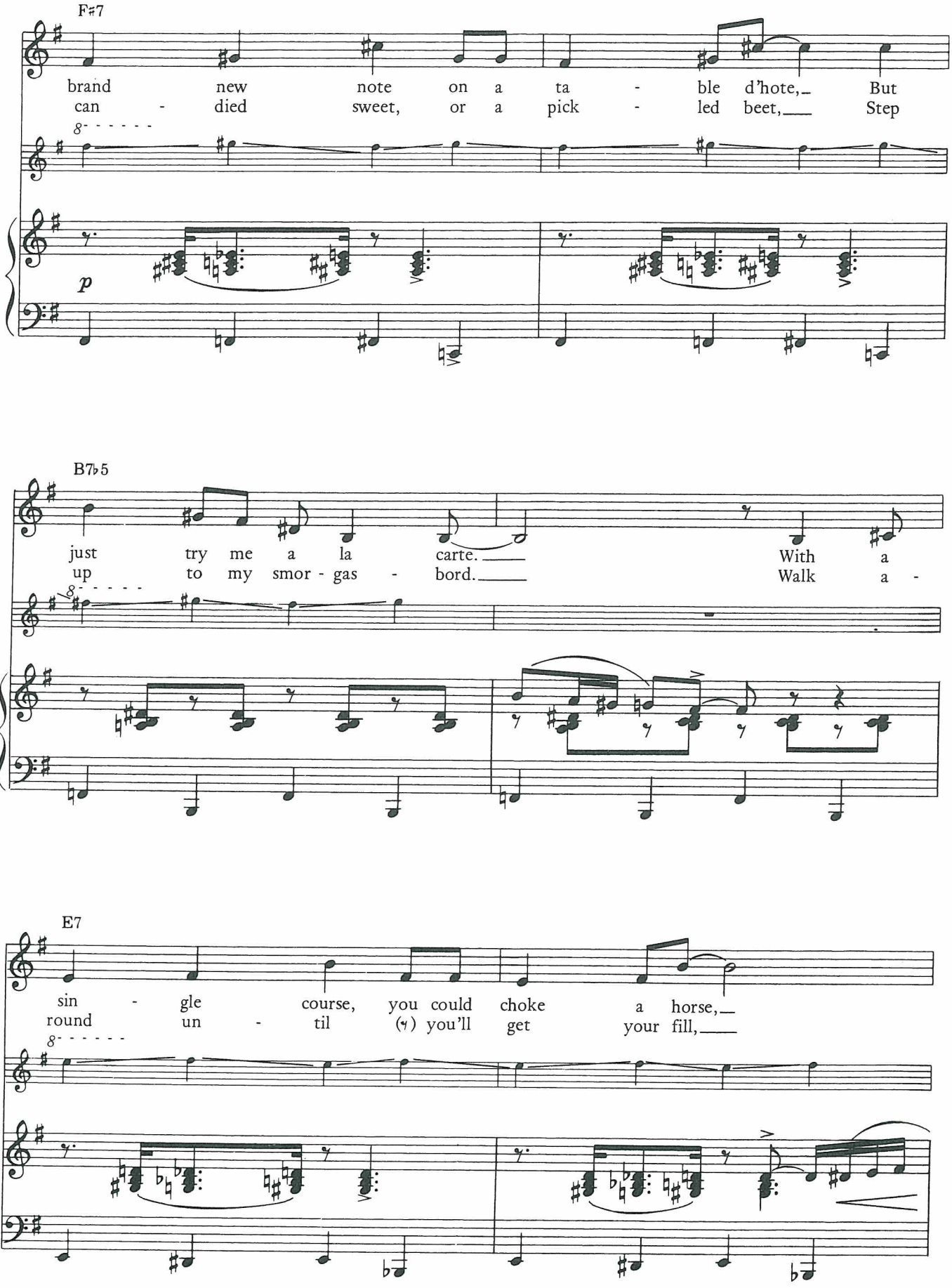
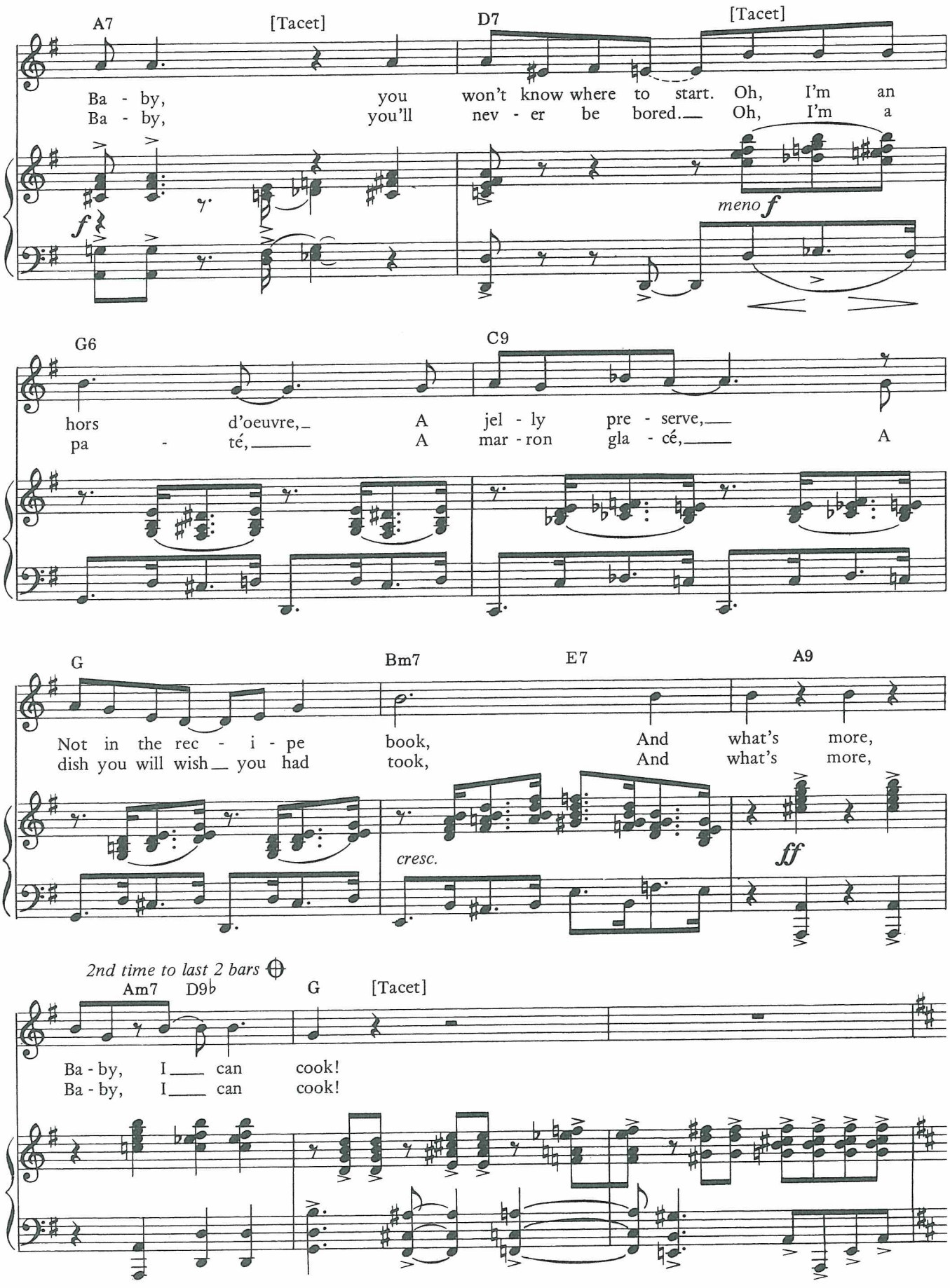

C6 G D7 G C♯m7
fish can't be beat, My sug-ar's the sweet - est a - round. I'm a
F♯7 E F♯7 E F♯7 E F♯7 B7
man's i - deal of a per - fect meal, Right down to the dem-i - tasse.
f
E7 D E7 D E7
I'm a pot of joy for a hun - gry boy,


A7
D7
[Tacet]
G6
Ba - by, I'm cook - in' with gas. Oh, I'm a gum - drop, A
f
meno f
C6
G
E9
sweet lol - li - pop, A brook-trout right out of the brook. And
cresc.
A9
Am9
D9♭
G
what's more, ba - by, I can cook!
f
ff
C
F
Dm7
D♭7
C7
dim.

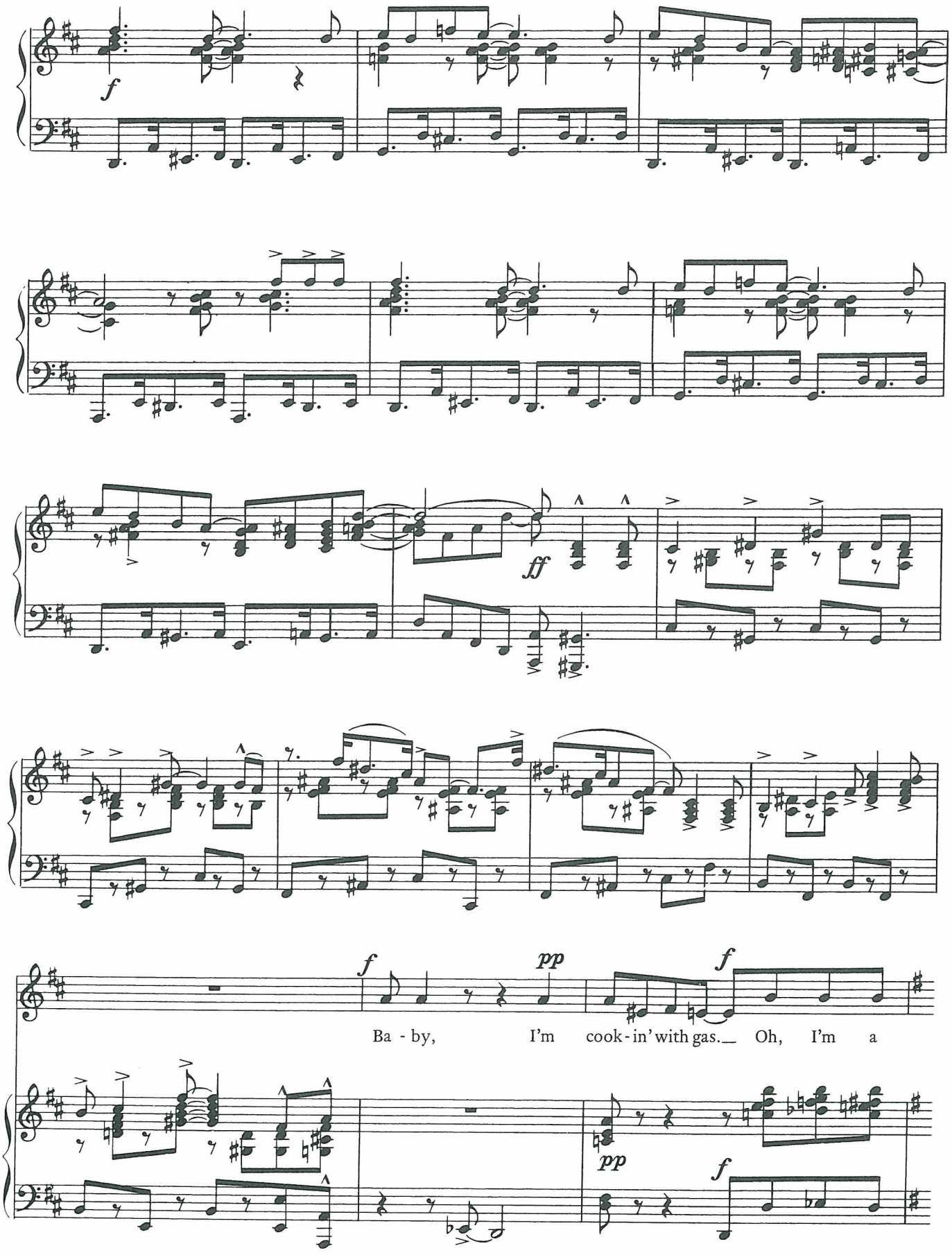

F mp Dm7 Gm7 C9 F Dm7 Gm7 C9
Some girls make mag - a - zine cov - ers,
Some girls make won - der - ful jiv - ers,
Some girls keep house on a dime,
Some girls can hit a high C,
p
F Dm7 Gm7 C7 [Tacet] F7/Eb Fm6/D Gaug7
Some girls make won - der - ful lov - ers,
Some girls make good tax - i driv - ers,
But what a luck-y find I'm.
But what a gen-ius is me.
f
mf
C G/B Am D7 G G6/B
I'd make a mag - a - zine cov - er
I'd make a won-der - ful jiv - er,
I do keep
I e - ven
lightly
p
3
D7/A D7 G Em D/A D6 Bb7/Ab
house on a dime,
hit a high C,
I'd make a won-der-ful lov - er,
I make the best tax - i driv - er,
3
pp

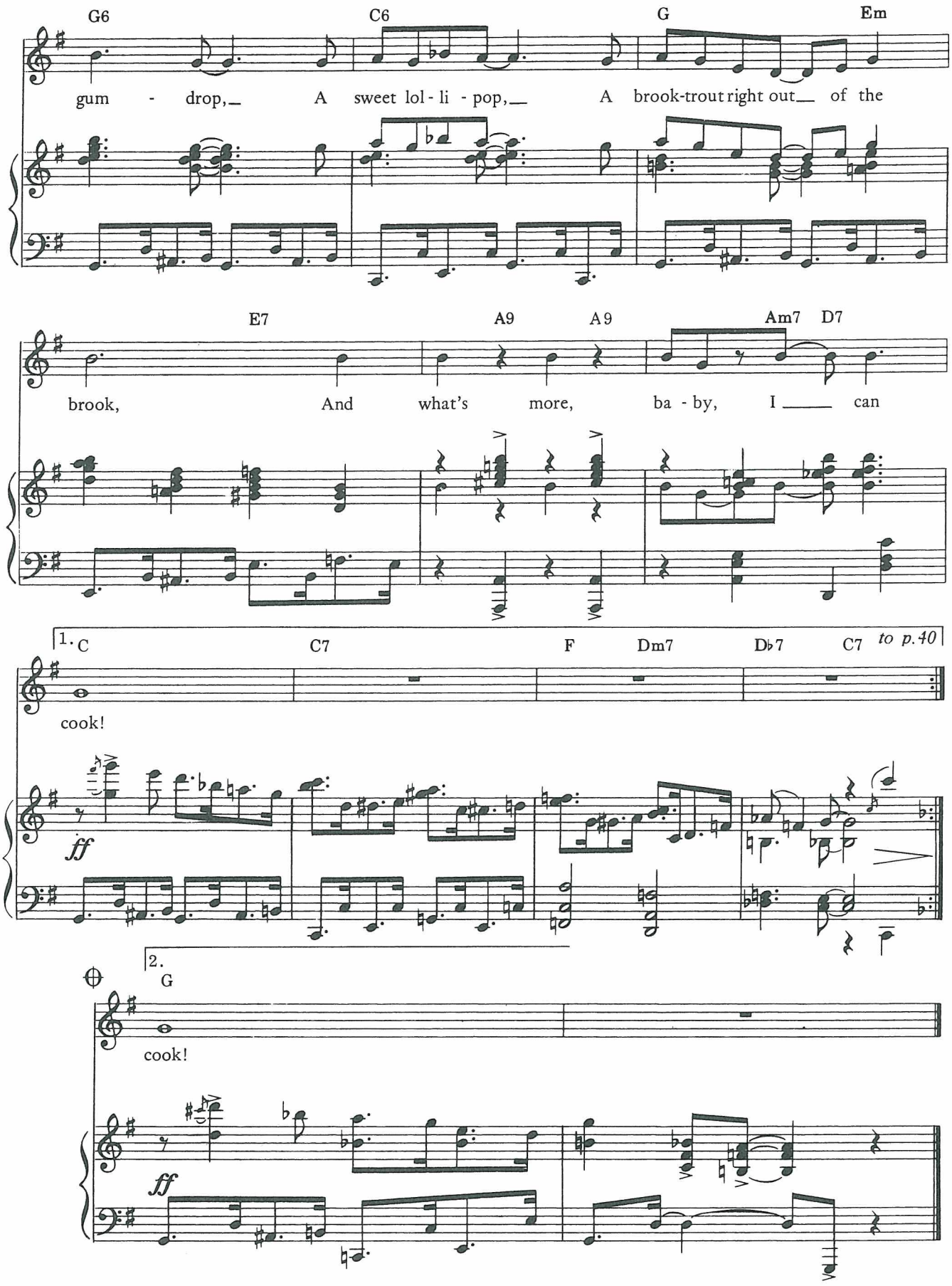

A7
D7
[Tacet]
G6
I should be paid o - ver - time, 'Cause I can bake, too, on
I rate a big Na - vy "E," 'Cause I can fry, too, on
ff
meno
f
C6
G
D9/F♯
E7/G♯
top of the lot, My ov - en's the hot - test you'll
top of the heap, My Cris - co's as deep as a
D7/A
[Tacet]
G6
C6
find. Yes, I can roast, too, my chick - ens just ooze, My
pool. Yes, I can broil, too, my ribs win ap - plause, My
G/D
D7
G
gra - vy will lose you your mind. I'm a
lamb chops will cause you to drool. For a


F♯7
brand new note on a ta - ble d'hote, But
can - died sweet, or a pick - led beet, Step
p
B7♭5
just try me a la carte. With a
up to my smor - gas - bord. Walk a -
E7
sin - gle course, you could choke a horse,
round un - til (ɣ) you'll get your fill,


A7
[Tacet]
D7
[Tacet]
Ba - by, you won't know where to start. Oh, I'm an
Ba - by, you'll nev - er be bored. Oh, I'm a
f
meno f
G6
C9
hors d'oeuvre, A jel - ly pre - serve,
pa - té, A mar - ron gla - cé, A
G
Bm7
E7
A9
Not in the rec - i - pe book, And what's more,
dish you will wish you had took, And what's more,
cresc.
ff
2nd time to last 2 bars
Am7
D9♭
G
[Tacet]
Ba - by, I can cook!
Ba - by, I can cook!

[Interlude]

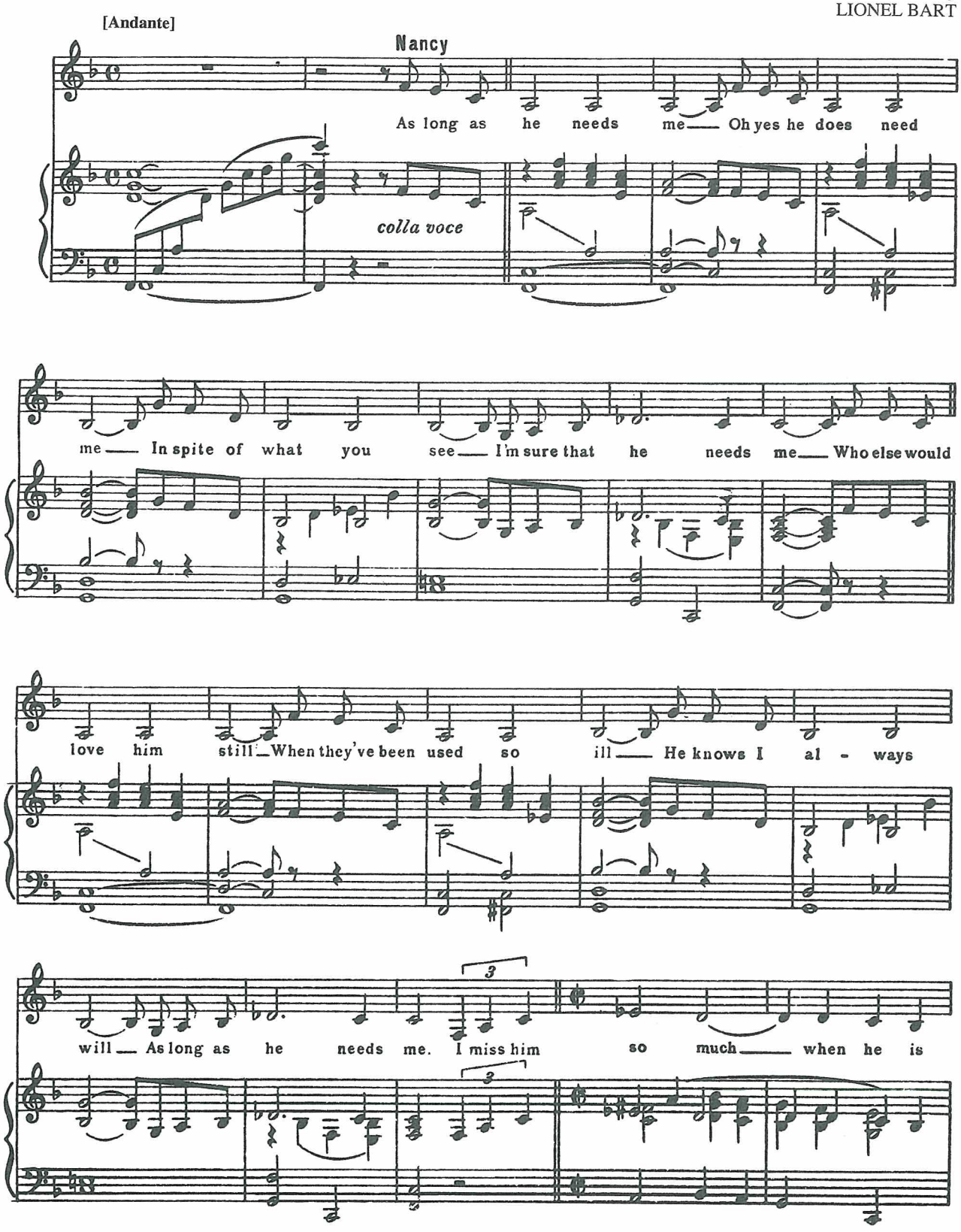



G6
C6
G
Em
gum - drop, A sweet lol - li - pop, A brook-trout right out of the
E7
A9
A9
Am7 D7
brook, And what's more, ba - by, I can
1. C
C7
F
Dm7
Db7
C7
to p.40
cook!
ff
2. G
cook!
ff

AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME

from the Columbia Pictures-Romulus film *Oliver!*

Words and Music by
LIONEL BART



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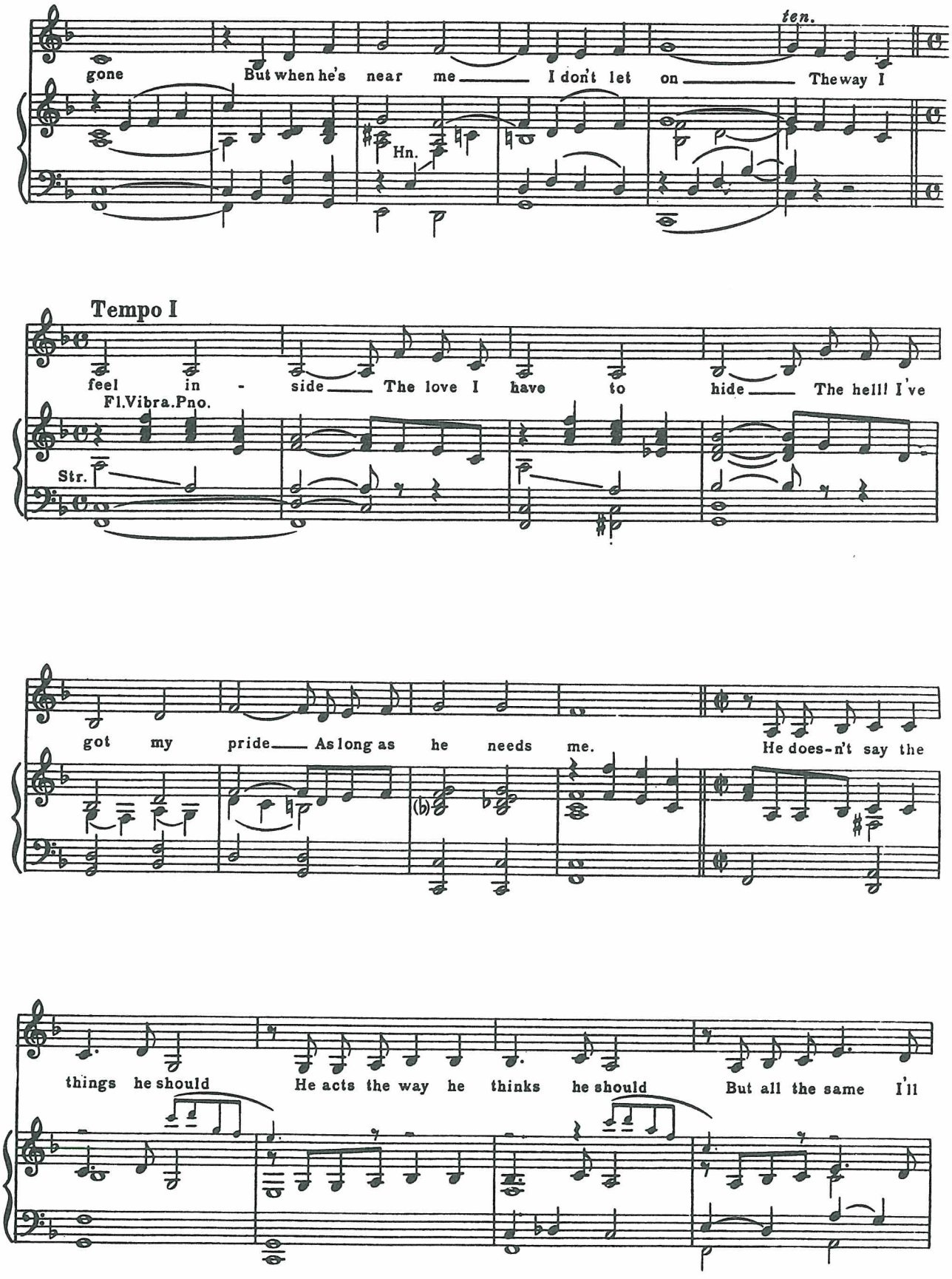
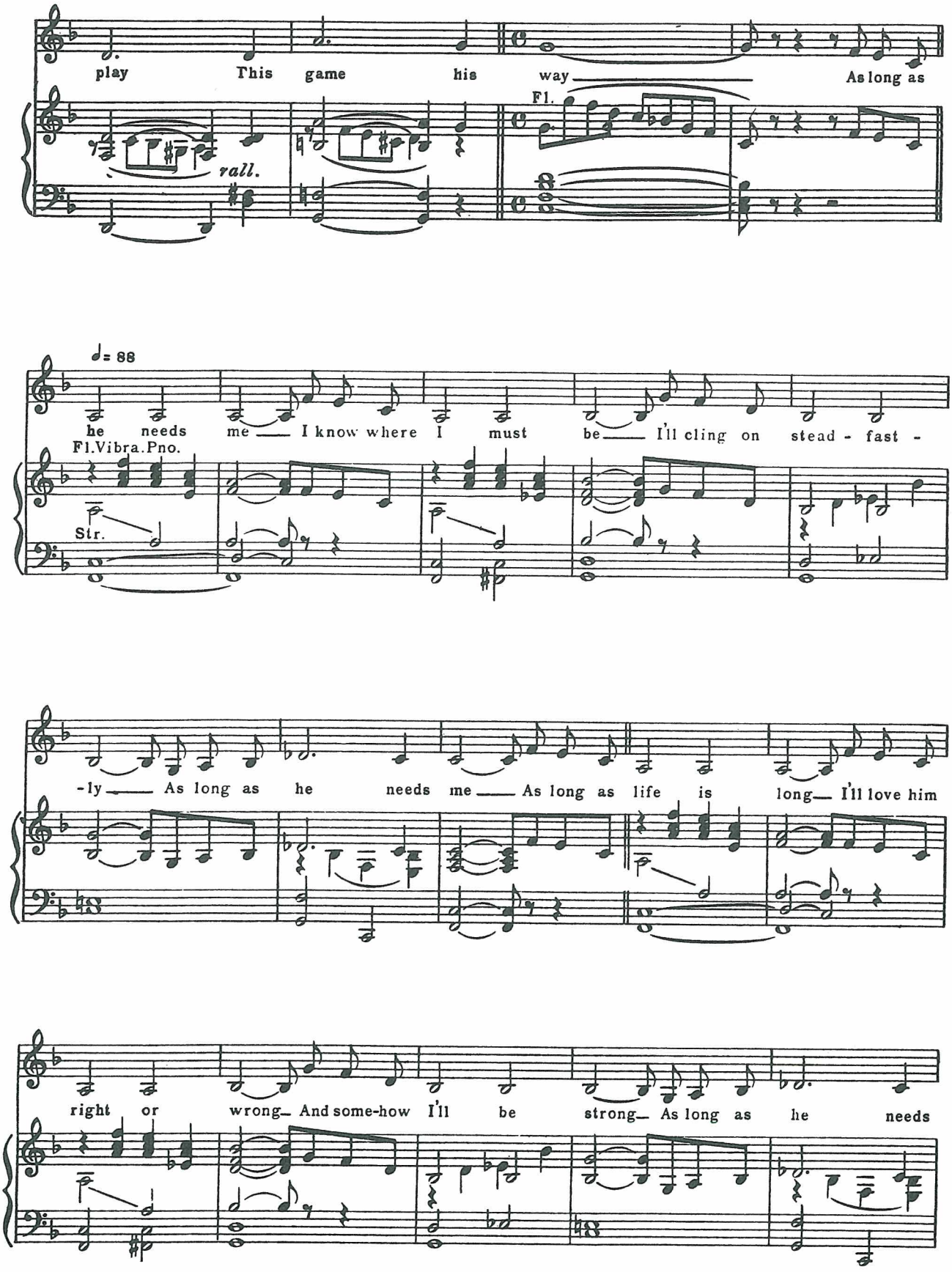
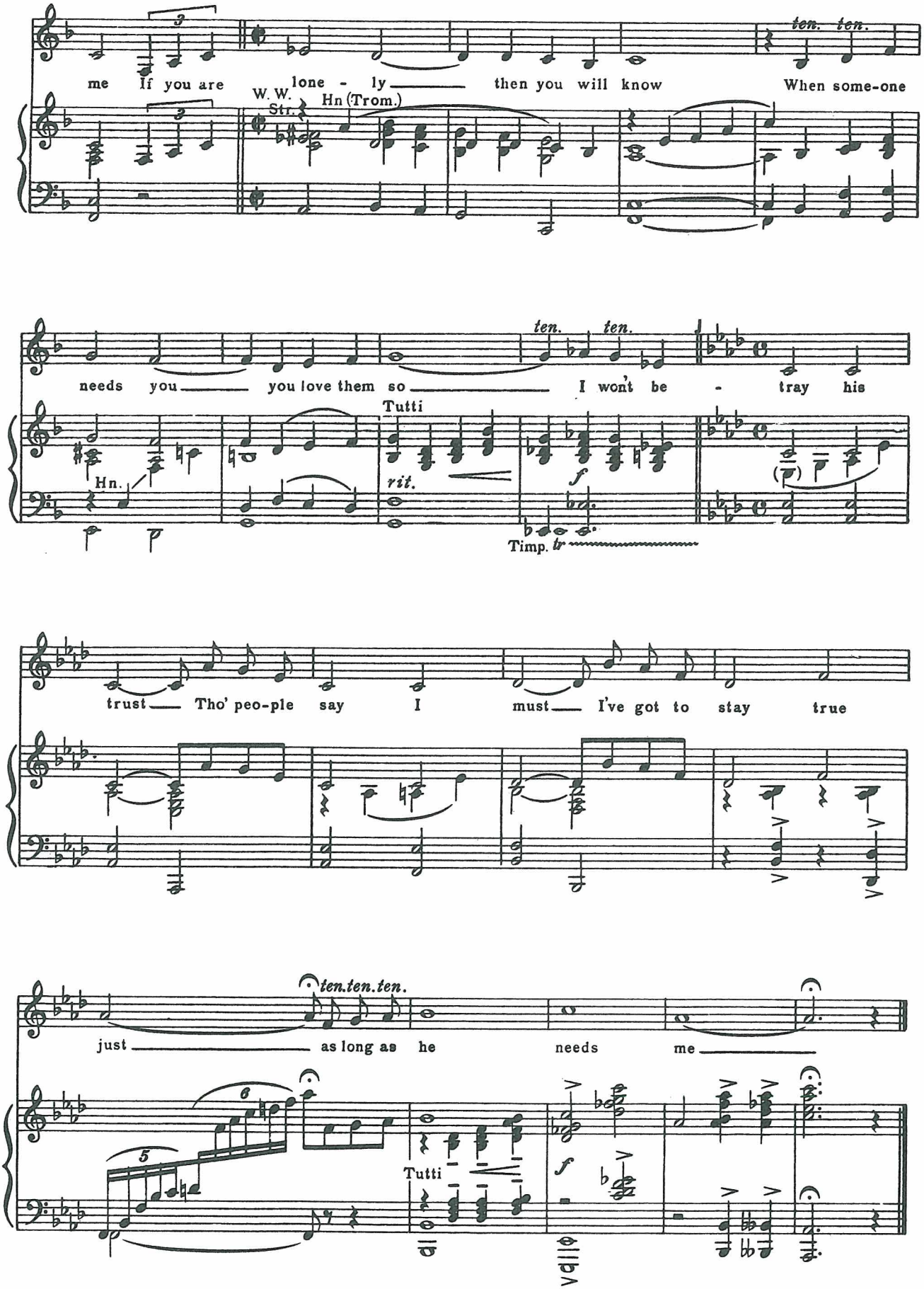

ten.
gone
But when he's near me
I don't let on
The way I
Hn.
Tempo I
feel in - side
The love I have to hide
The hell I've
Fl.Vibra.Pno.
Str.
got my pride
As long as he needs me.
He does-n't say the
things he should
He acts the way he thinks he should
But all the same I'll

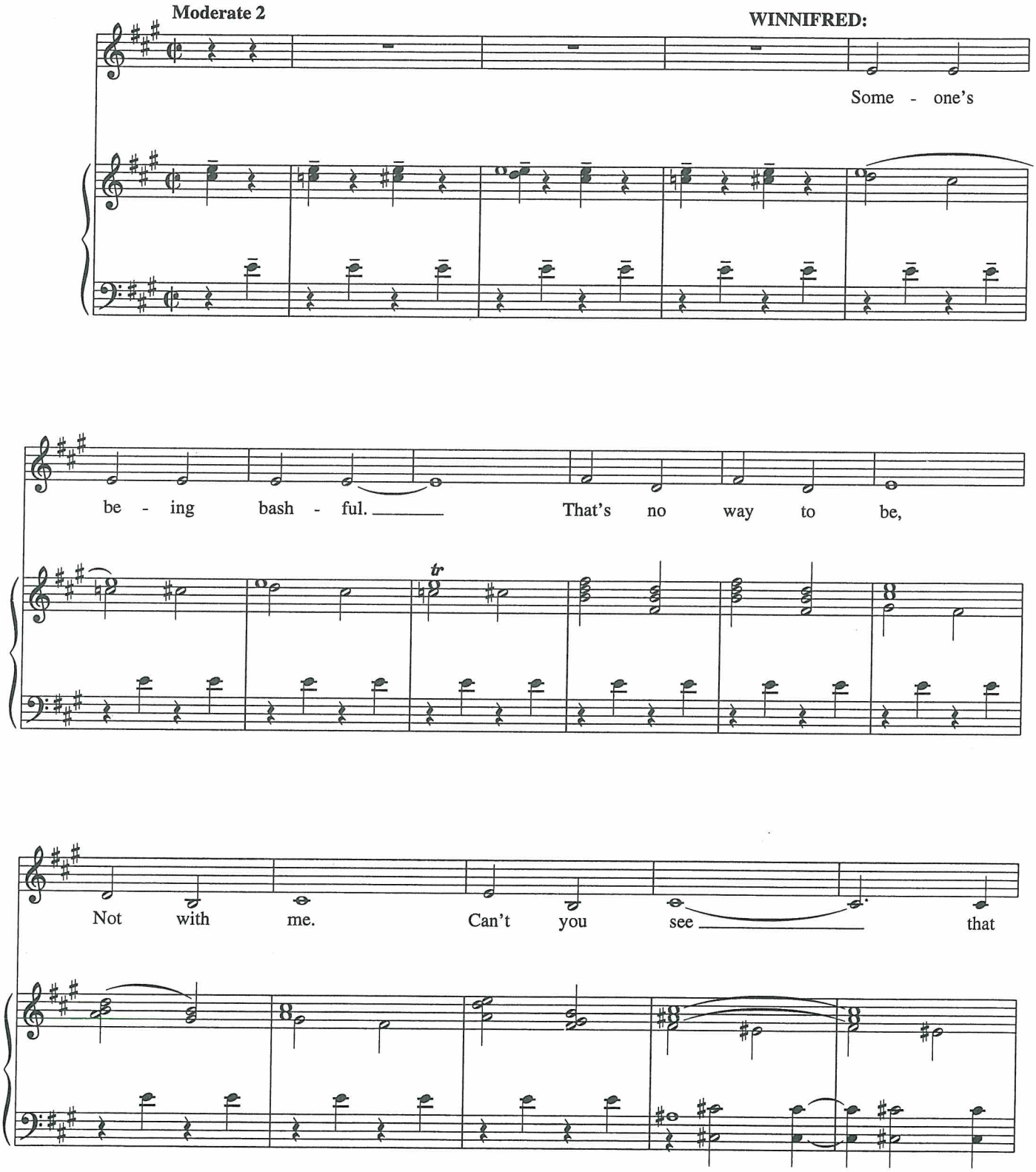

play This game his way As long as
rall.
Fl.
♩= 88
he needs me I know where I must be I'll cling on stead - fast -
Fl.Vibra.Pno.
Str.
-ly As long as he needs me As long as life is long I'll love him
right or wrong And some-how I'll be strong As long as he needs


me If you are lone - ly then you will know When some-one
W. W. Str.
Hn (Trom.)
ten. ten.
needs you you love them so I won't be - tray his
Hn.
Tutti
rit.
f
Timp. tr
trust Tho' peo-ple say I must I've got to stay true
just as long as he needs me
ten.ten.ten.
Tutti
f
8va

SHY

from *Once Upon a Mattress*

Words by MARSHALL BARER
Music by MARY RODGERS



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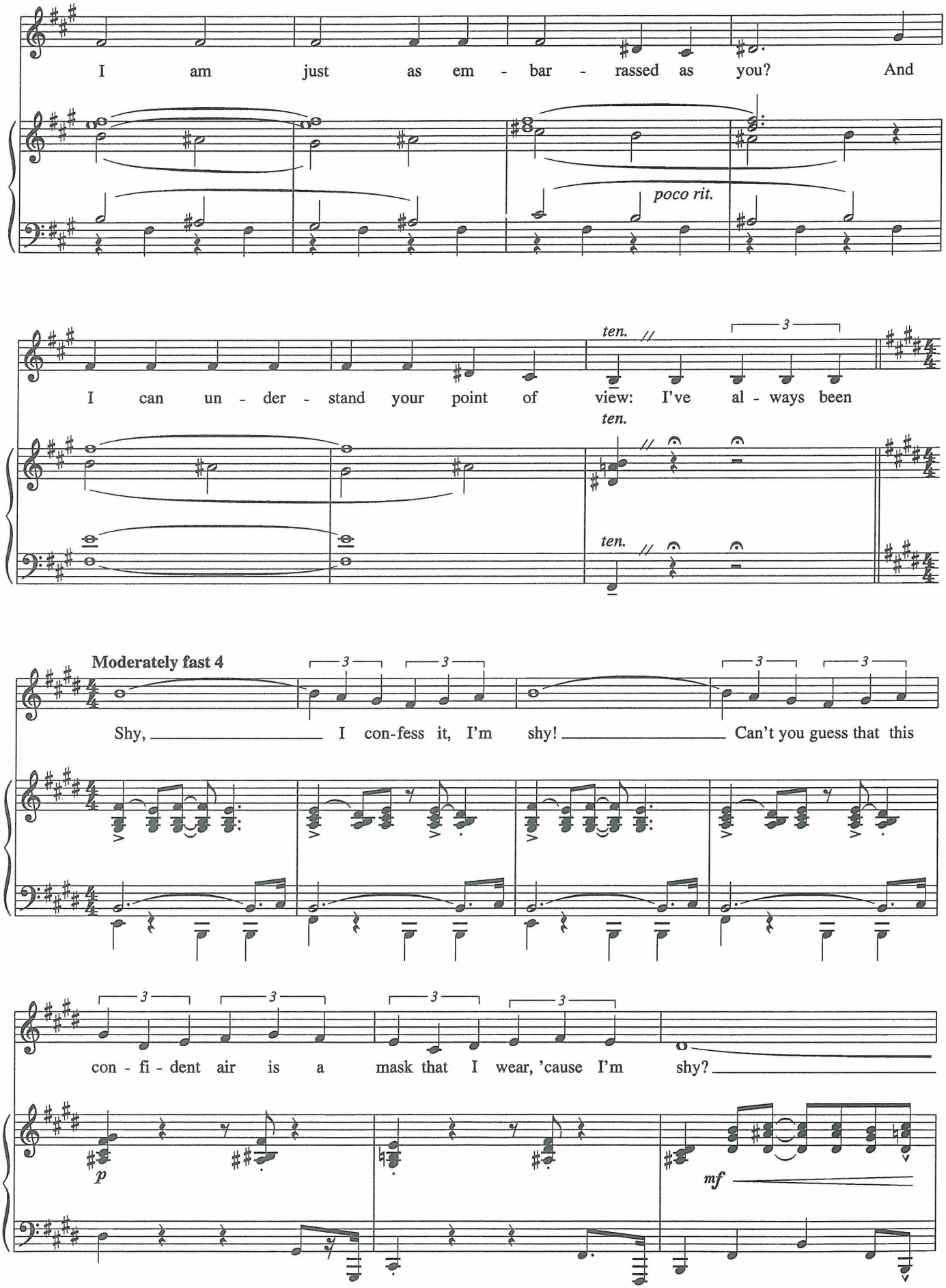
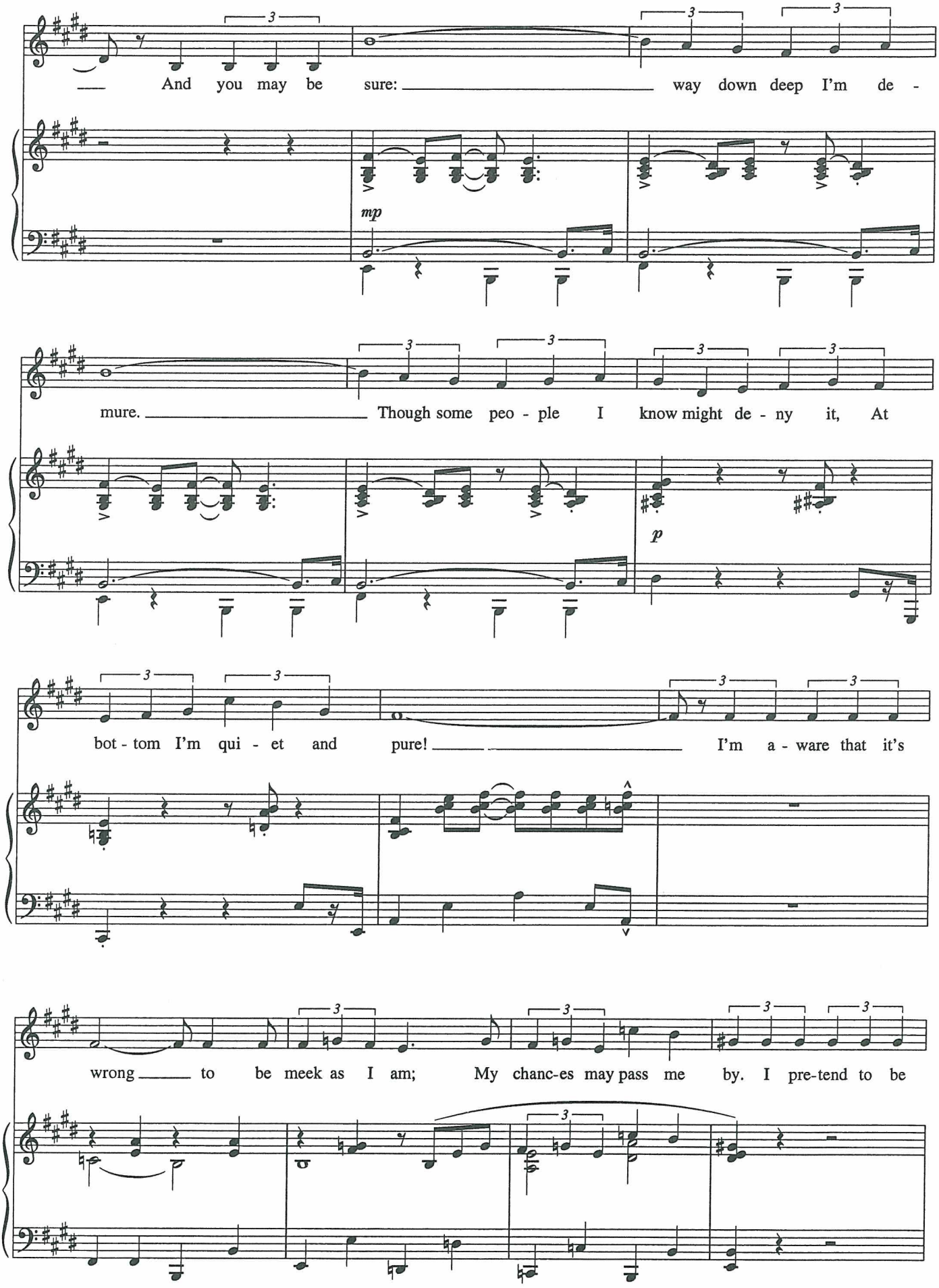
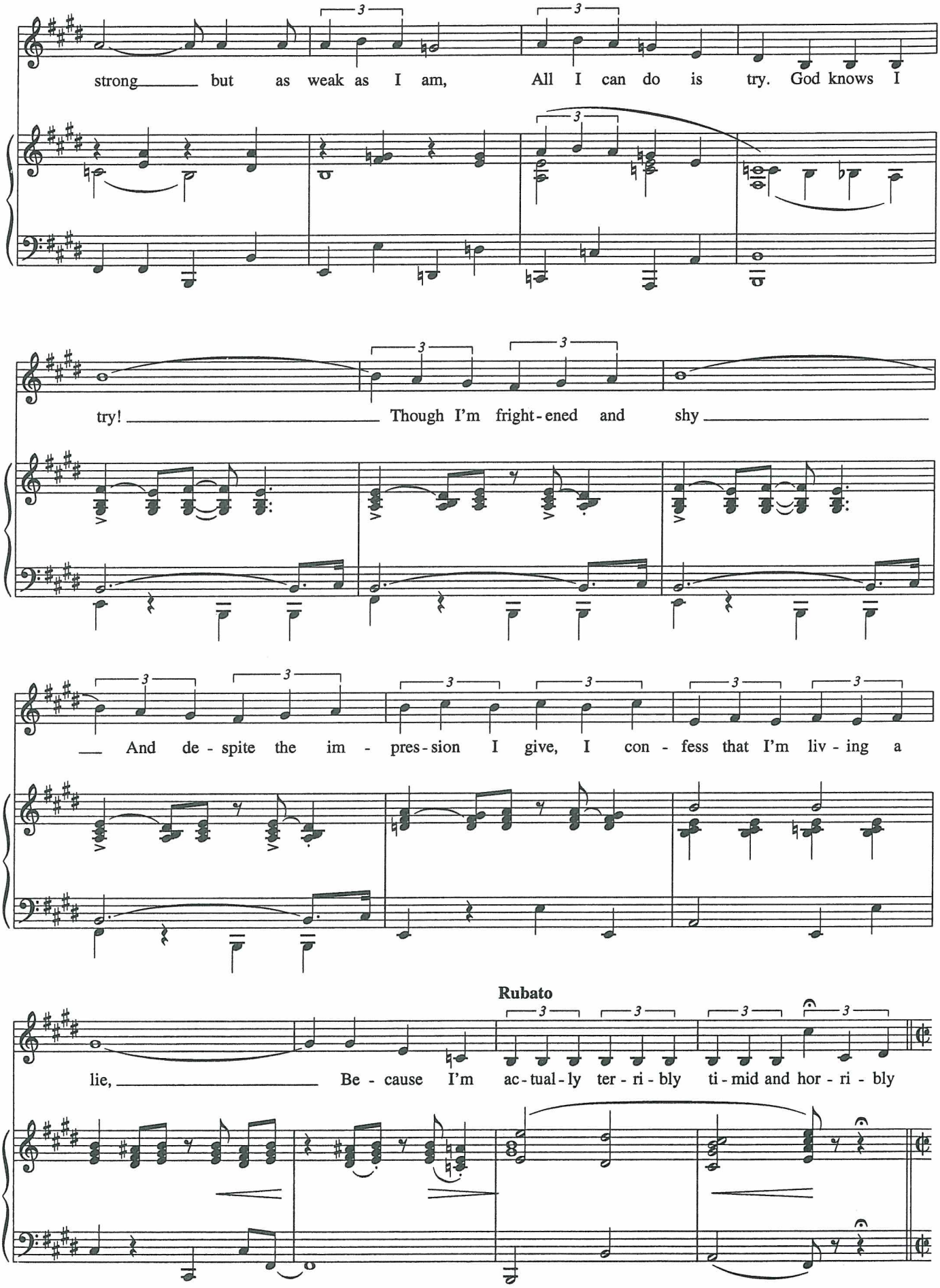
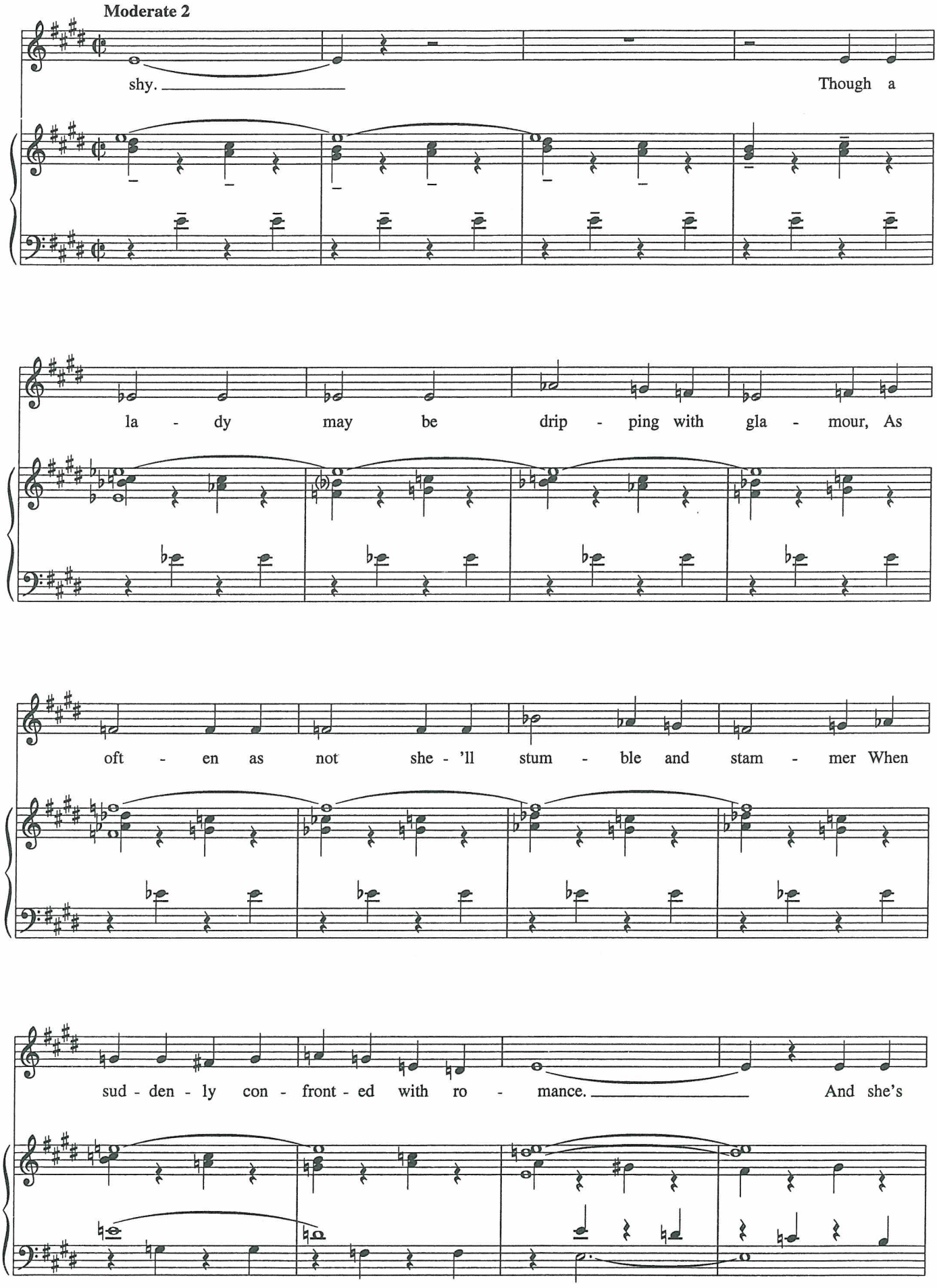
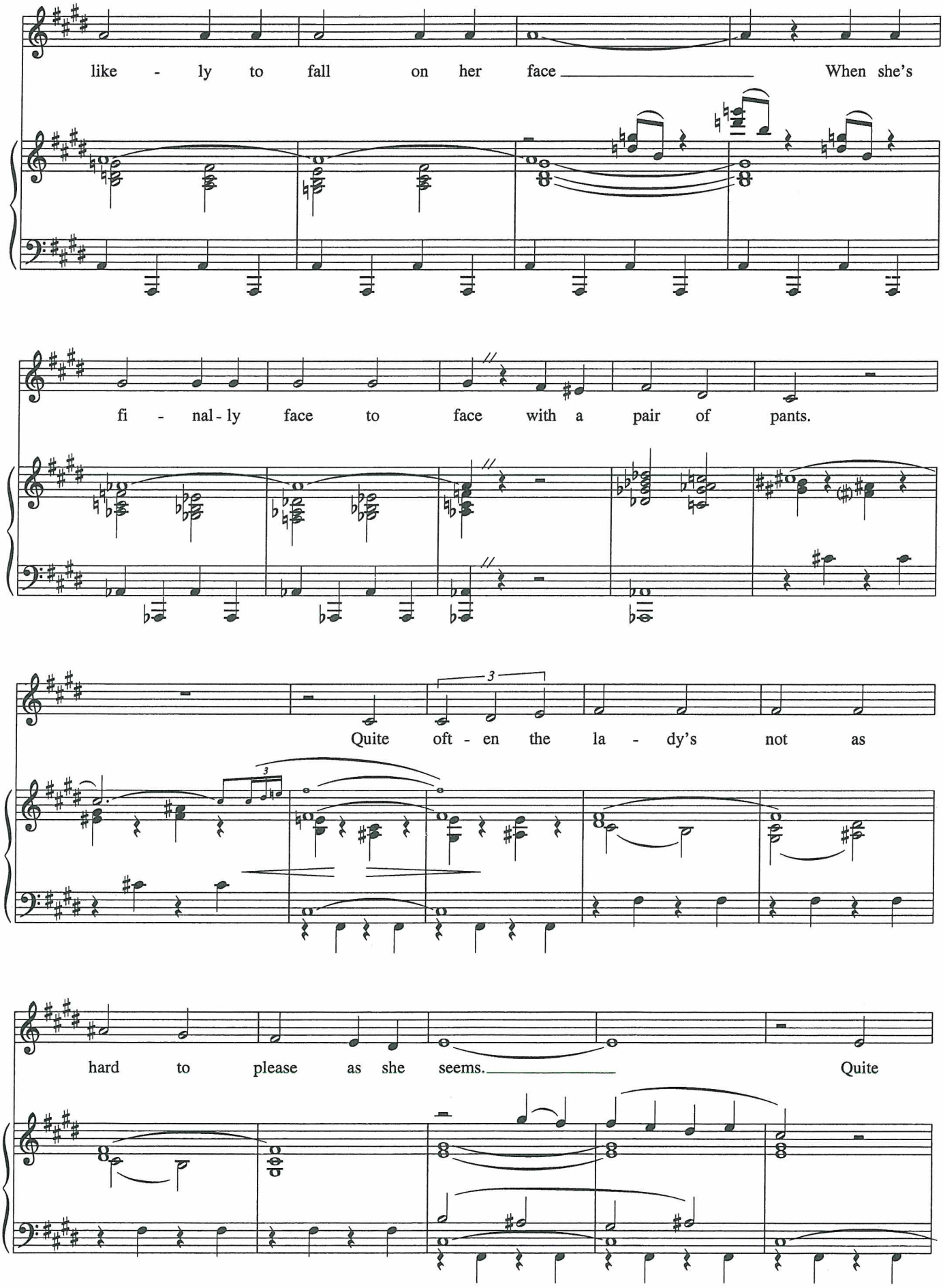
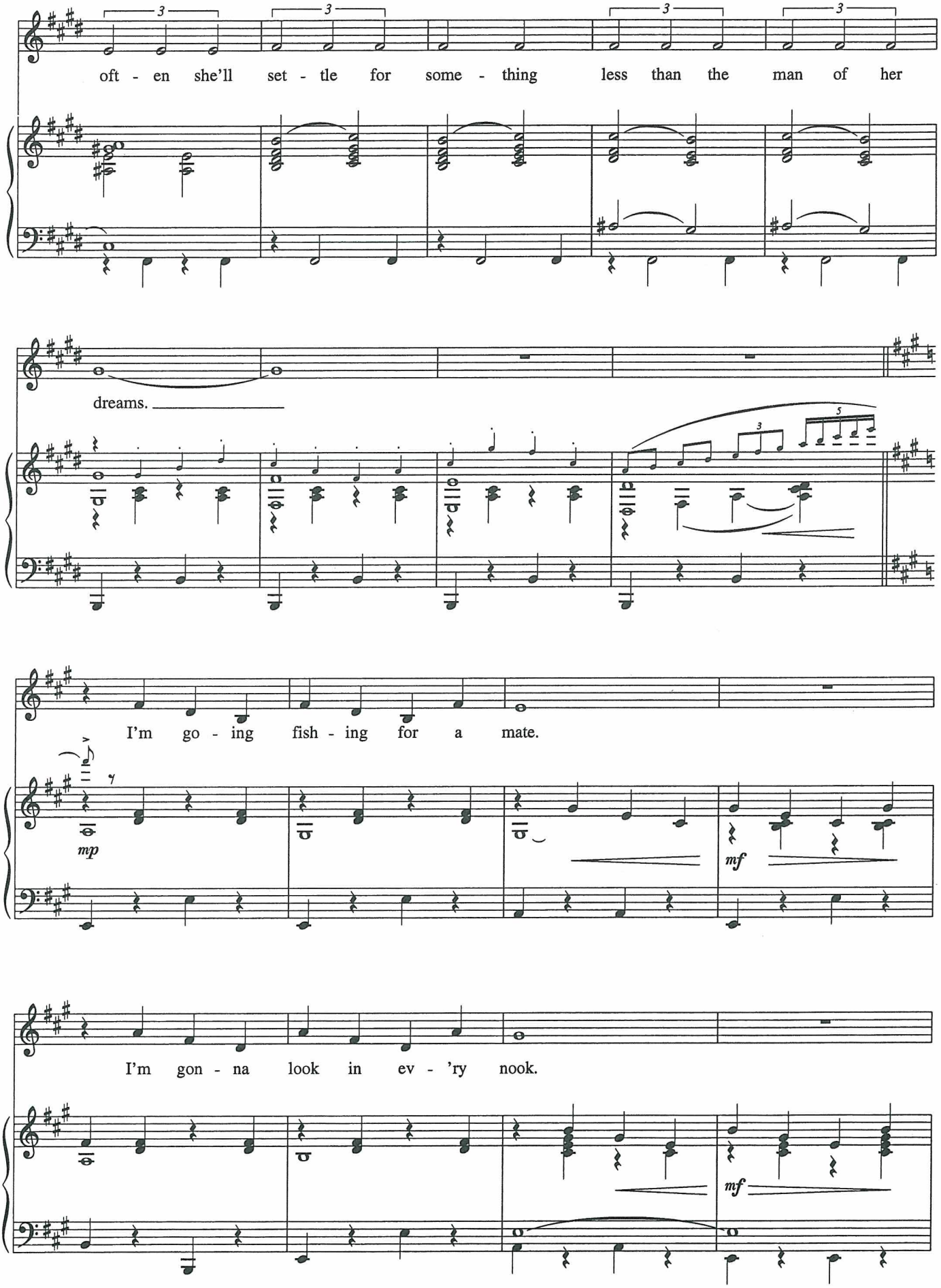

I am just as em - bar - rassed as you? And
poco rit.
I can un - der - stand your point of view: I've al - ways been
ten.
ten.
ten.
Moderately fast 4
Shy, I con-fess it, I'm shy! Can't you guess that this
con - fi - dent air is a mask that I wear, 'cause I'm shy?
p
mf

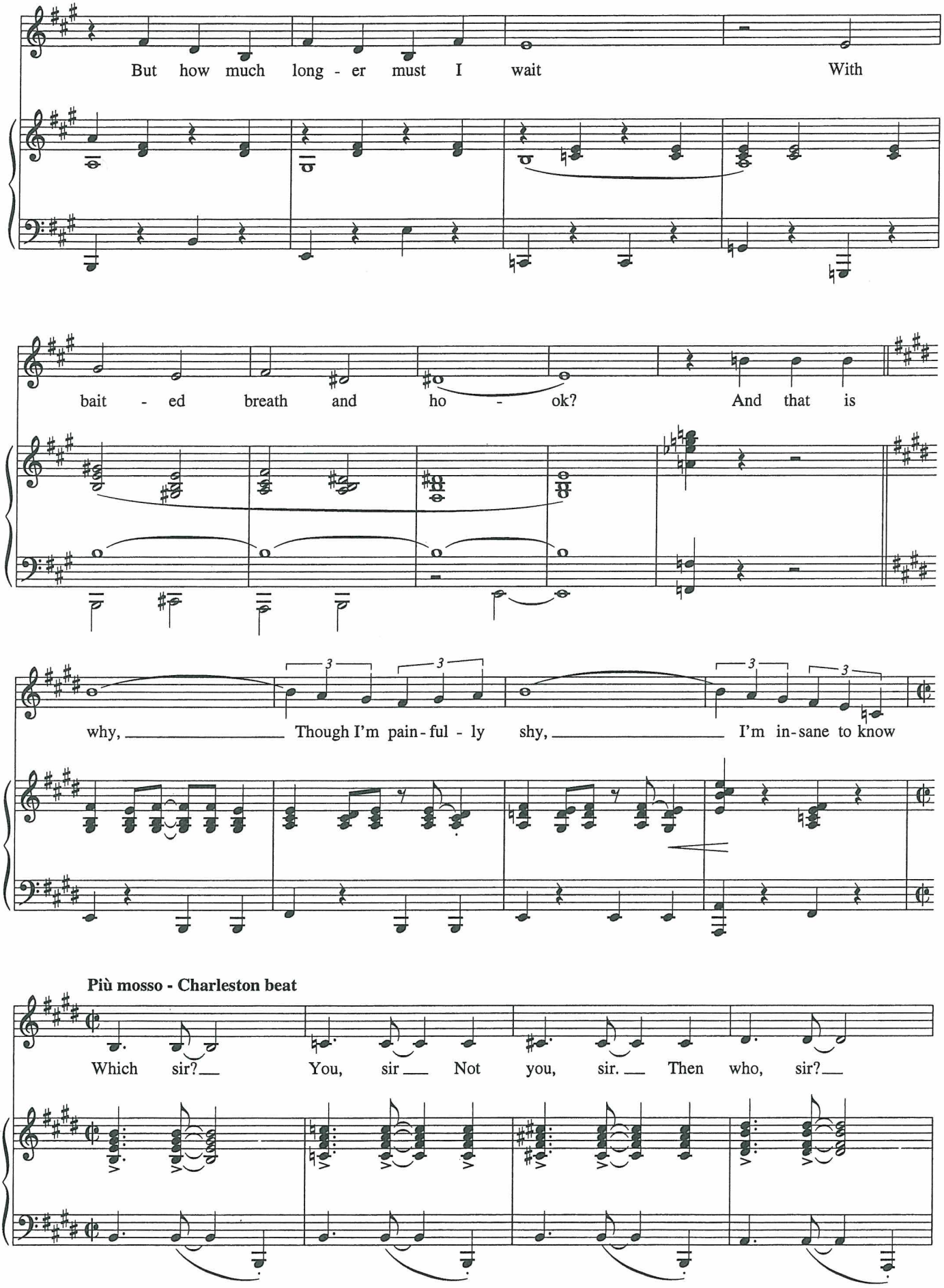

And you may be sure: way down deep I'm de -
mp
mure. Though some peo - ple I know might de - ny it, At
p
bot - tom I'm qui - et and pure! I'm a - ware that it's
wrong to be meek as I am; My chanc-es may pass me by. I pre-tend to be

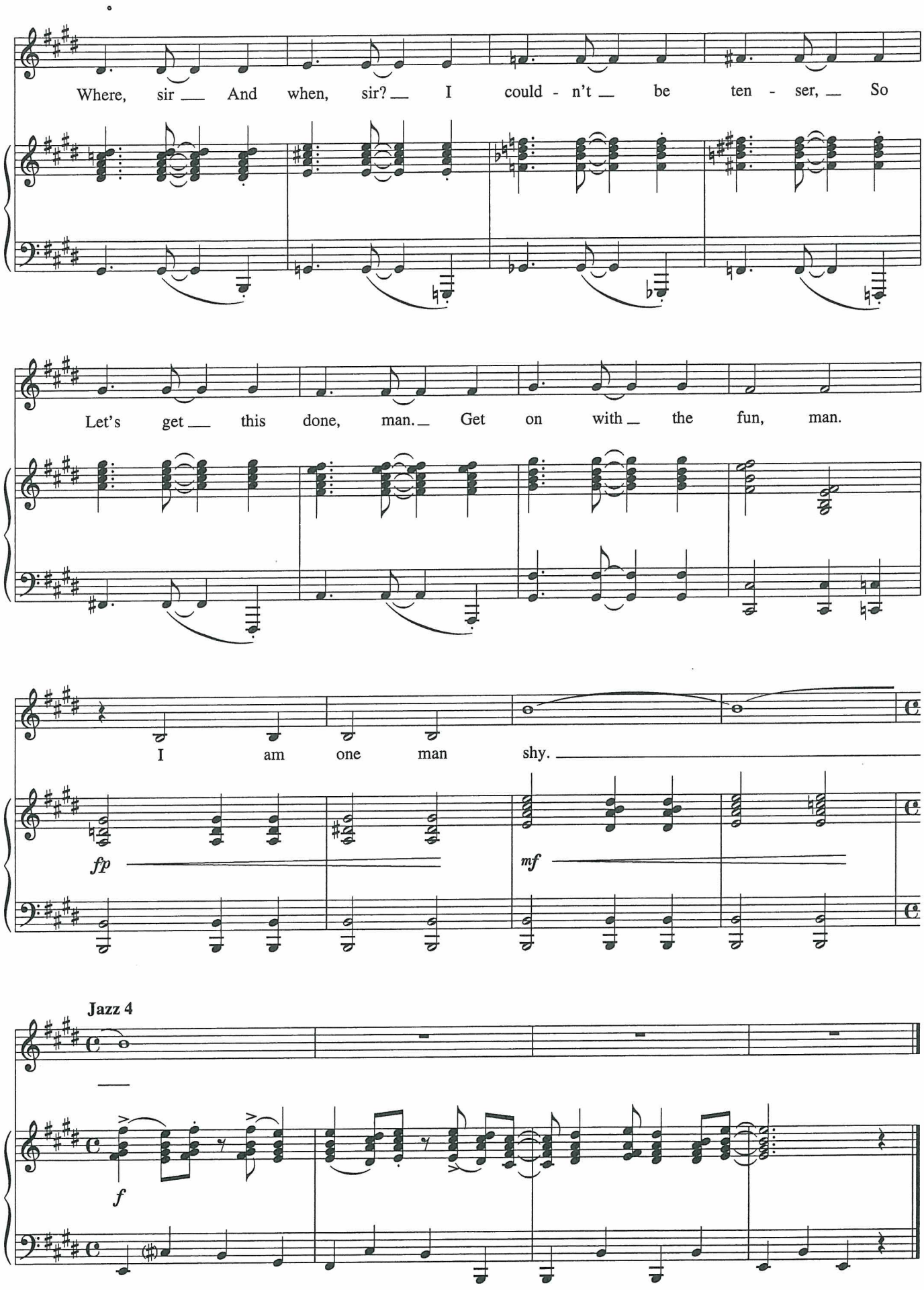

strong but as weak as I am, All I can do is try. God knows I
try! Though I'm fright-ened and shy
And de-spite the im-pres-sion I give, I con-fess that I'm liv-ing a
Rubato
lie, Be-cause I'm ac-tual-ly ter-ri-bly ti-mid and hor-ri-bly


Moderate 2
shy.
Though a
la - dy may be drip - ping with gla - mour, As
oft - en as not she - 'll stum - ble and stam - mer When
sud - den - ly con - front - ed with ro - mance.
And she's


like - ly to fall on her face When she's
fi - nal - ly face to face with a pair of pants.
Quite oft - en the la - dy's not as
hard to please as she seems. Quite


oft - en she'll set - tle for some - thing less than the man of her
dreams.
I'm go - ing fish - ing for a mate.
mp
mf
I'm gon - na look in ev - 'ry nook.
mf

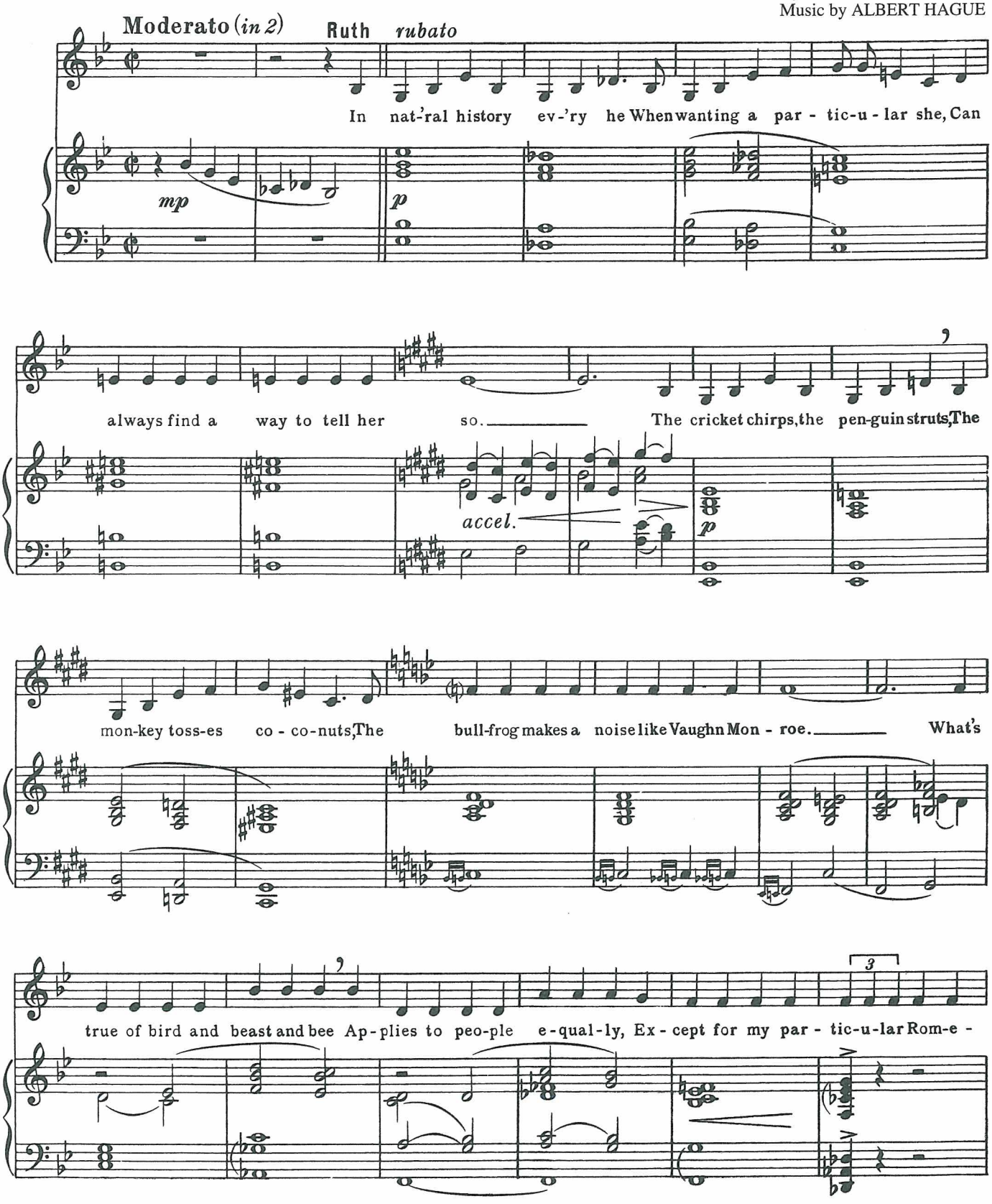

But how much long - er must I wait With
bait - ed breath and ho - ok? And that is
why, Though I'm pain - ful - ly shy, I'm in - sane to know
Più mosso - Charleston beat
Which sir? You, sir Not you, sir. Then who, sir?


Where, sir — And when, sir? — I could - n't — be ten - ser, — So
Let's get — this done, man. — Get on with — the fun, man.
I am one man shy.
fp
mf
Jazz 4
f

IT'S A HELLUVA WAY TO RUN A LOVE AFFAIR

from *Plain and Fancy*

Words by ARNOLD B. HORWITT
Music by ALBERT HAGUE



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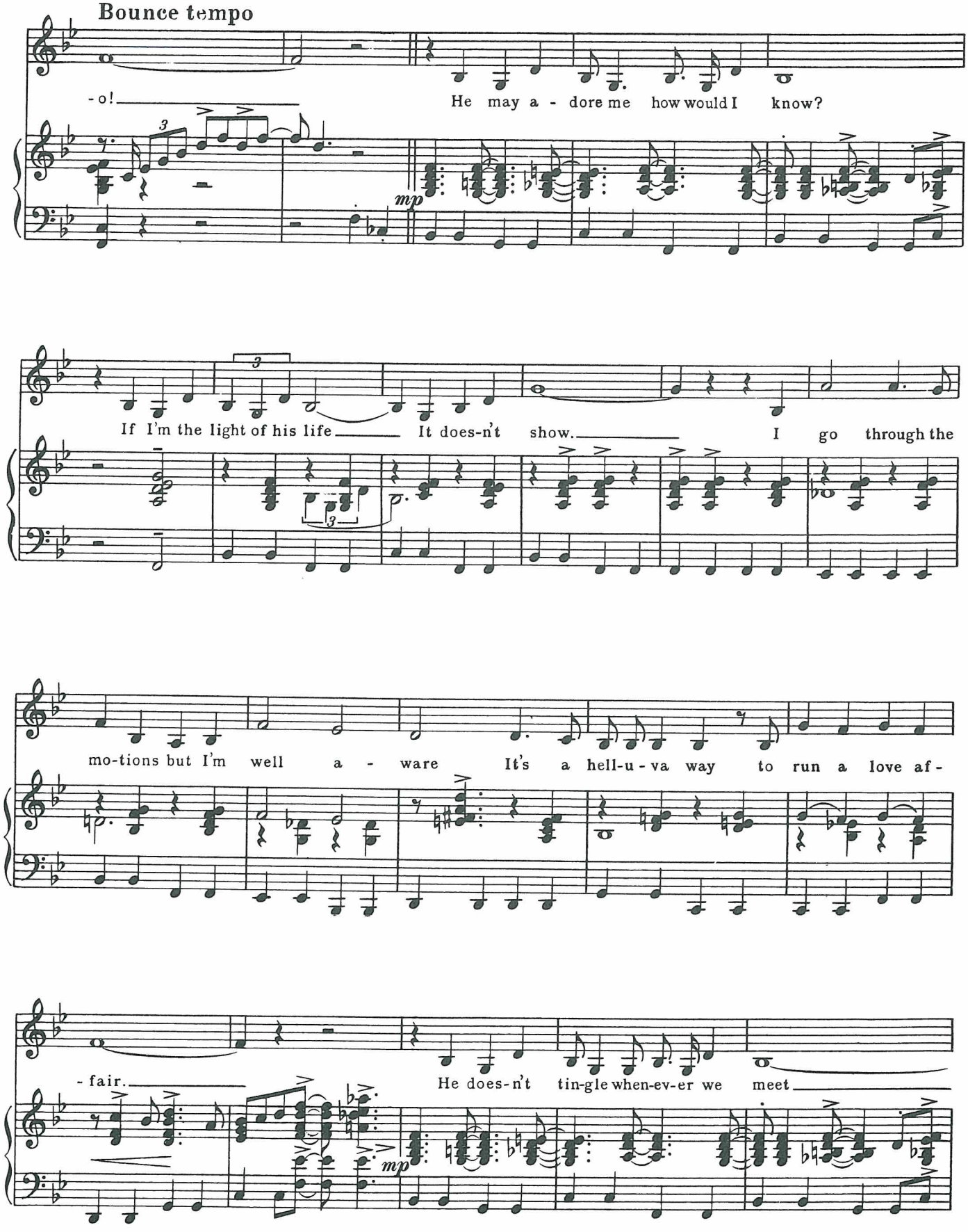
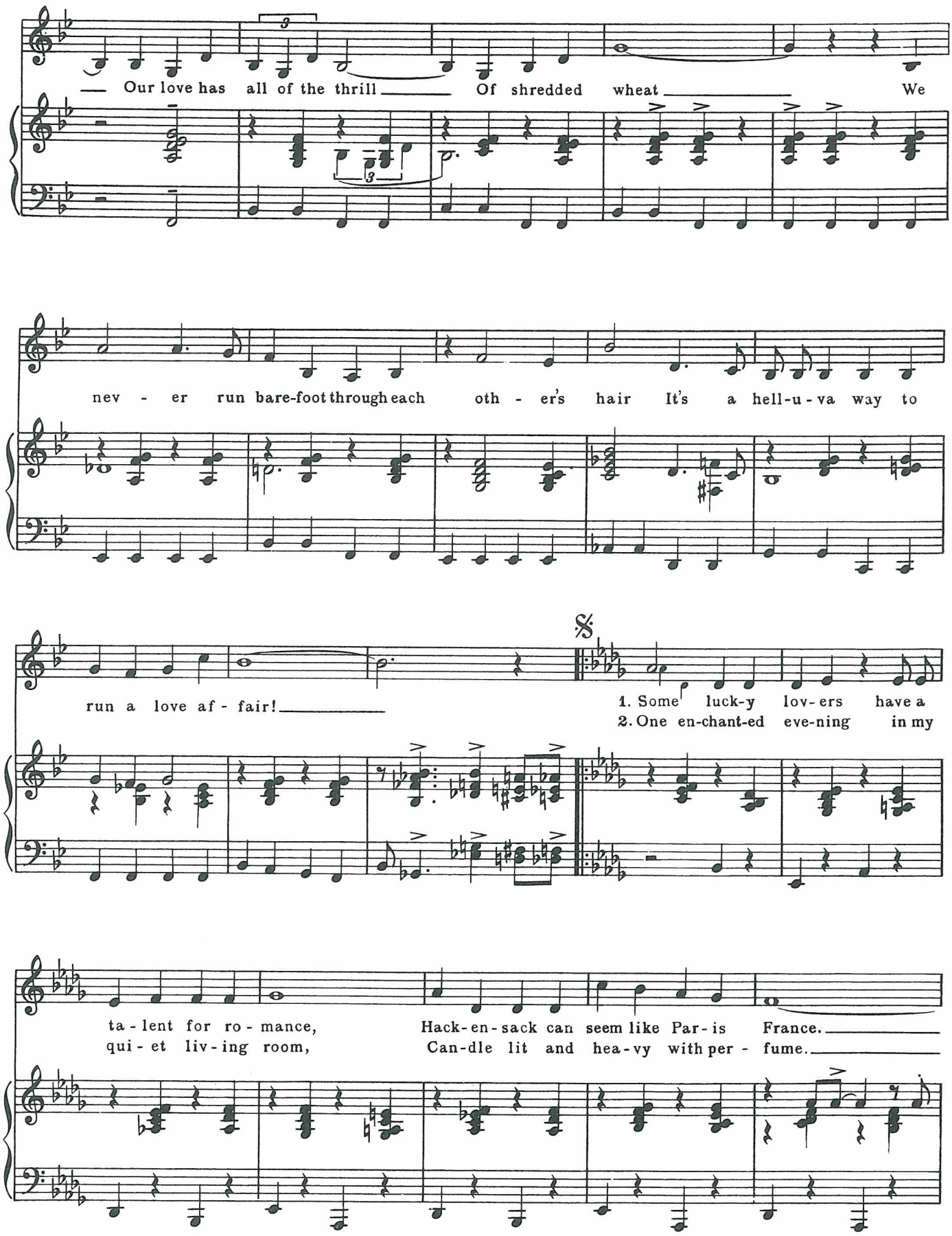
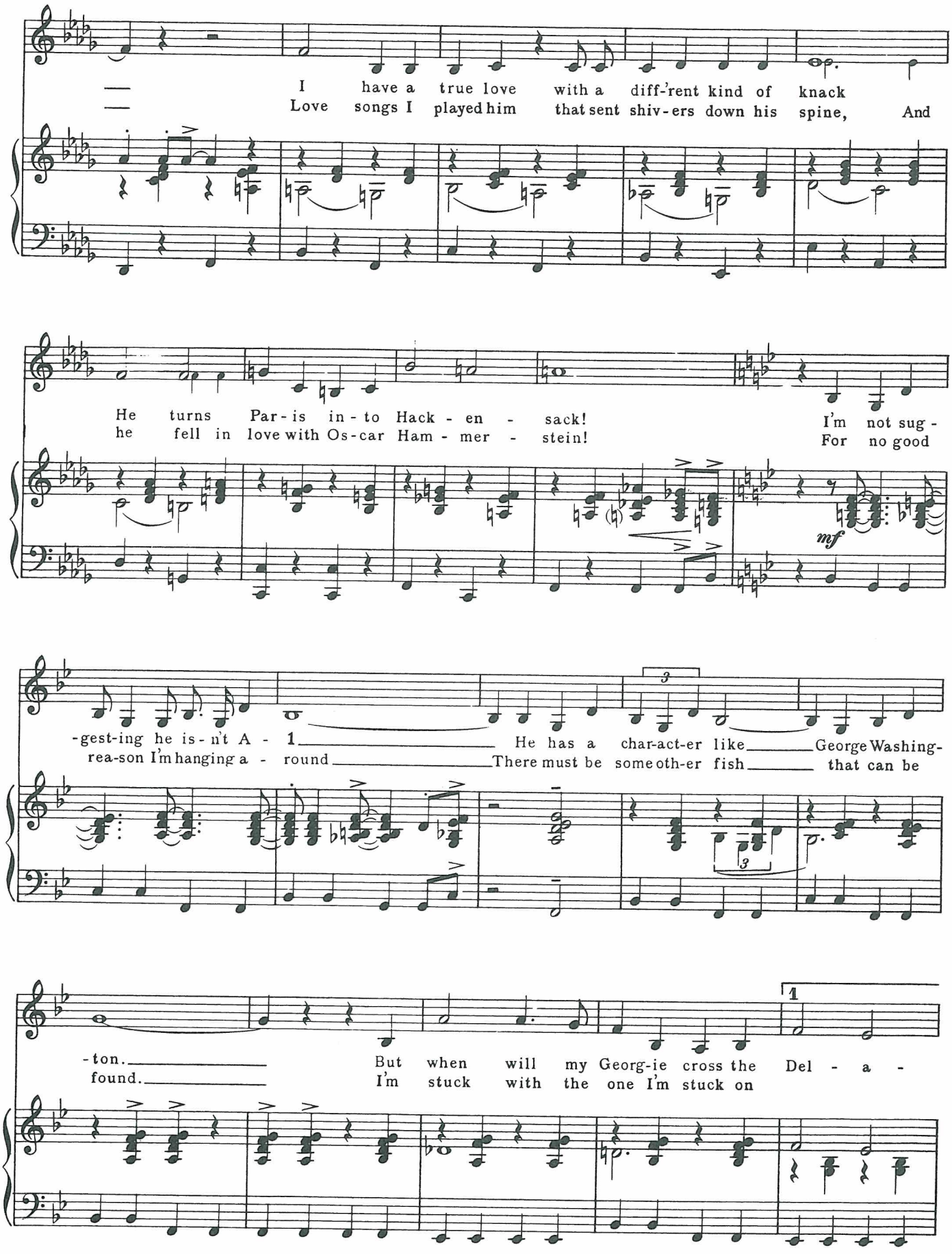
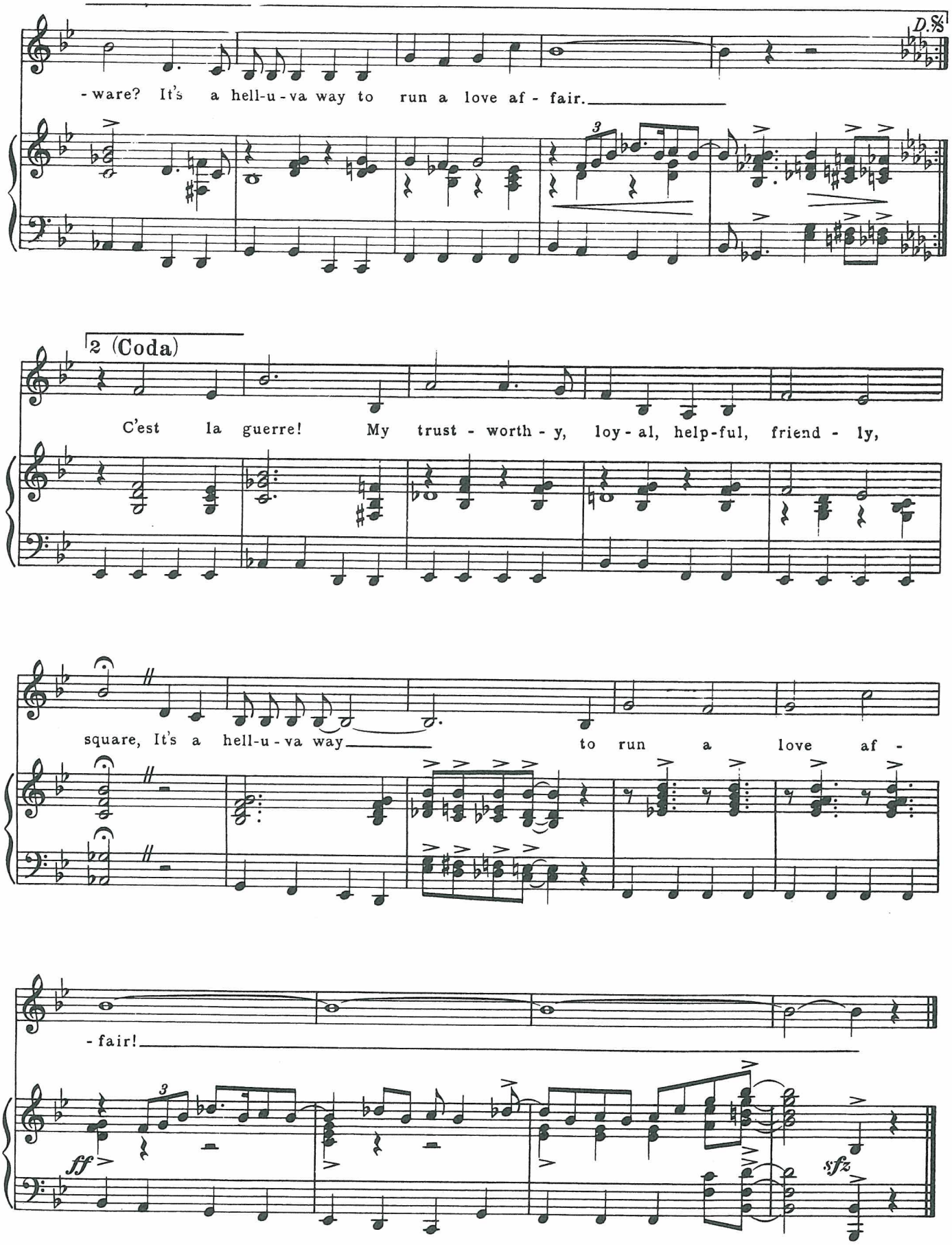

Bounce tempo
-o!
He may a - dore me how would I know?
mp
If I'm the light of his life
It does-n't show.
I go through the
mo-tions but I'm well a - ware
It's a hell-u - va way to run a love af -
- fair.
He does-n't tin-gle when-ev-er we meet
mp


Our love has all of the thrill Of shredded wheat We
nev - er run bare-foot through each oth - er's hair It's a hell-u-va way to
run a love af - fair!
1. Some luck-y lov-ers have a
2. One en-chant-ed eve-ning in my
ta - lent for ro - mance,
qui - et liv-ing room,
Hack-en-sack can seem like Par-is France.
Can-dle lit and hea-vy with per - fume.

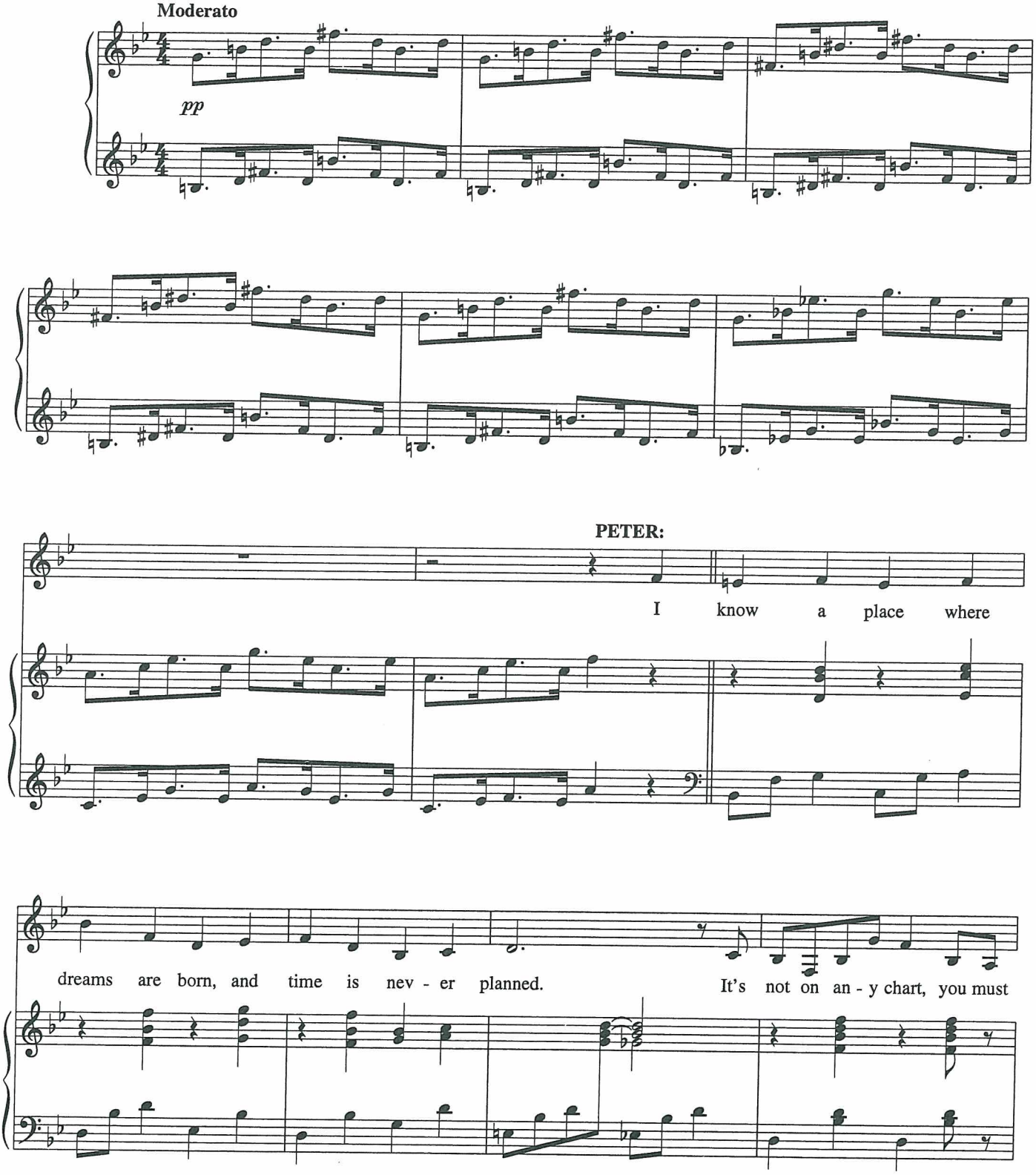

I have a true love with a diff-'rent kind of knack
Love songs I played him that sent shiv-ers down his spine, And
He turns Par-is in-to Hack-en-sack!
he fell in love with Os-car Ham-mer-stein!
I'm not sug-
For no good
mf
-gest-ing he is-n't A-
rea-son I'm hanging a-round
1
He has a char-act-er like George Washing-
There must be some oth-er fish that can be
3
-ton.
found.
But when will my Georg-ie cross the Del-a-
I'm stuck with the one I'm stuck on
1


D.S.
-ware? It's a hell-u-va way to run a love af-fair.
2 (Coda)
C'est la guerre! My trust-worth-y, loy-al, help-ful, friend-ly,
square, It's a hell-u-va way to run a love af-
-fair!
ff
sfz

NEVER NEVER LAND

from *Peter Pan*

Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN
and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE



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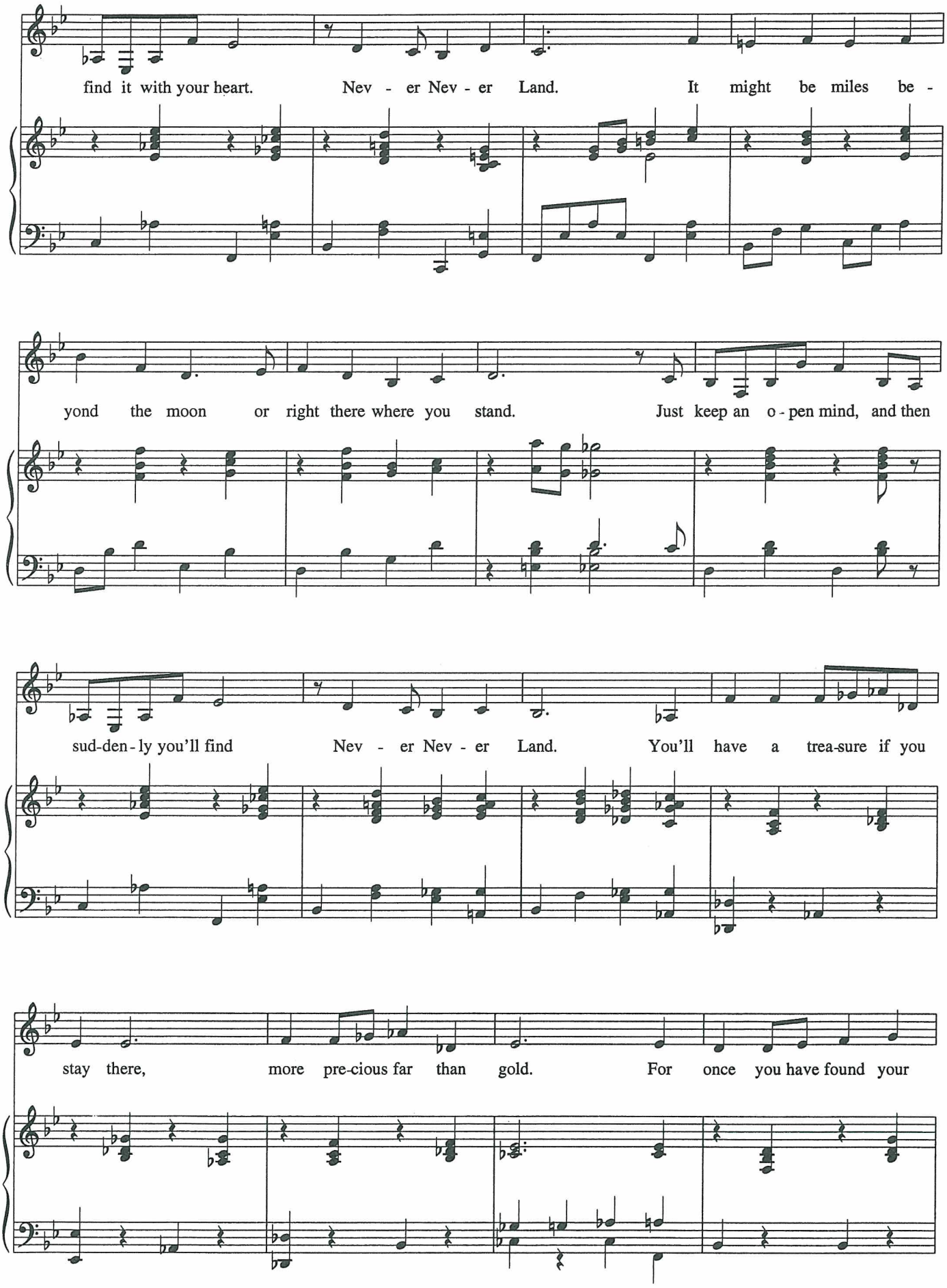
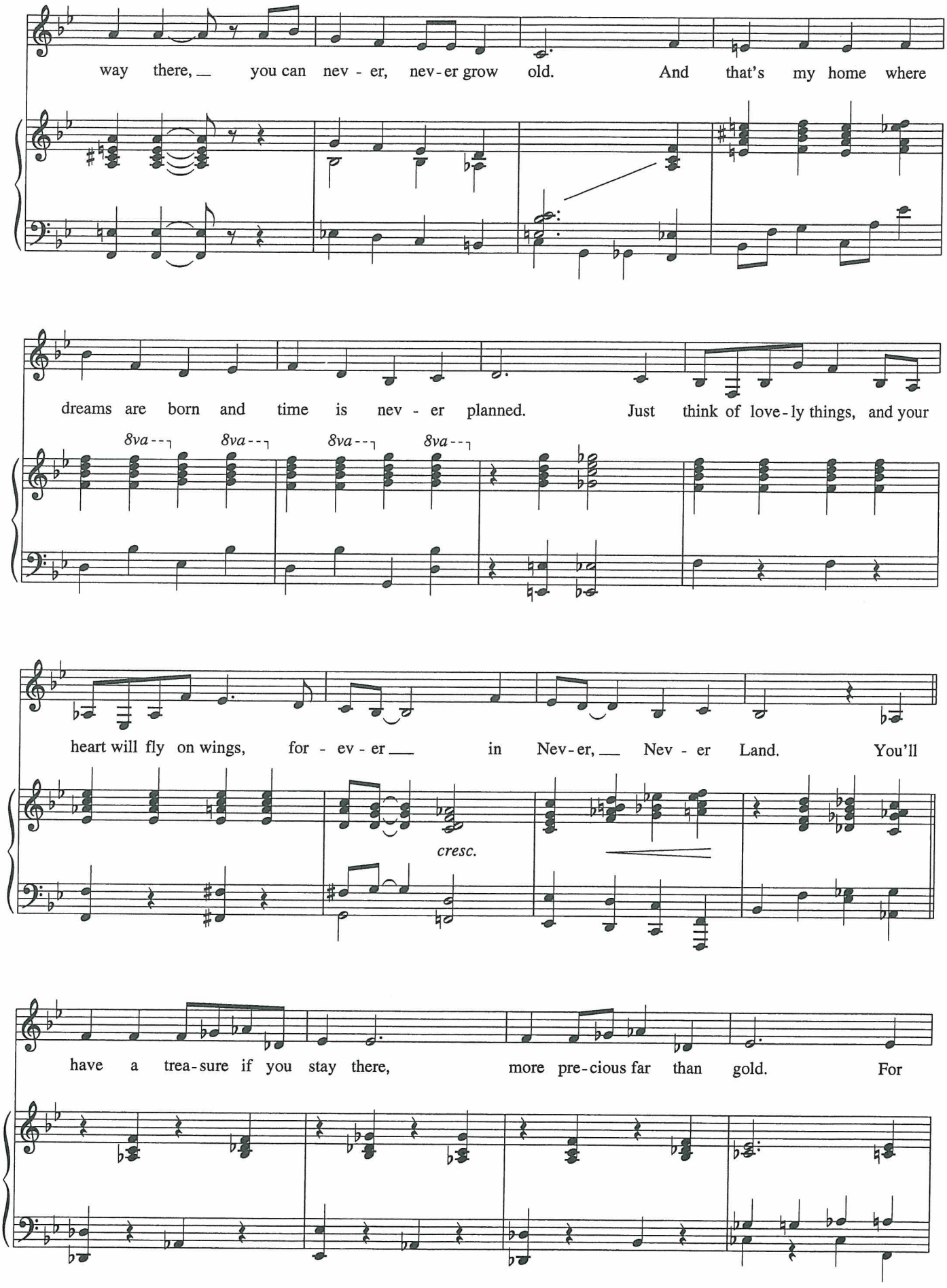
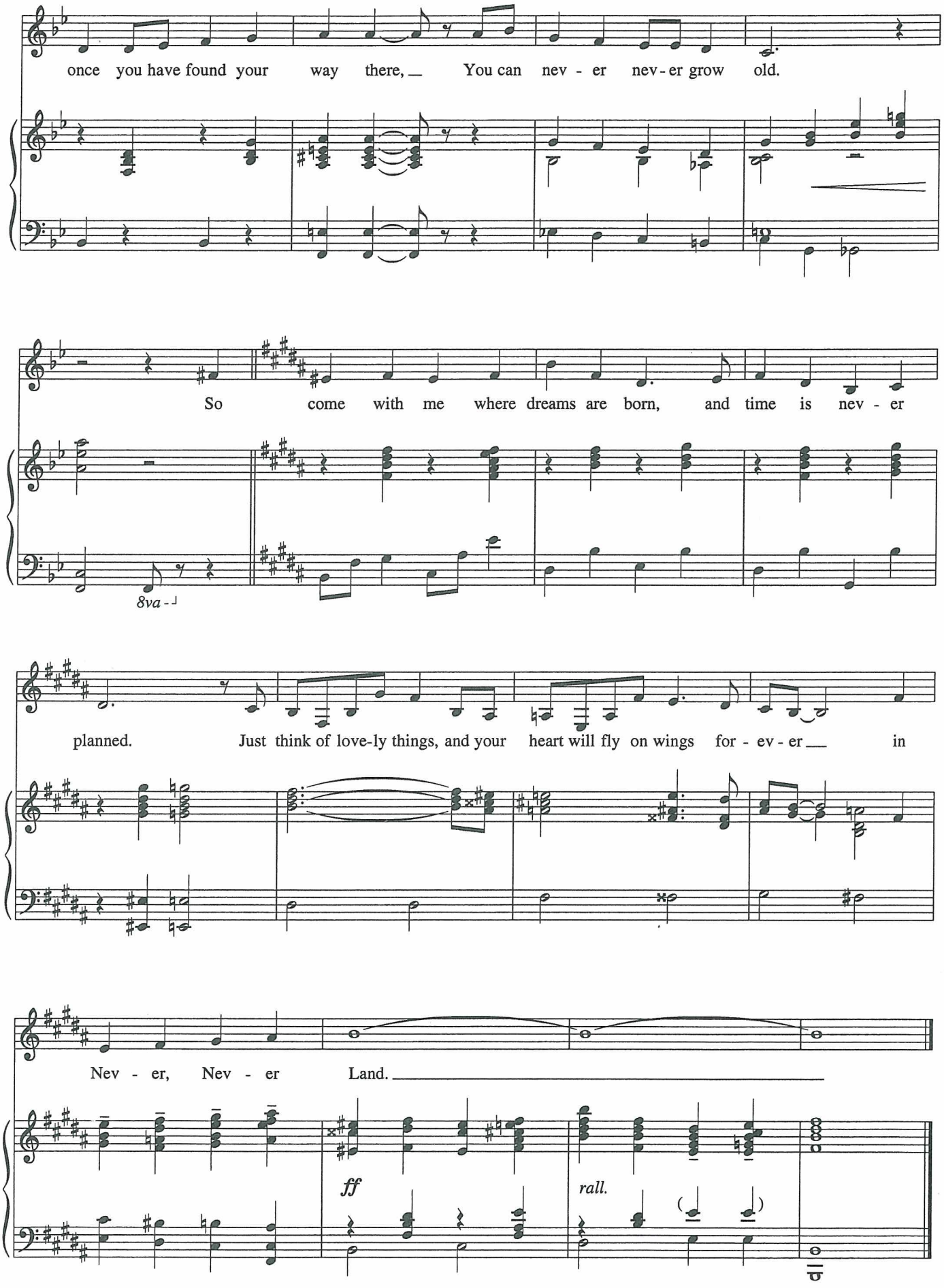

find it with your heart. Nev - er Nev - er Land. It might be miles be -
yond the moon or right there where you stand. Just keep an o - pen mind, and then
sud-den - ly you'll find Nev - er Nev - er Land. You'll have a trea-sure if you
stay there, more pre-cious far than gold. For once you have found your

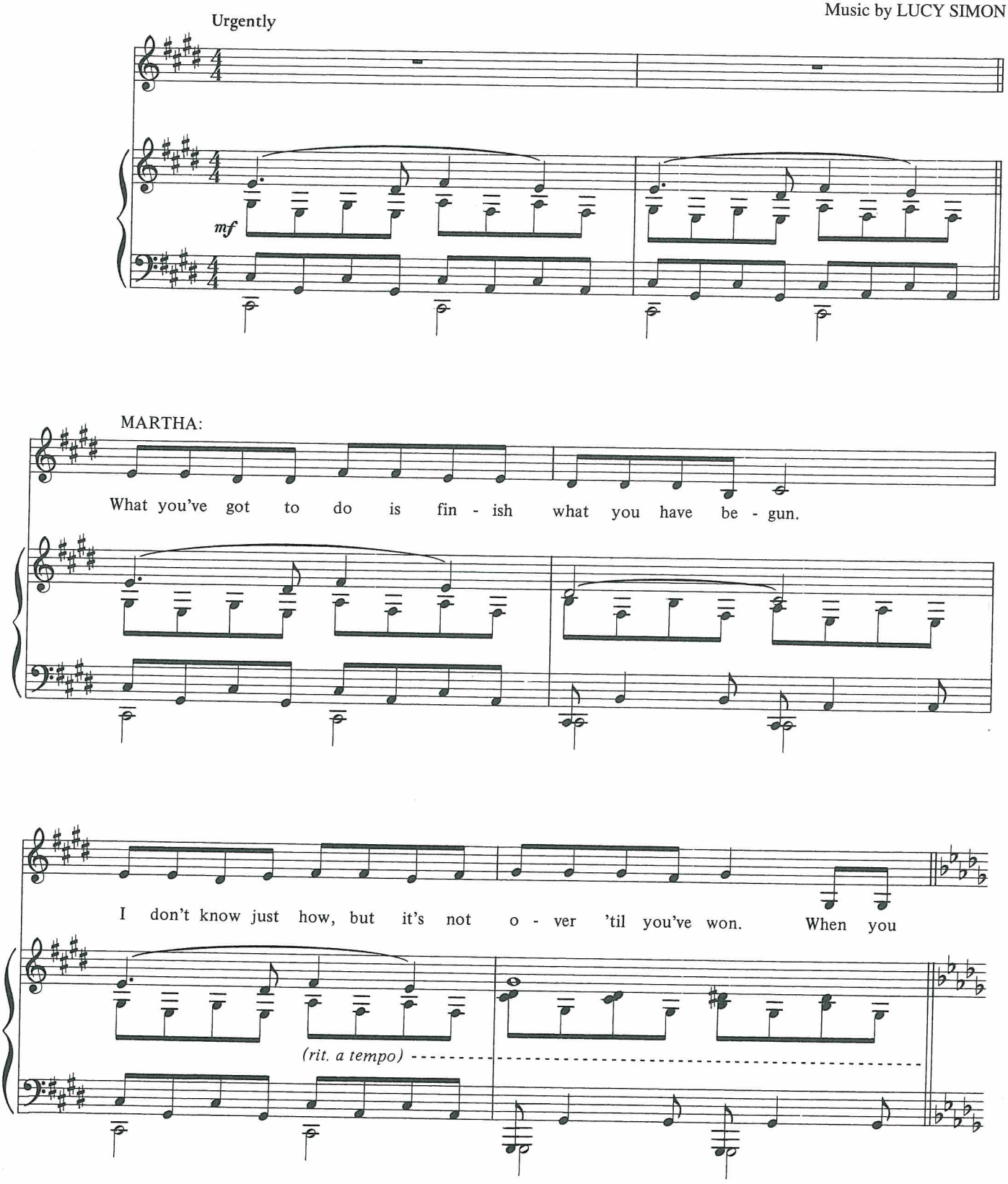

way there, you can nev - er, nev-er grow old. And that's my home where
dreams are born and time is nev - er planned. Just think of love-ly things, and your
8va
8va
8va
8va
heart will fly on wings, for - ev - er in Nev-er, Nev - er Land. You'll
cresc.
have a trea-sure if you stay there, more pre-cious far than gold. For


once you have found your way there, You can nev - er nev - er grow old.
So come with me where dreams are born, and time is nev - er
8va
planned. Just think of love-ly things, and your heart will fly on wings for - ev - er in
Nev - er, Nev - er Land.
ff
rall.

HOLD ON

from *The Secret Garden*

Lyrics by MARSHA NORMAN
Music by LUCY SIMON



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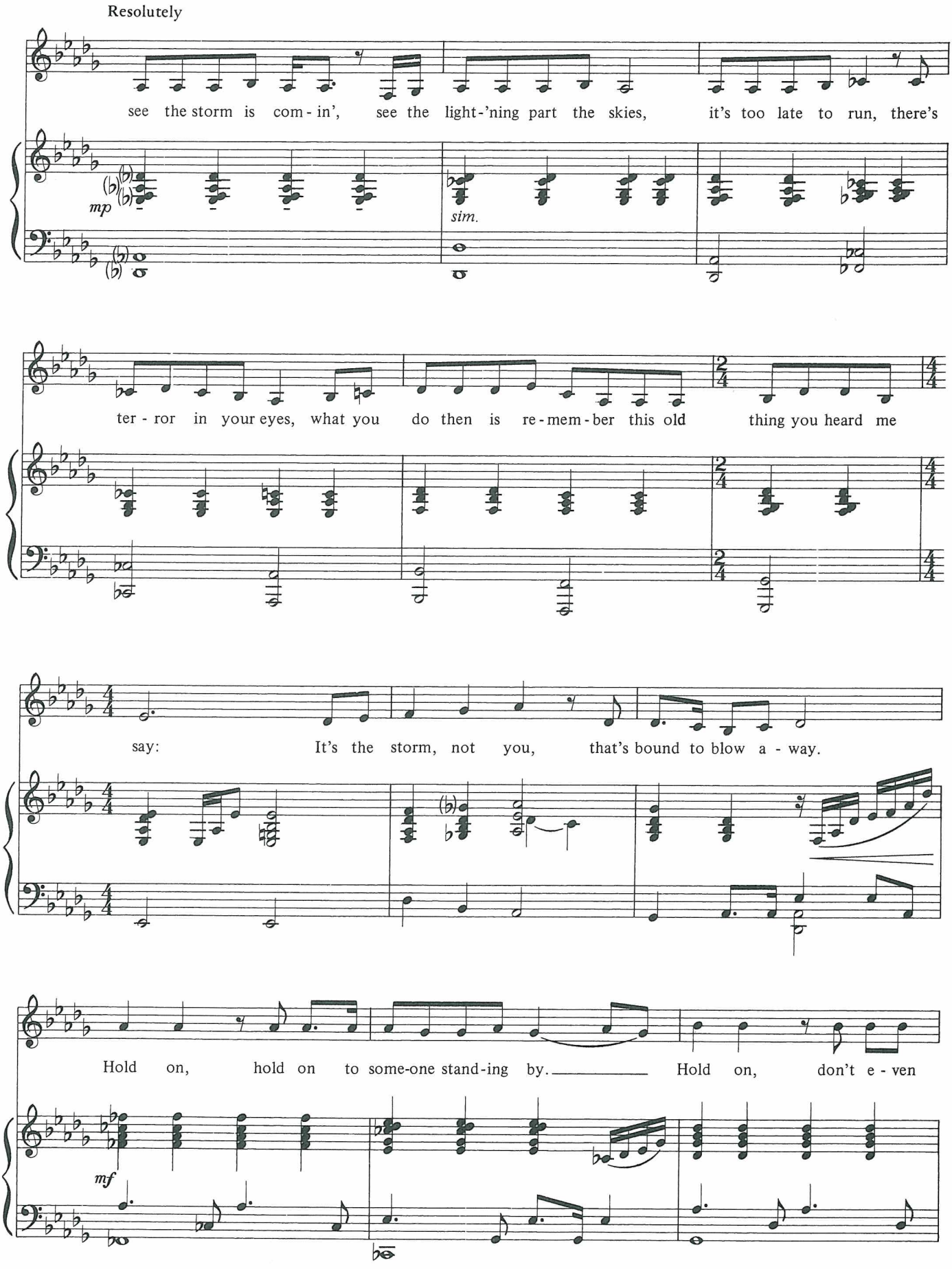
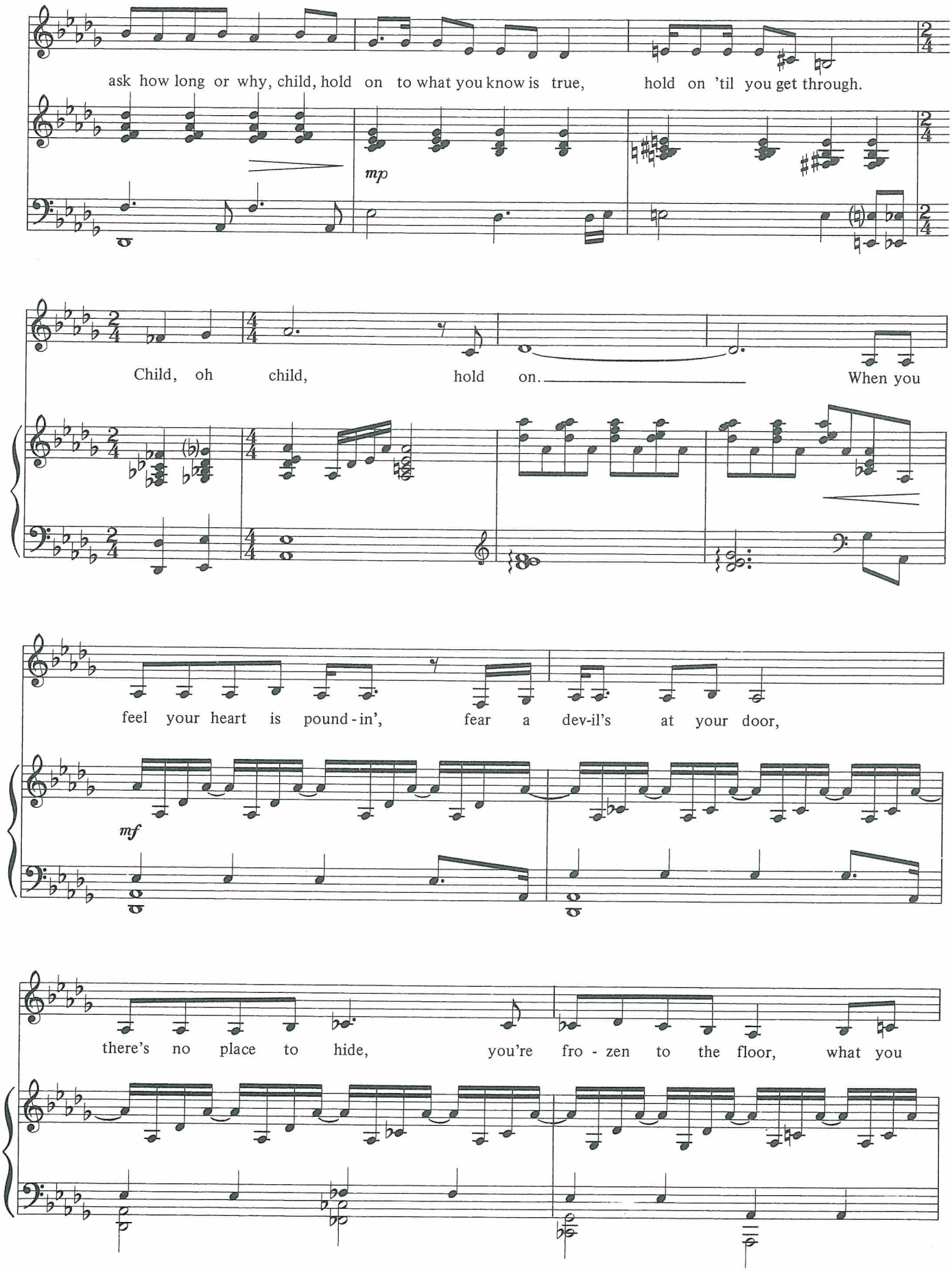
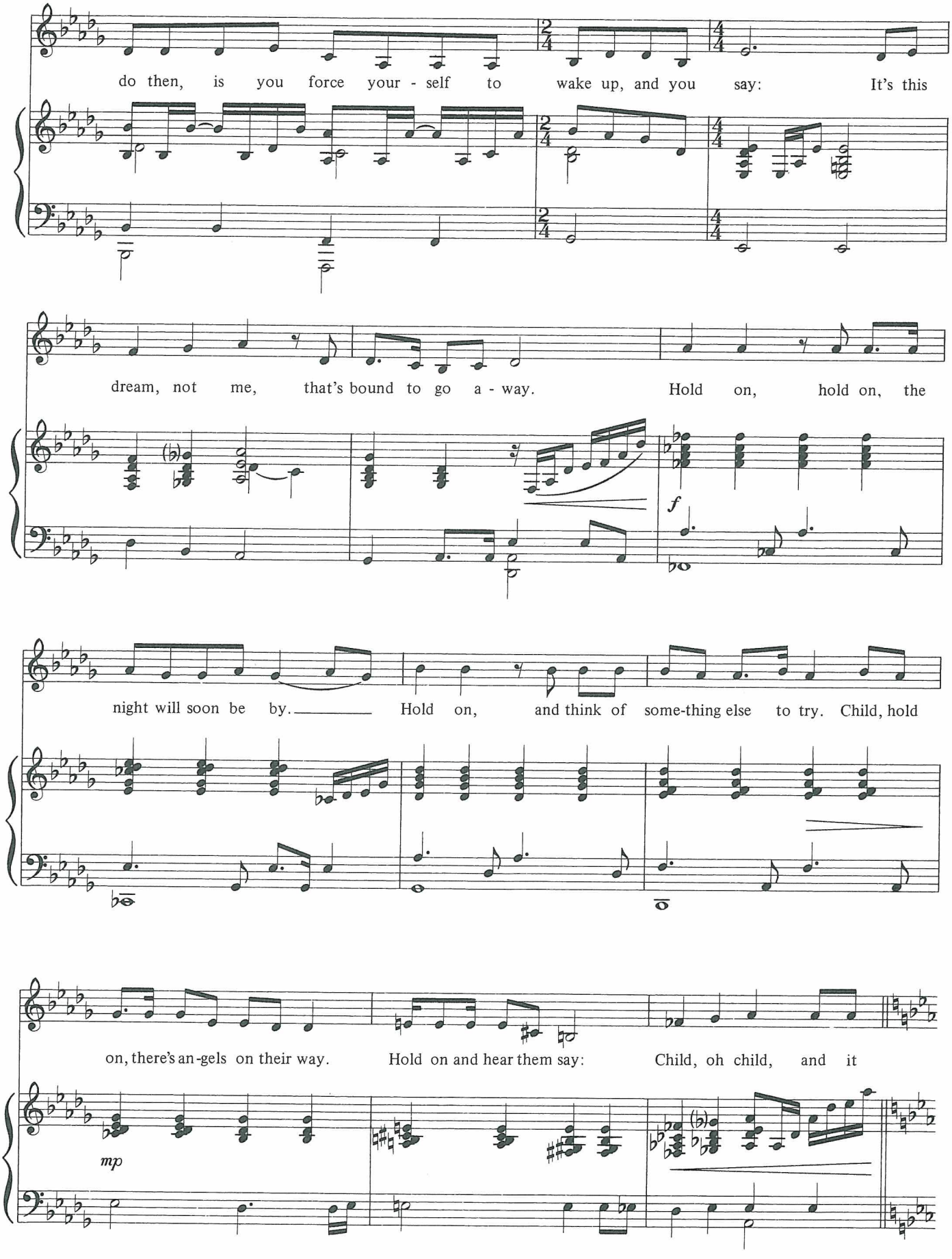
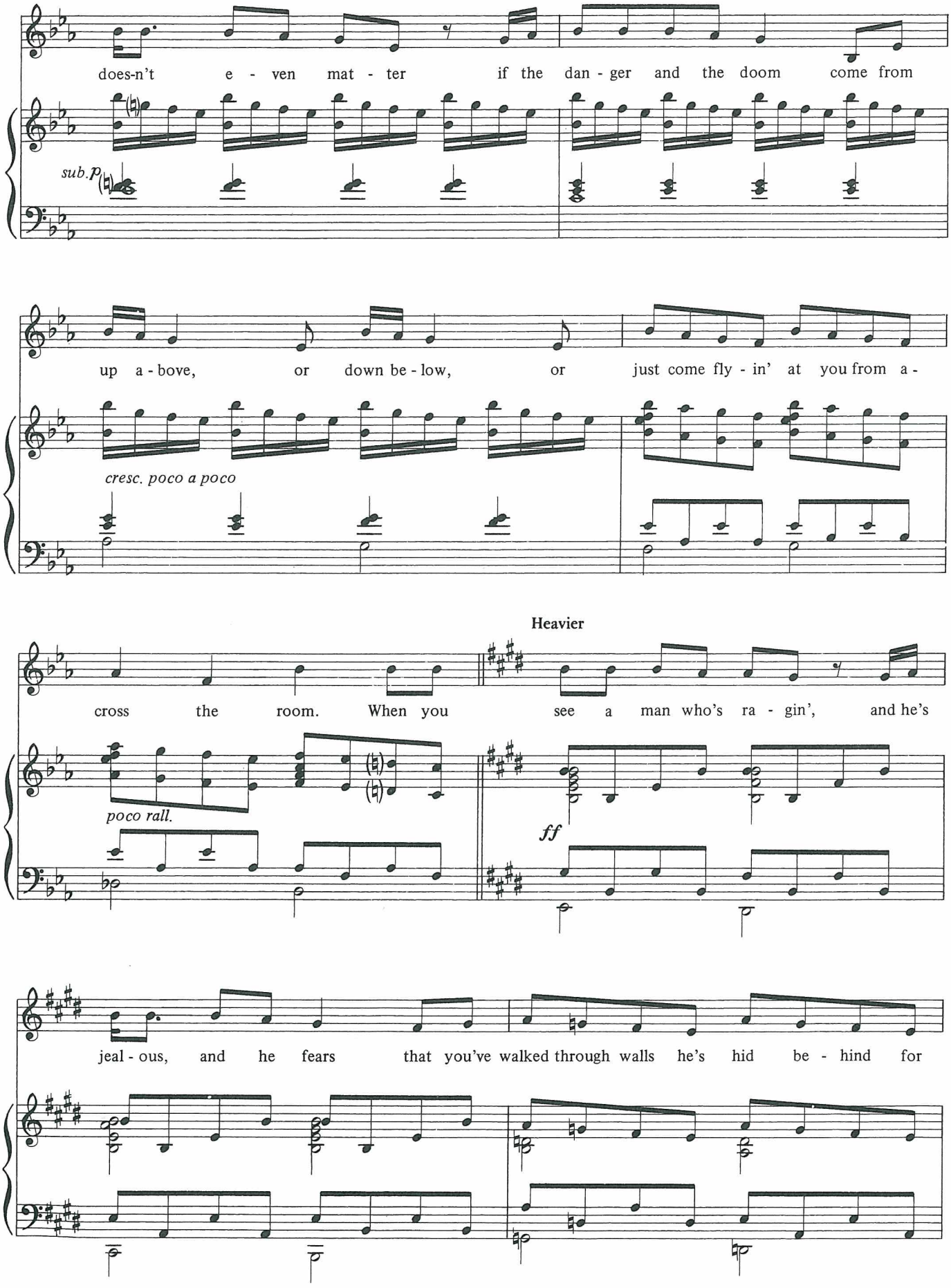
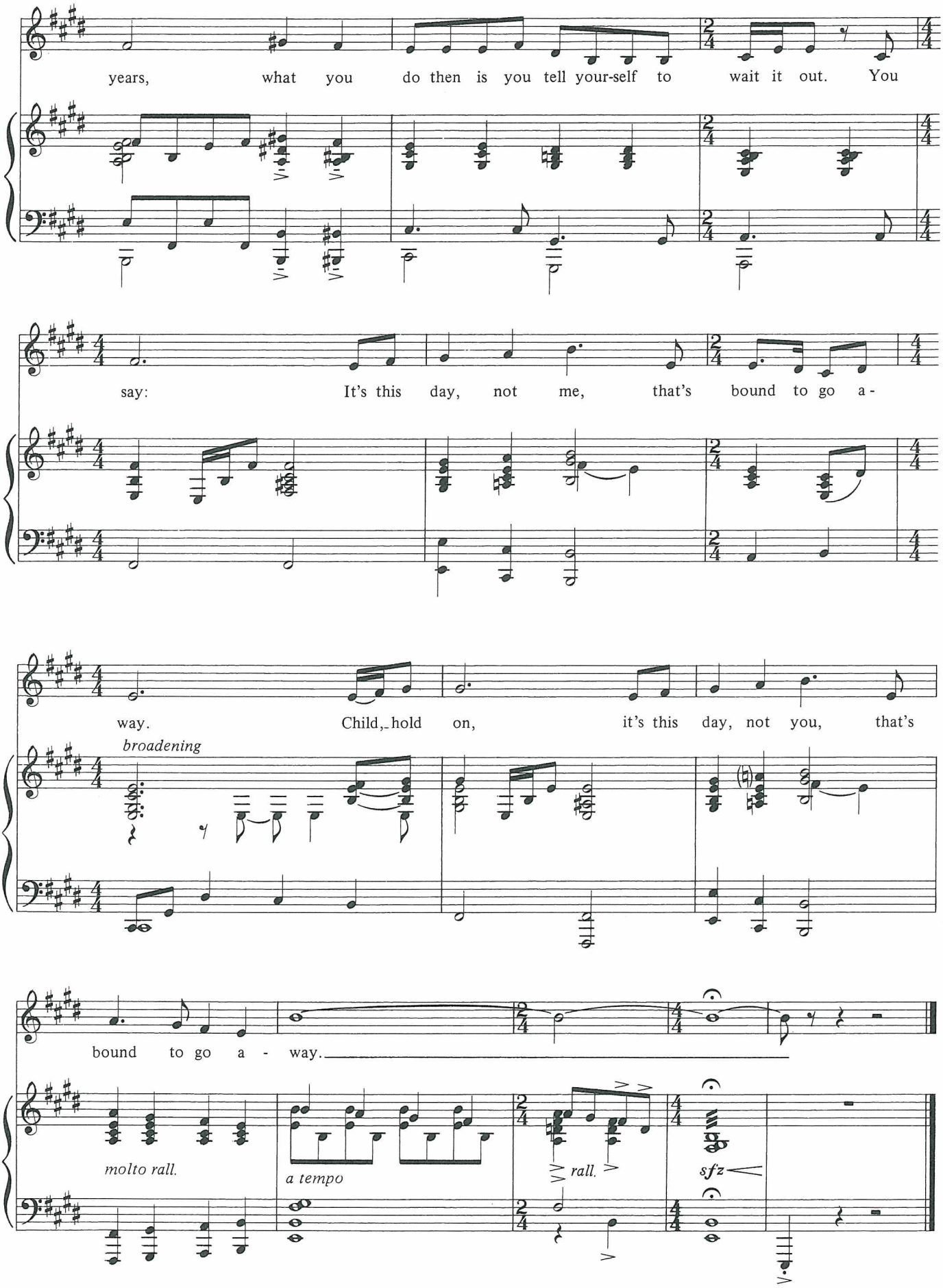

Resolutely
see the storm is com - in', see the light-'ning part the skies, it's too late to run, there's
mp
sim.
ter - ror in your eyes, what you do then is re - mem - ber this old thing you heard me
say: It's the storm, not you, that's bound to blow a - way.
Hold on, hold on to some-one stand-ing by. Hold on, don't e - ven
mf


ask how long or why, child, hold on to what you know is true, hold on 'til you get through.
mp
Child, oh child, hold on. When you
feel your heart is pound - in', fear a dev-il's at your door,
mf
there's no place to hide, you're fro - zen to the floor, what you


do then, is you force your - self to wake up, and you say: It's this
dream, not me, that's bound to go a - way. Hold on, hold on, the
f
night will soon be by. Hold on, and think of some-thing else to try. Child, hold
on, there's an-gels on their way. Hold on and hear them say: Child, oh child, and it
mp


does-n't e - ven mat - ter if the dan - ger and the doom come from
sub. p
up a - bove, or down be - low, or just come fly - in' at you from a -
cresc. poco a poco
Heavier
cross the room. When you see a man who's ra - gin', and he's
poco rall.
ff
jeal - ous, and he fears that you've walked through walls he's hid be - hind for


years, what you do then is you tell your-self to wait it out. You
say: It's this day, not me, that's bound to go a-
way. Child, hold on, it's this day, not you, that's
broadening
bound to go a - way.
molto rall.
a tempo
rall.
sfz

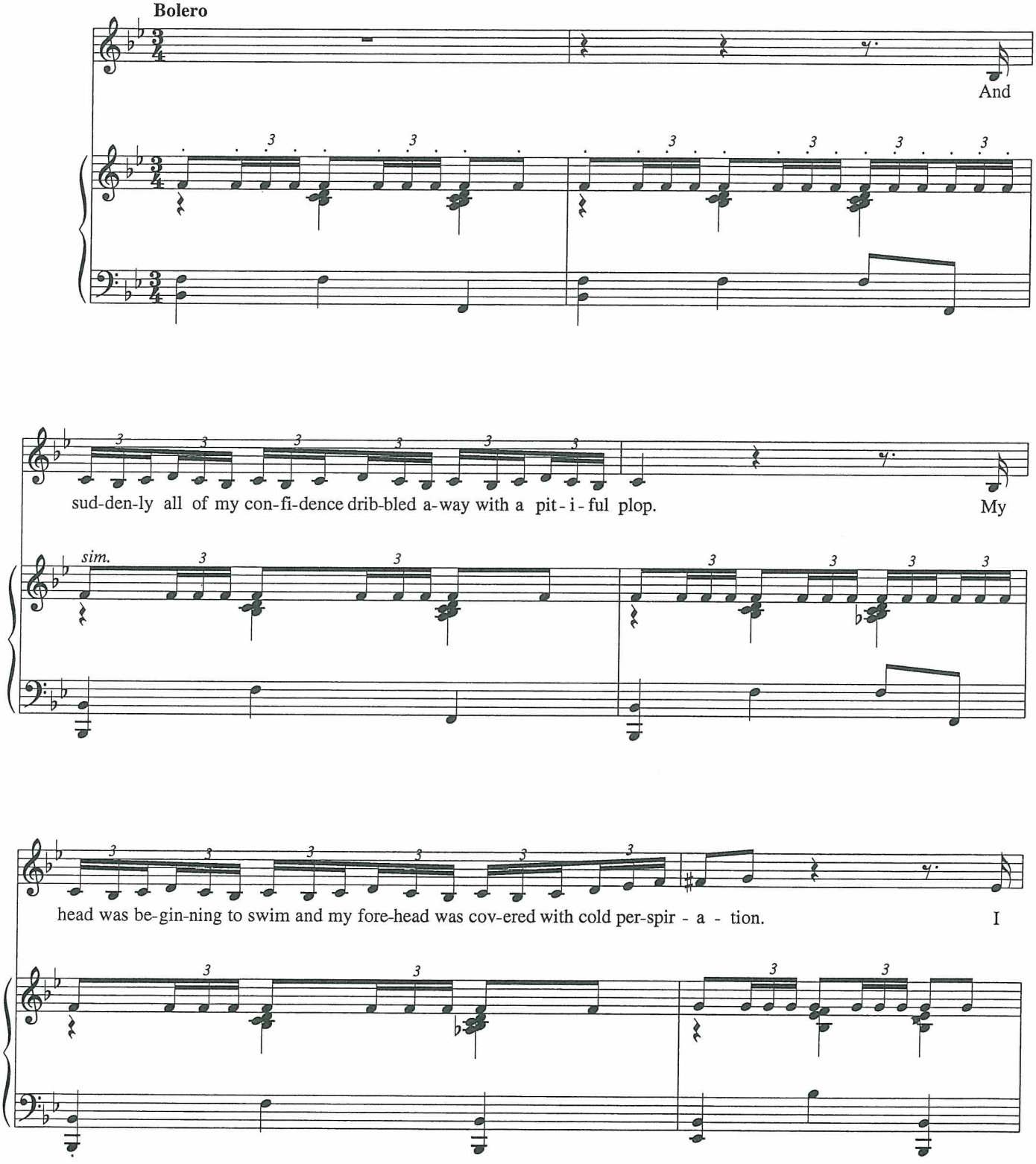
A TRIP TO THE LIBRARY

from *She Loves Me*

Lyrics by SHELDON HARNICK
Music by JERRY BOCK

MISS RITTER: *(Spoken before the introduction) Let me tell you, you've never seen anything like that library. So many books. . . so much marble. . . so quiet!*

Bolero



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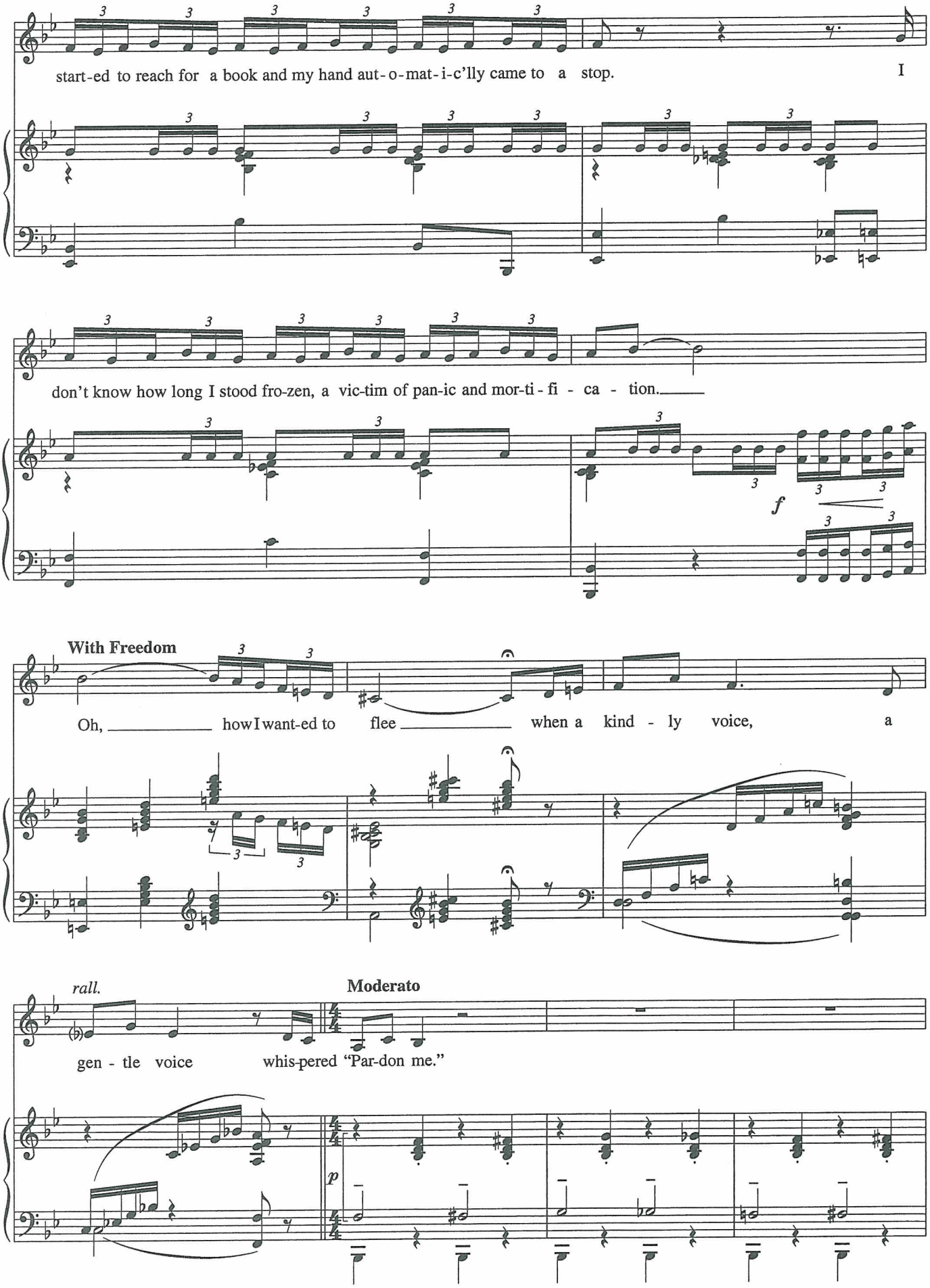
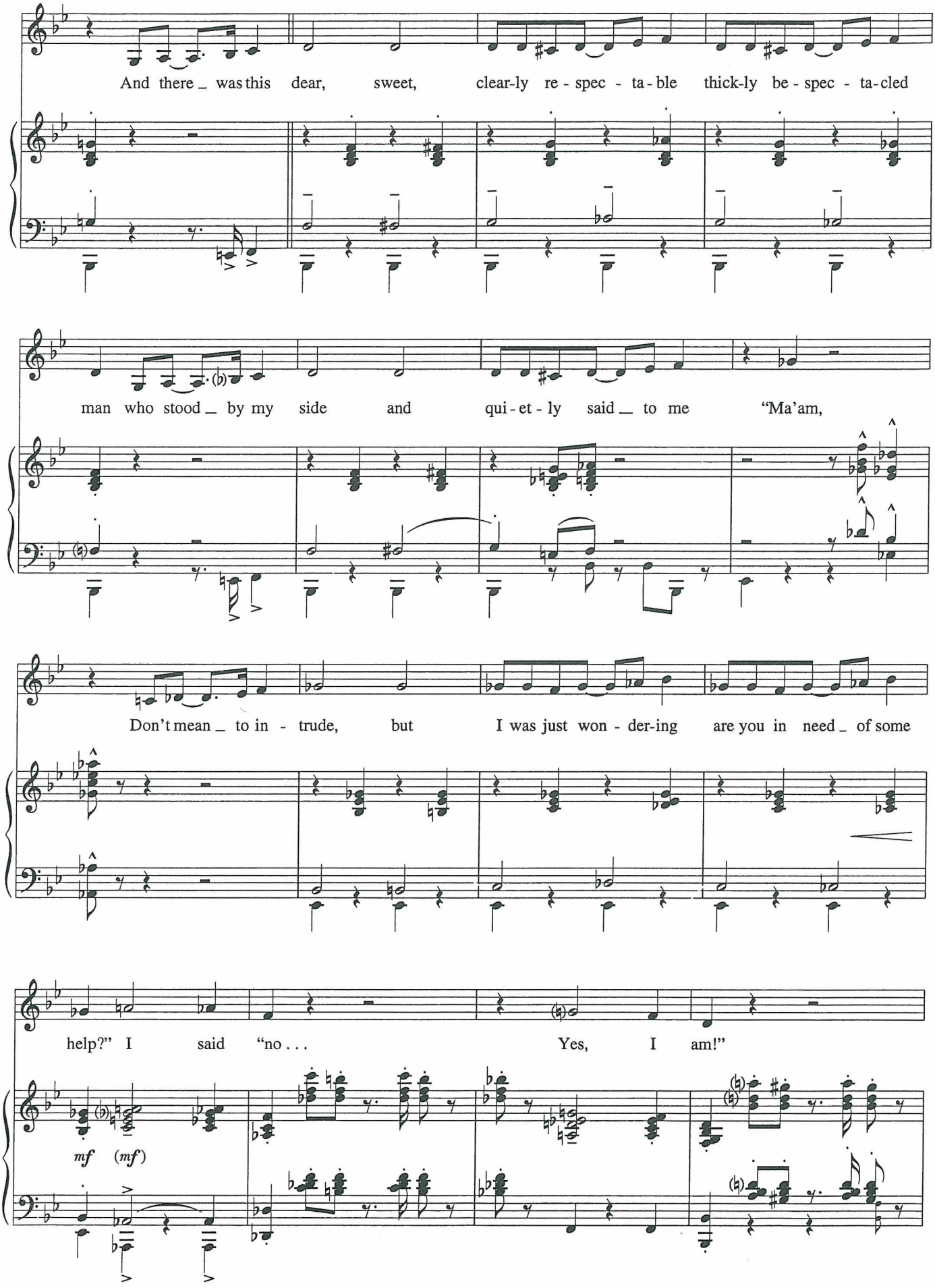
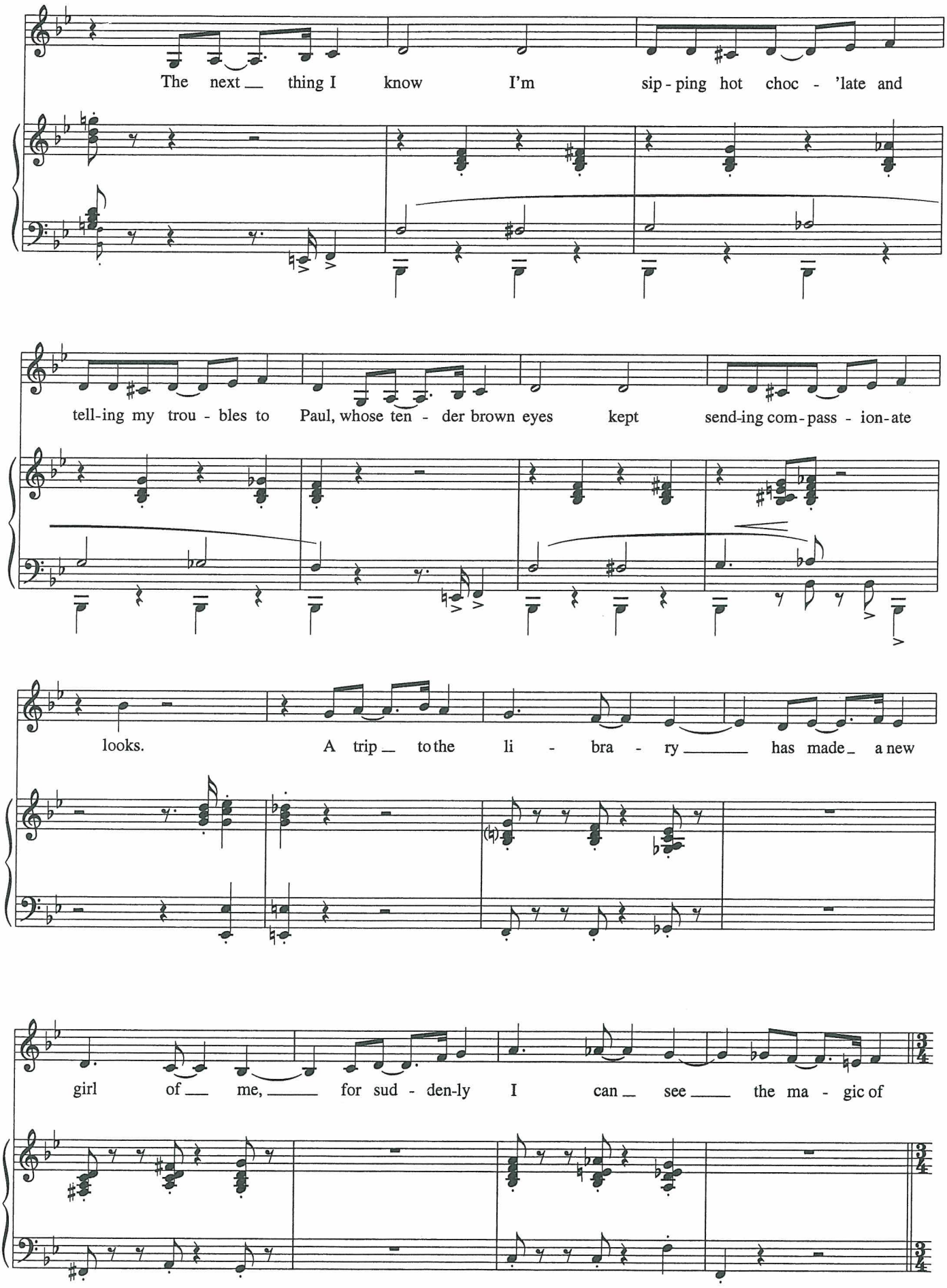
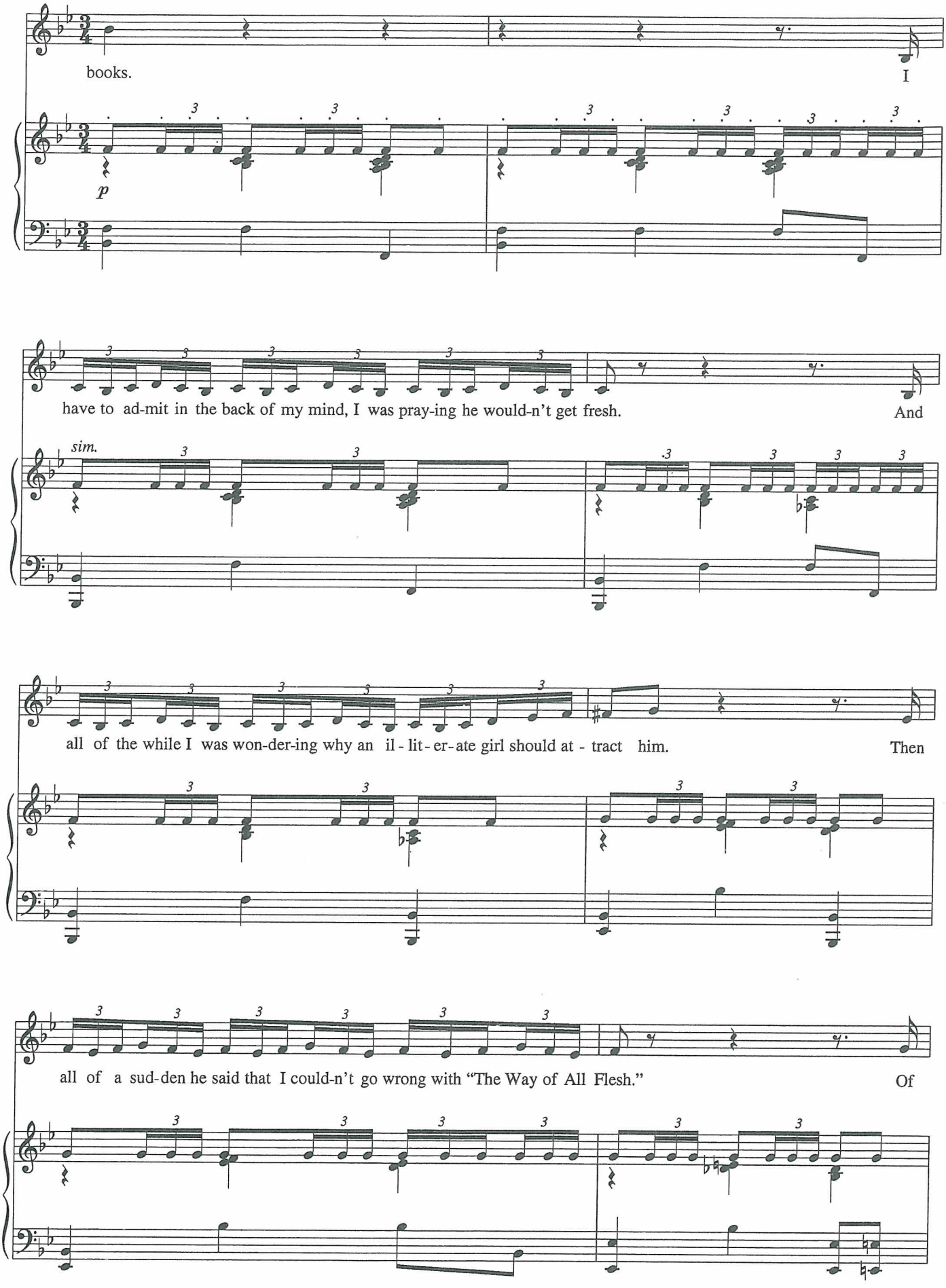
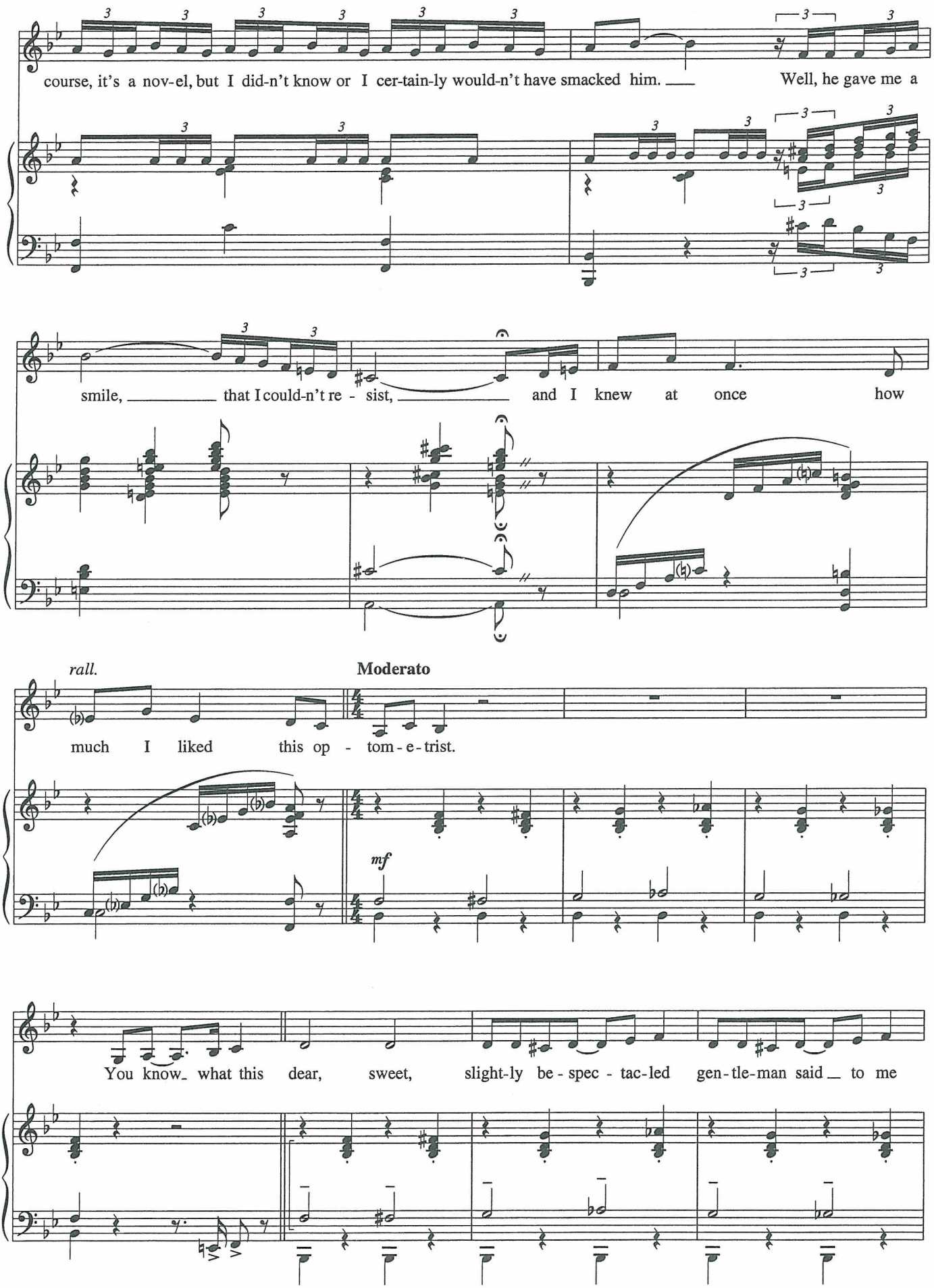
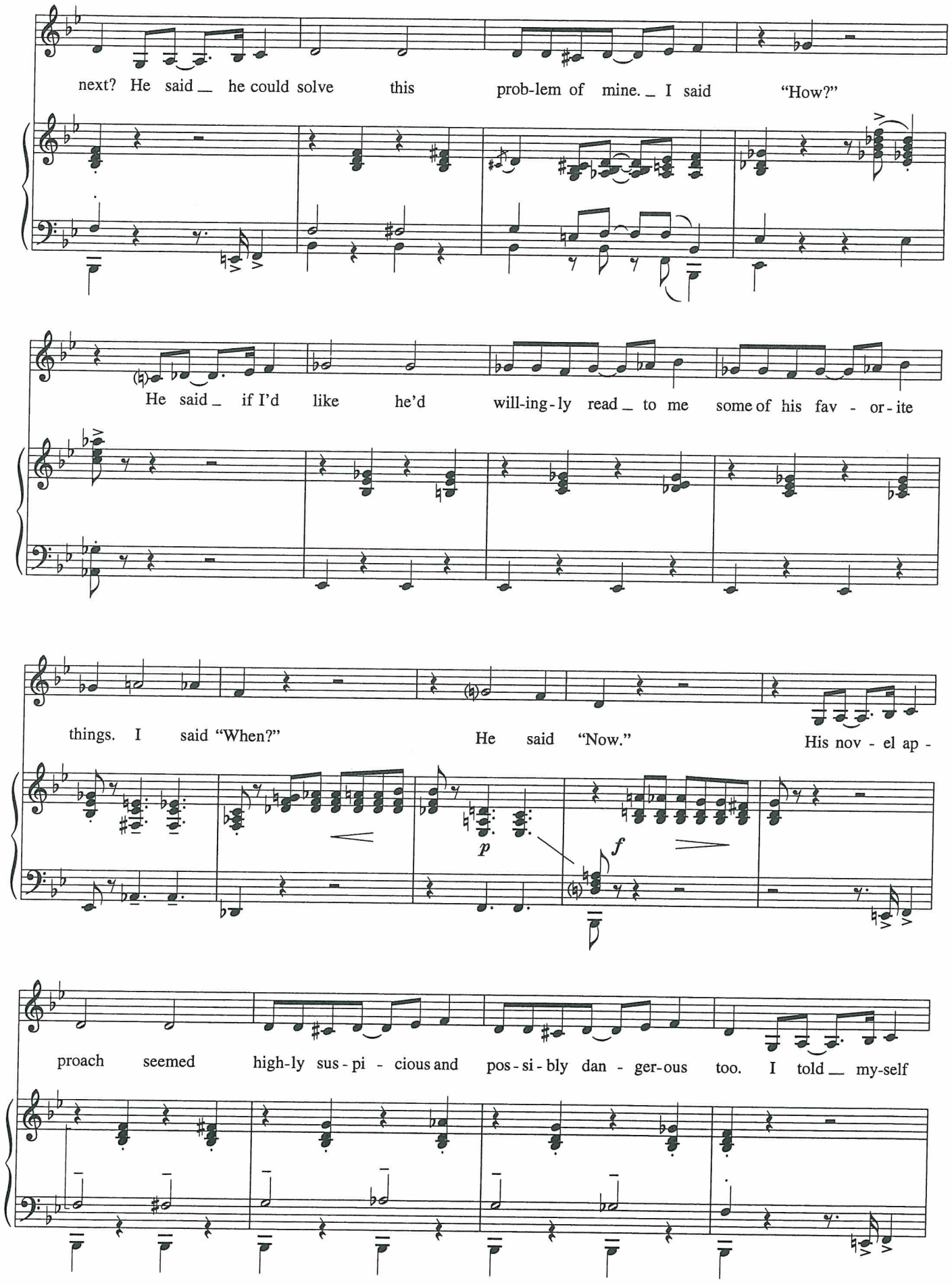

start-ed to reach for a book and my hand aut-o-mat-i-c'lly came to a stop.
I
don't know how long I stood fro-zen, a vic-tim of pan-ic and mor-ti-fi - ca - tion.
f
With Freedom
Oh, how I want-ed to flee when a kind - ly voice, a
rall.
Moderato
gen - tle voice whis-pered "Par-don me."
p

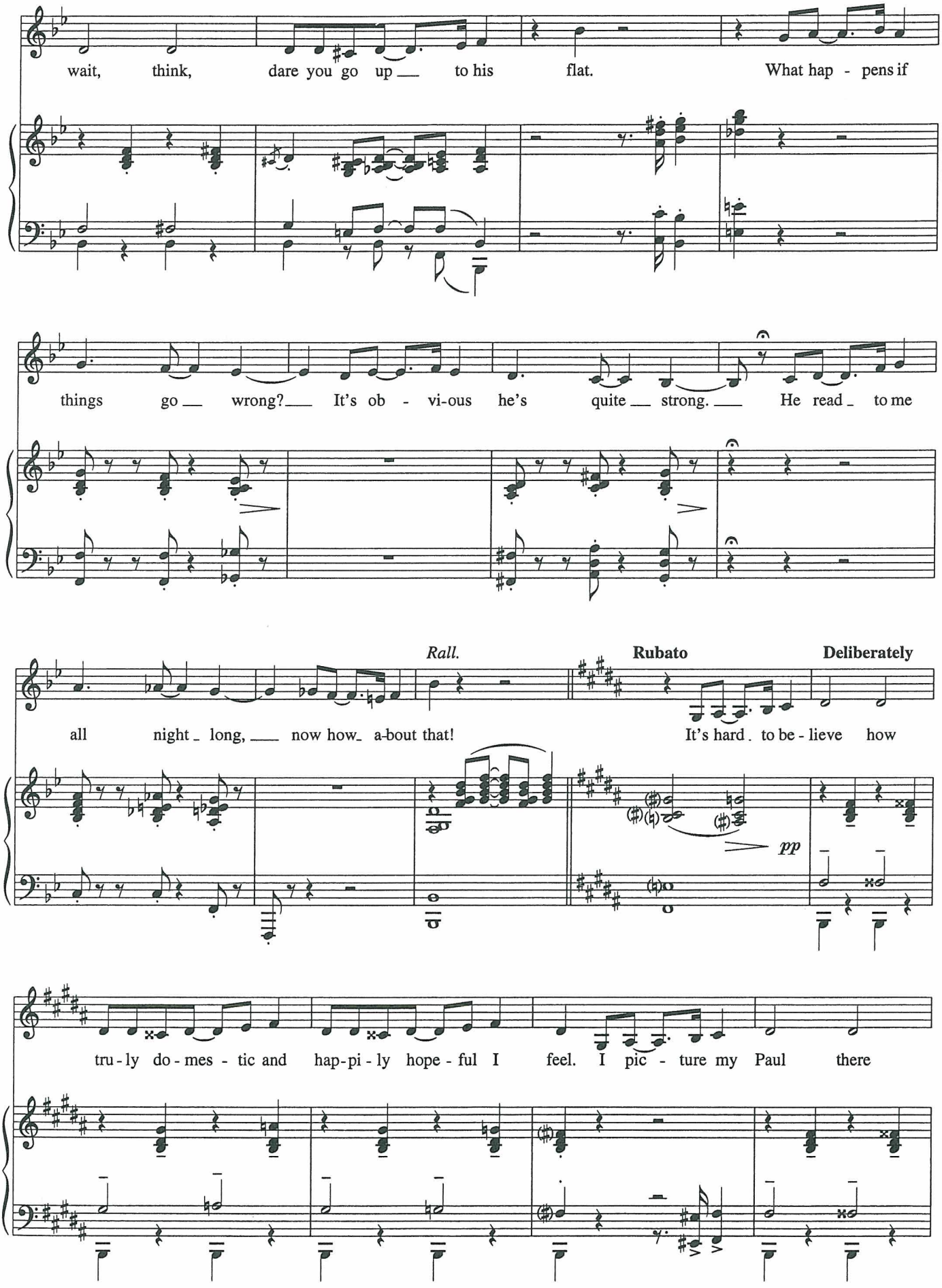

And there _ was this dear, sweet, clear-ly re - spec - ta - ble thick-ly be - spec - ta-cled
man who stood _ by my side and qui - et - ly said _ to me "Ma'am,
Don't mean _ to in - trude, but I was just won - der-ing are you in need _ of some
help?" I said "no . . . Yes, I am!"
mf (mf)

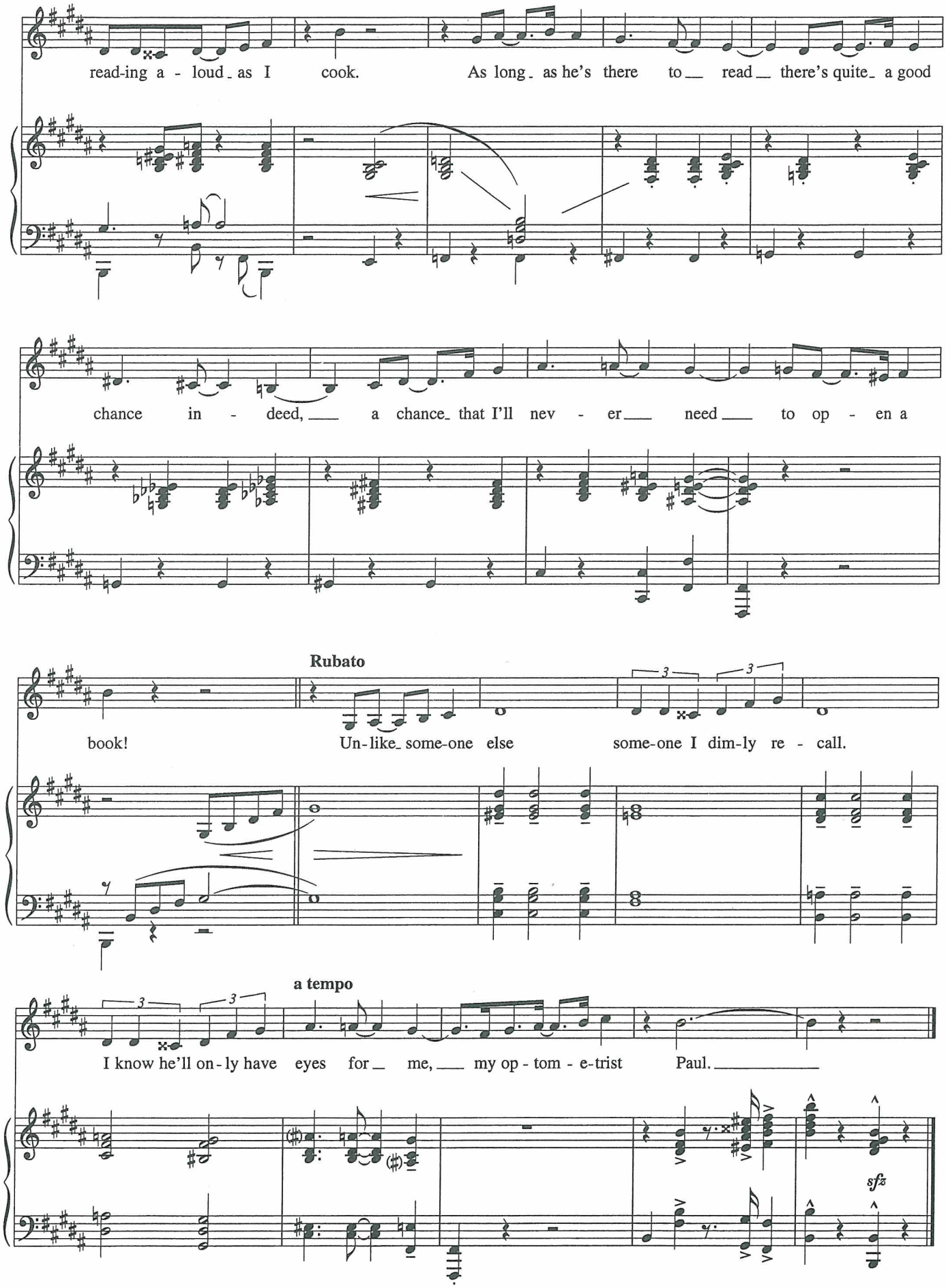

The next thing I know I'm sip-ping hot choc-'late and
tell-ing my trou-bles to Paul, whose ten-der brown eyes kept send-ing com-pass-ion-ate
looks. A trip to the li-bra-ry has made a new
girl of me, for sud-den-ly I can see the ma-gic of


books.
I
p
have to ad-mit in the back of my mind, I was pray-ing he would-n't get fresh.
And
sim.
all of the while I was won-der-ing why an il - lit - er - ate girl should at - tract him.
Then
all of a sud-den he said that I could-n't go wrong with "The Way of All Flesh."
Of


course, it's a nov-el, but I did-n't know or I cer-tain-ly would-n't have smacked him. Well, he gave me a
smile, that I could-n't re - sist, and I knew at once how
rall.
Moderato
much I liked this op - tom-e-trist.
mf
You know what this dear, sweet, slight-ly be - spec - tac-led gen-tle-man said to me


next? He said _ he could solve this prob-lem of mine. _ I said "How?"
He said _ if I'd like he'd will-ing-ly read _ to me some of his fav - or-ite
things. I said "When?" He said "Now." His nov - el ap -
p
f
proach seemed high-ly sus-pi - cious and pos-si-bly dan - ger-ous too. I told _ my-self

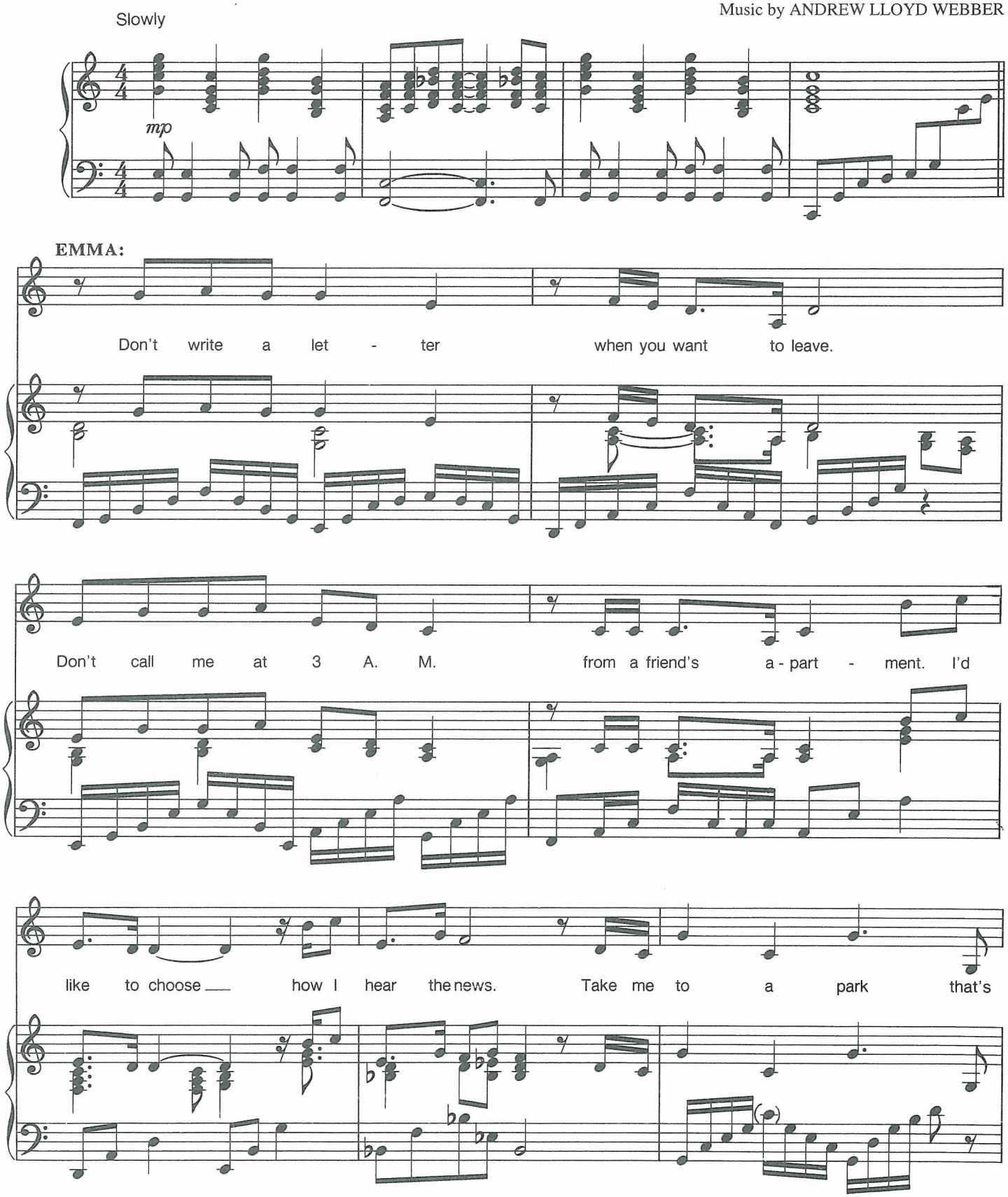

wait, think, dare you go up to his flat. What hap - pens if
things go wrong? It's ob - vi-ous he's quite strong. He read to me
Rall.
Rubato
Deliberately
all night long, now how a-bout that!
It's hard to be - lieve how
pp
tru - ly do - mes - tic and hap-pi - ly hope - ful I feel. I pic - ture my Paul there


read-ing a - loud as I cook. As long as he's there to read there's quite a good
chance in - deed, a chance that I'll nev - er need to op - en a
Rubato
book! Un-like some-one else some-one I dim-ly re - call.
a tempo
I know he'll on - ly have eyes for me, my op - tom - e-trist Paul.
sfz

TELL ME ON A SUNDAY

from *Song and Dance*

Lyrics by DON BLACK
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER



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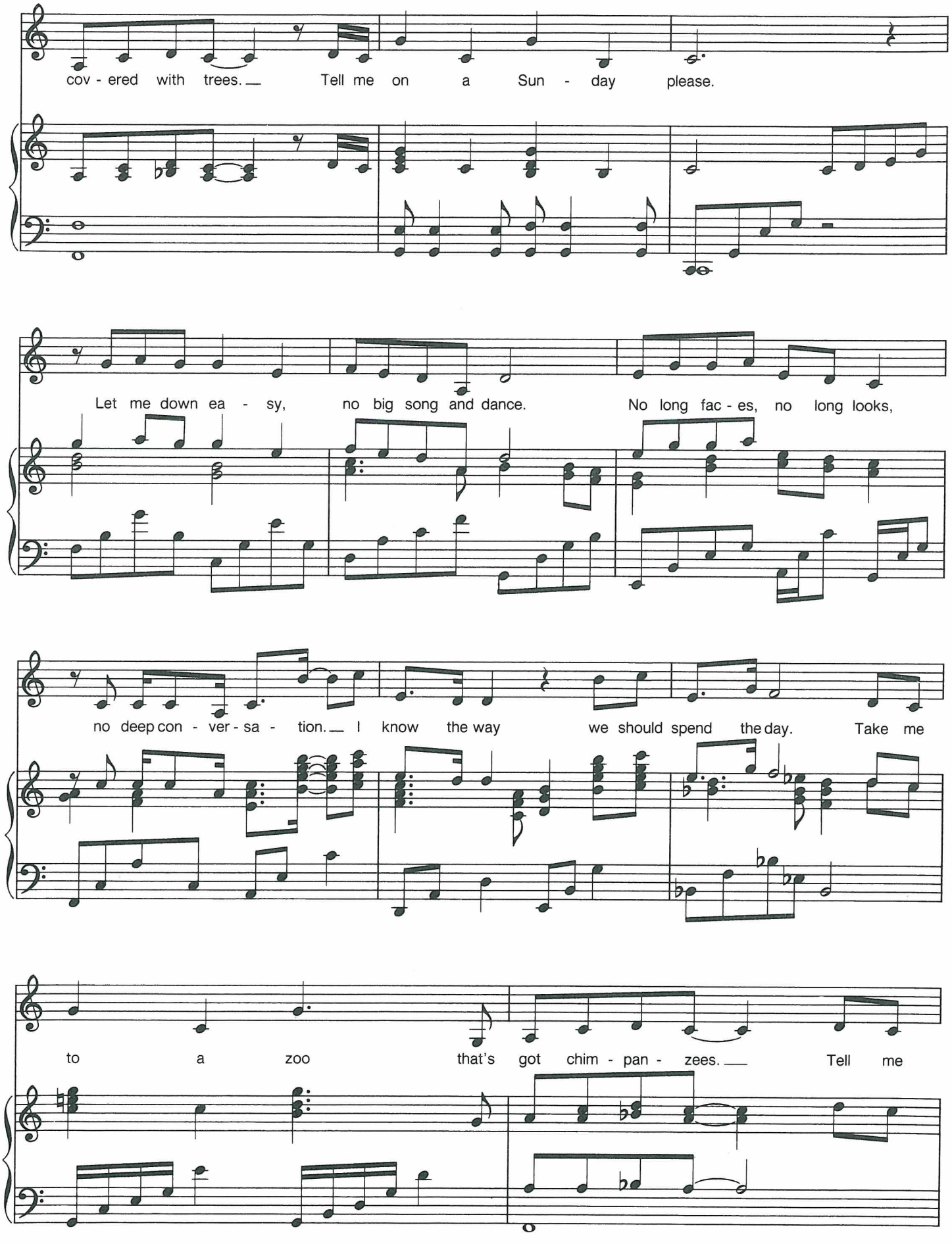
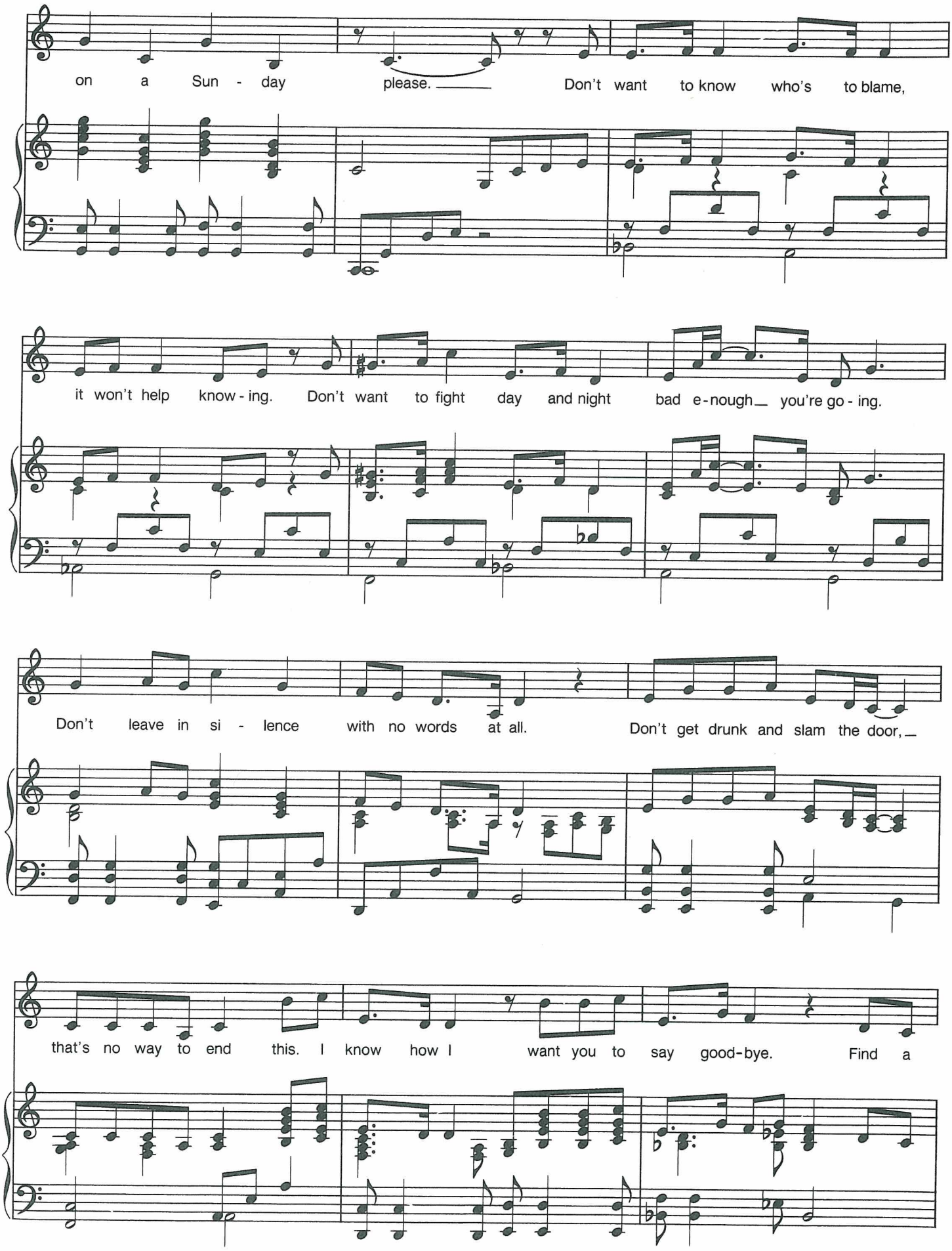
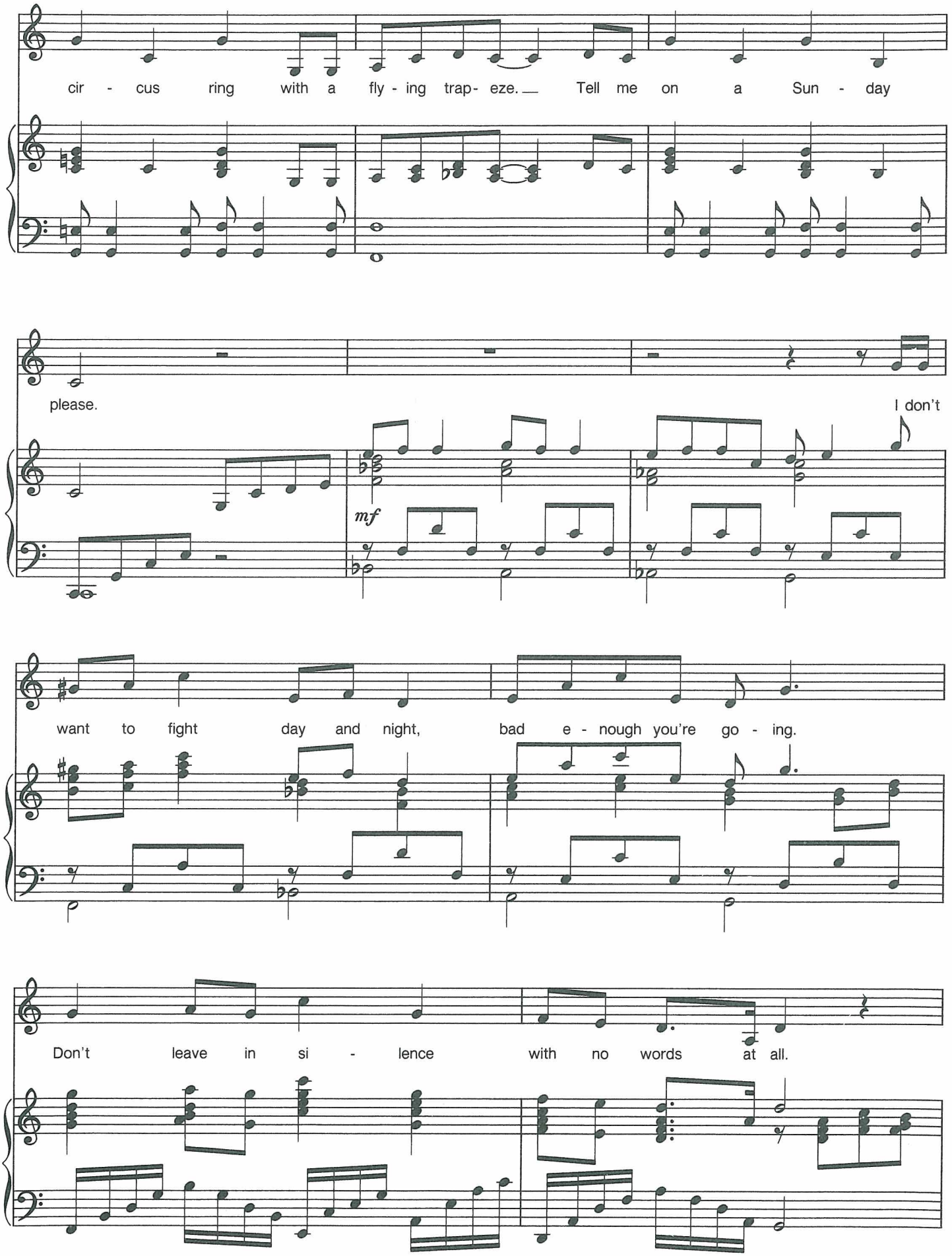
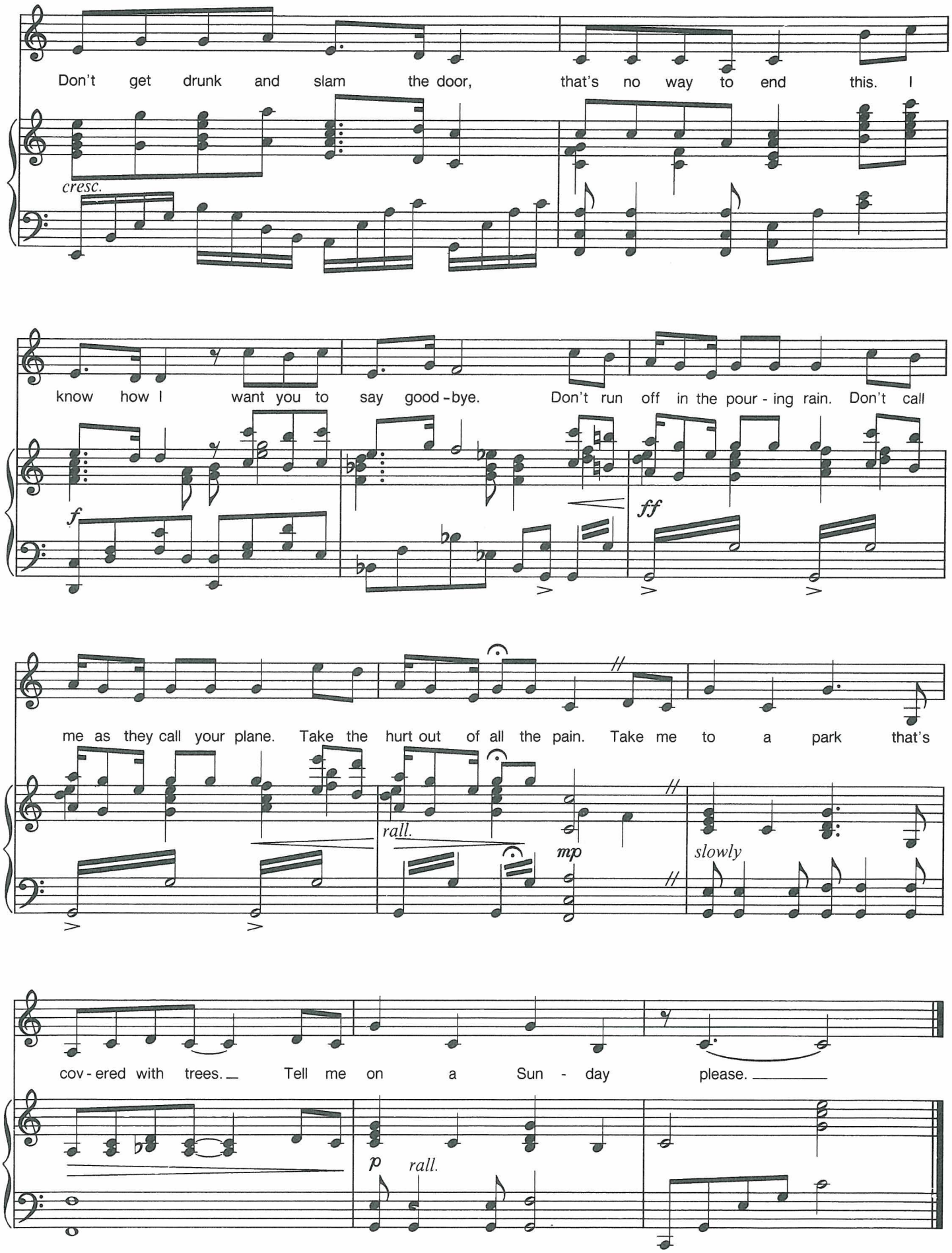

cov - ered with trees. Tell me on a Sun - day please.
Let me down ea - sy, no big song and dance. No long fac - es, no long looks,
no deep con - ver - sa - tion. I know the way we should spend the day. Take me
to a zoo that's got chim - pan - zees. Tell me


on a Sun - day please. Don't want to know who's to blame,
it won't help know - ing. Don't want to fight day and night bad e - nough you're go - ing.
Don't leave in si - lence with no words at all. Don't get drunk and slam the door,
that's no way to end this. I know how I want you to say good-bye. Find a

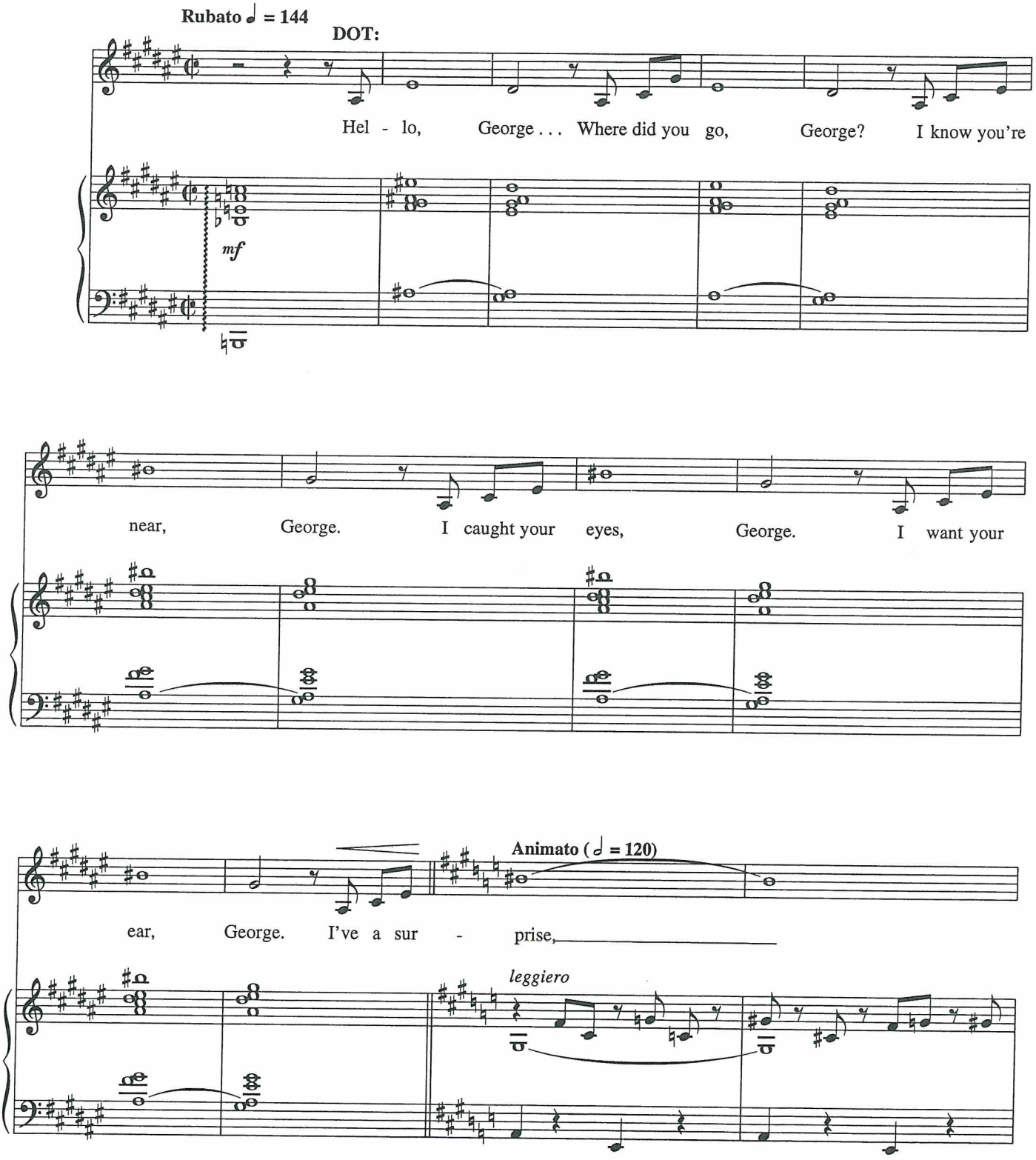

cir - cus ring with a fly - ing trap- eze. Tell me on a Sun - day
please.
I don't
mf
want to fight day and night, bad e - nough you're go - ing.
Don't leave in si - lence with no words at all.


Don't get drunk and slam the door, that's no way to end this. I
cresc.
know how I want you to say good-bye. Don't run off in the pour-ing rain. Don't call
f
ff
me as they call your plane. Take the hurt out of all the pain. Take me to a park that's
rall.
mp
slowly
cov-ered with trees. Tell me on a Sun-day please.
p
rall.

EVERYBODY LOVES LOUIS

from *Sunday in the Park with George*

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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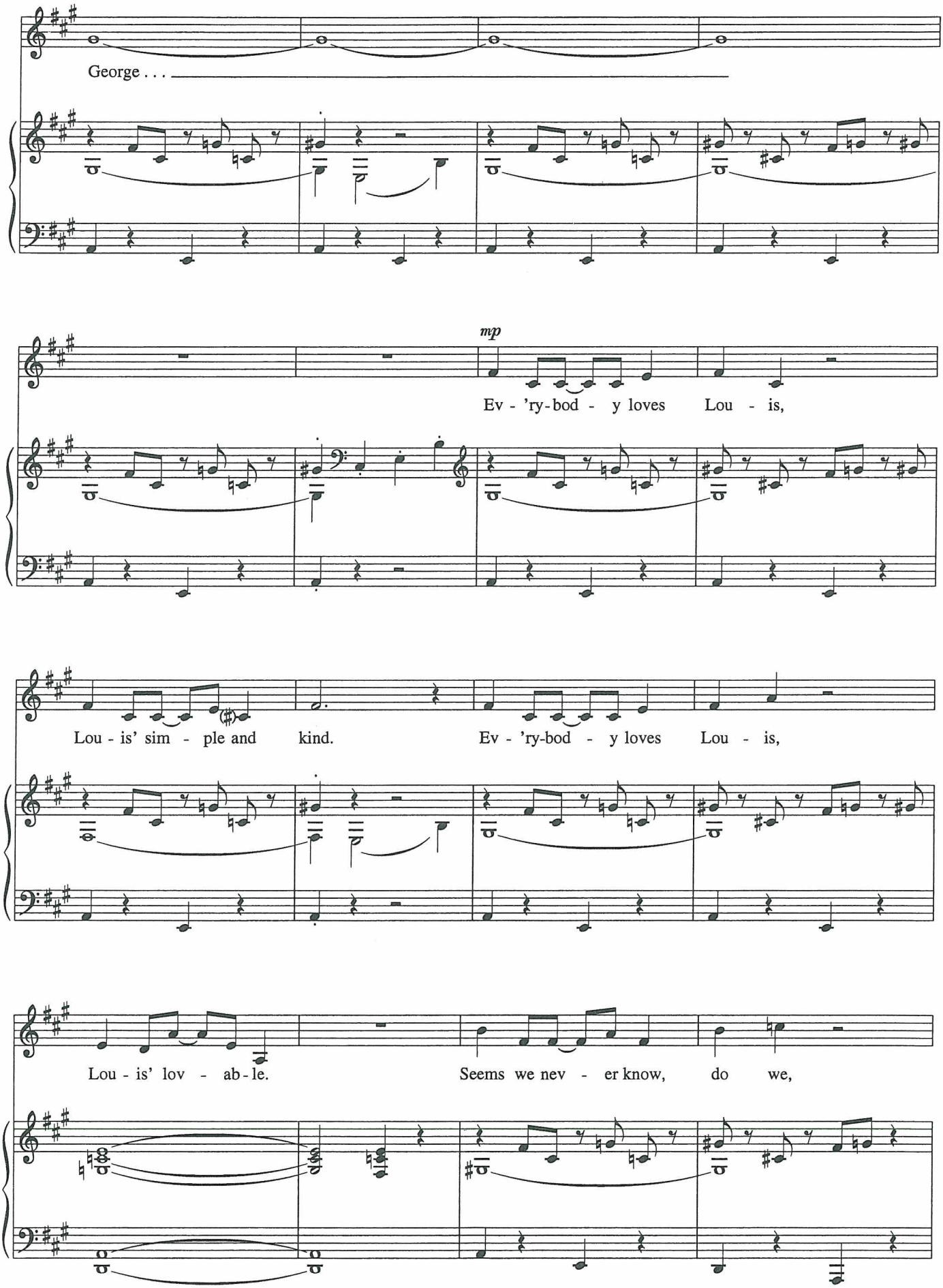
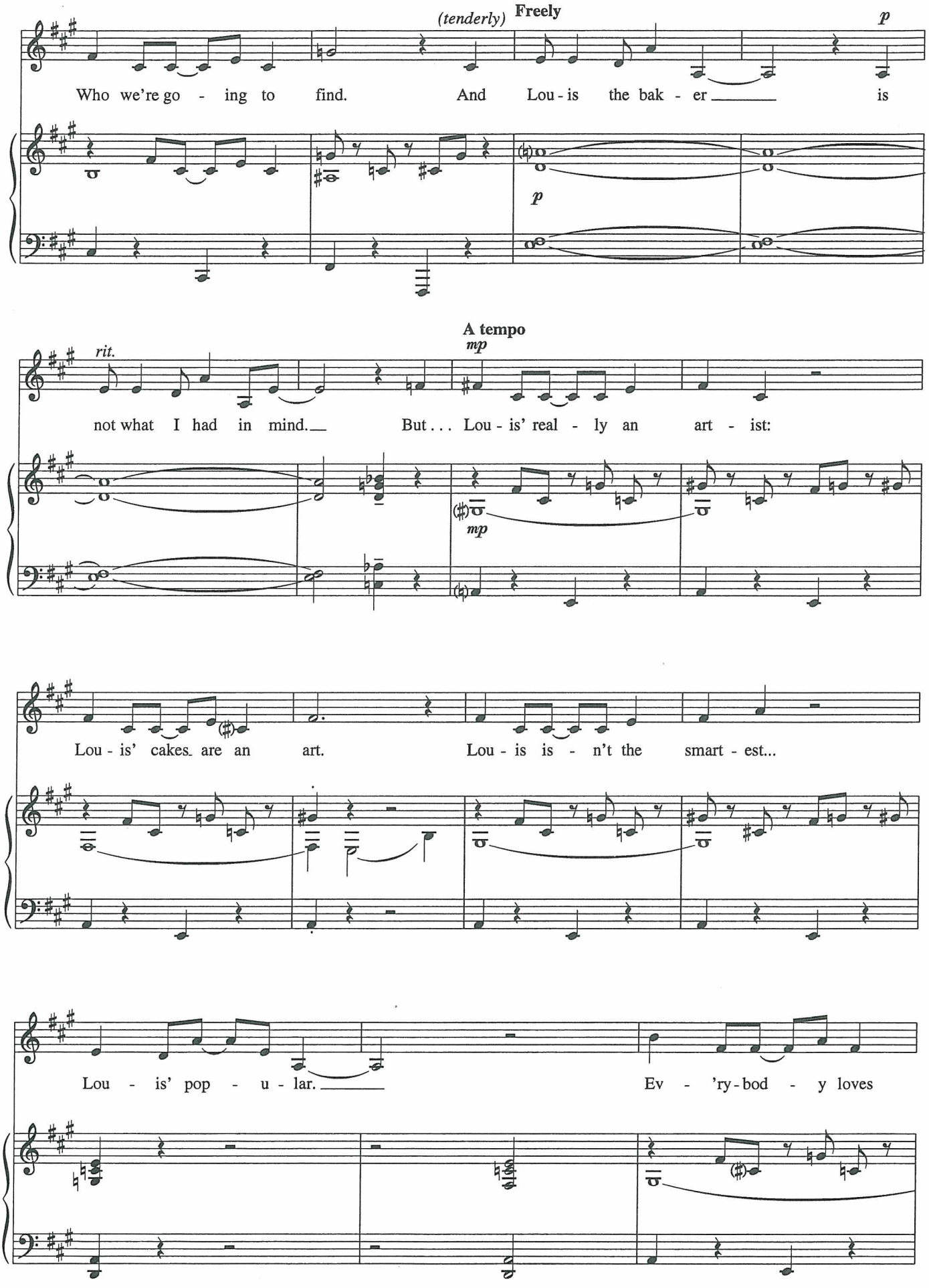
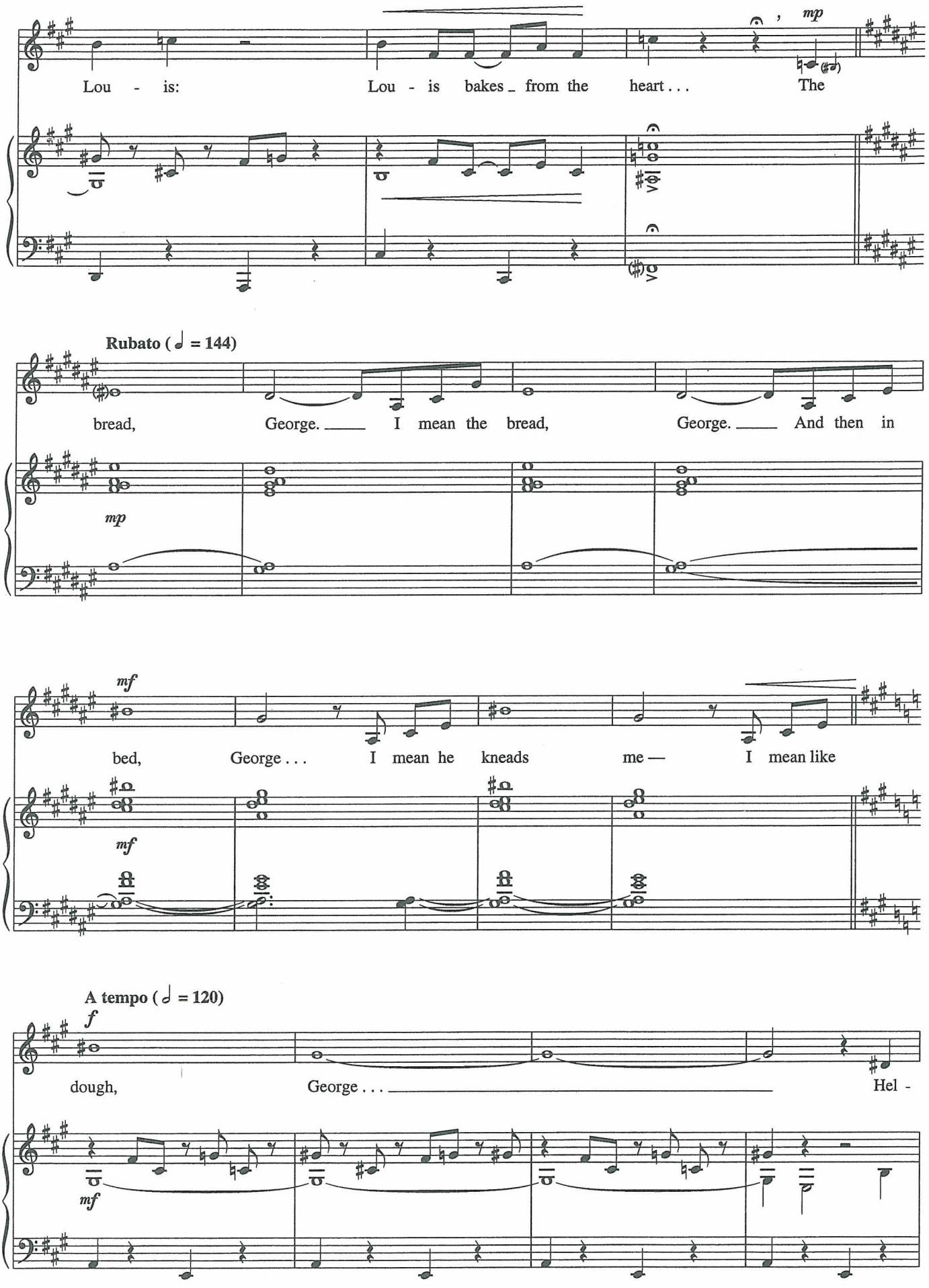
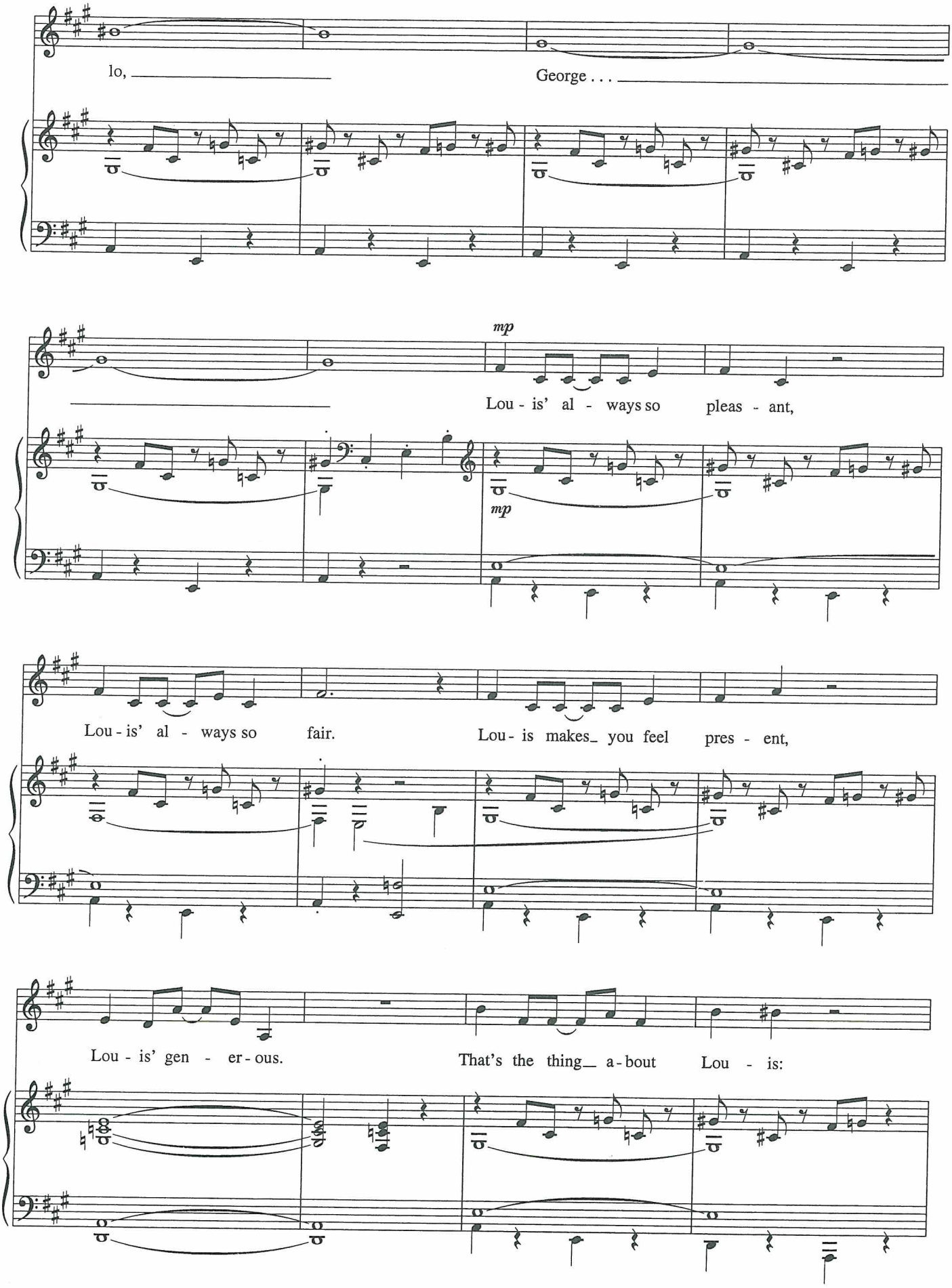
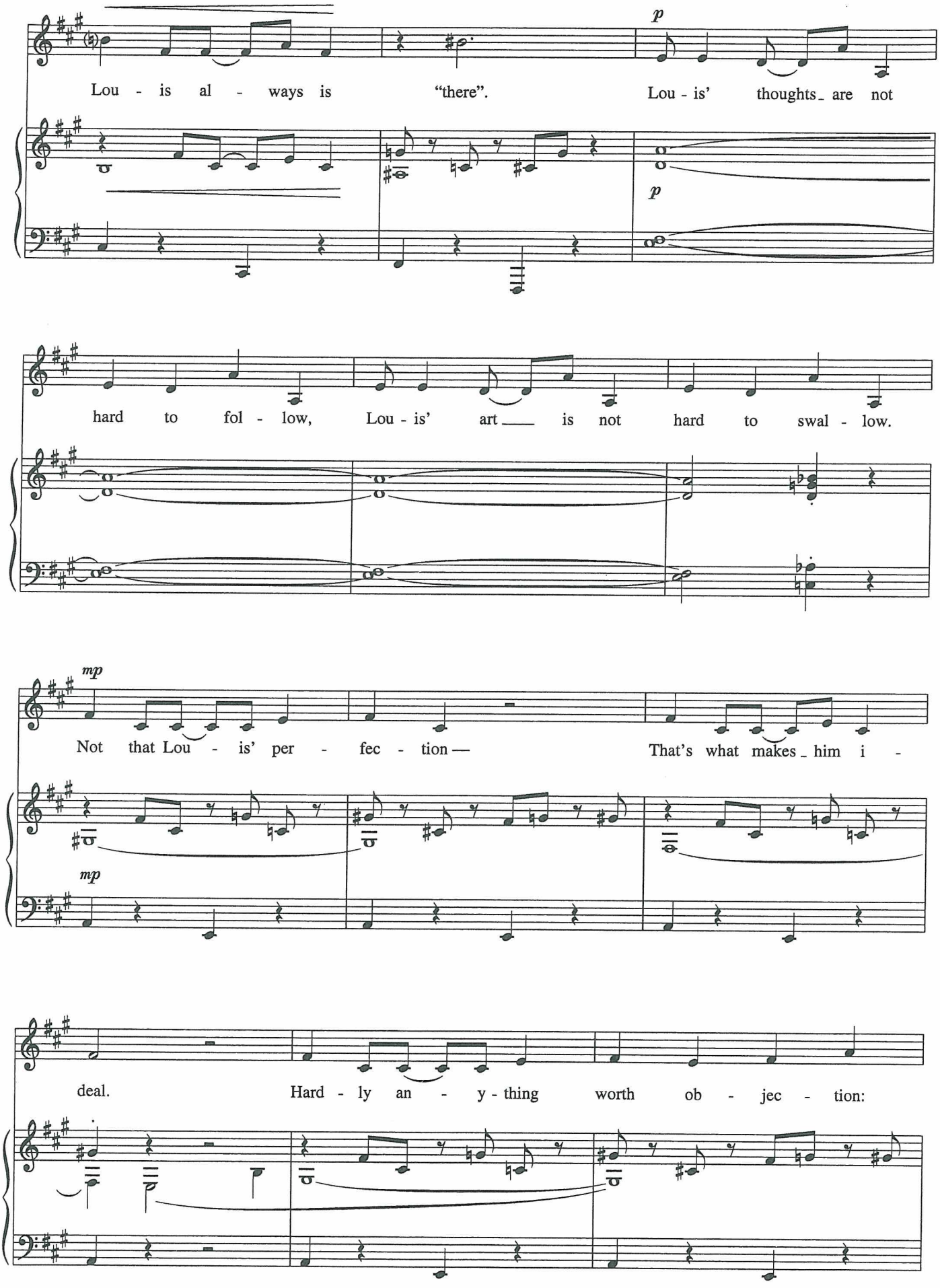
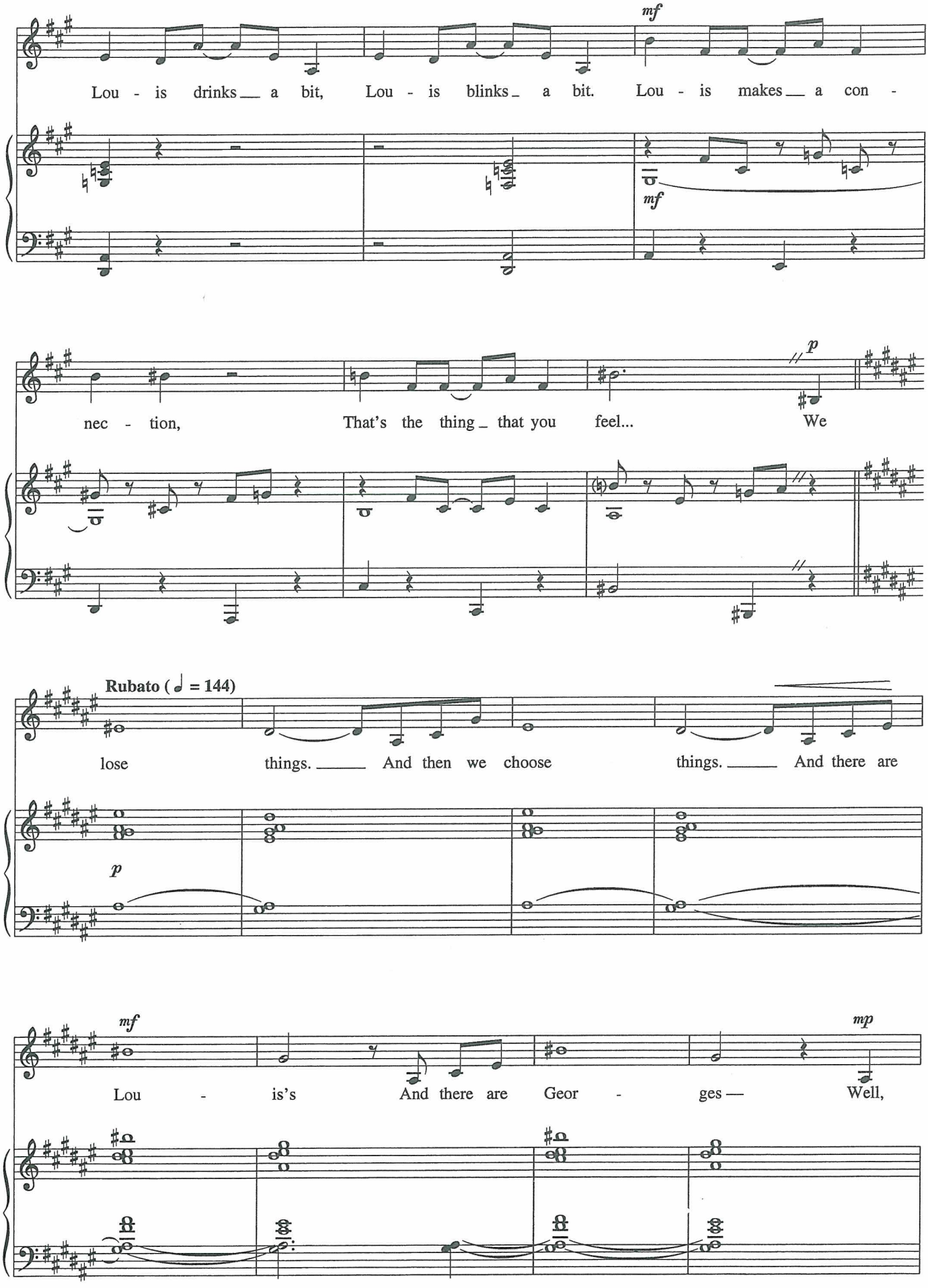

George . . .
mp
Ev - 'ry - bod - y loves Lou - is,
Lou - is' sim - ple and kind.
Ev - 'ry-bod - y loves Lou - is,
Lou - is' lov - ab - le.
Seems we nev - er know, do we,

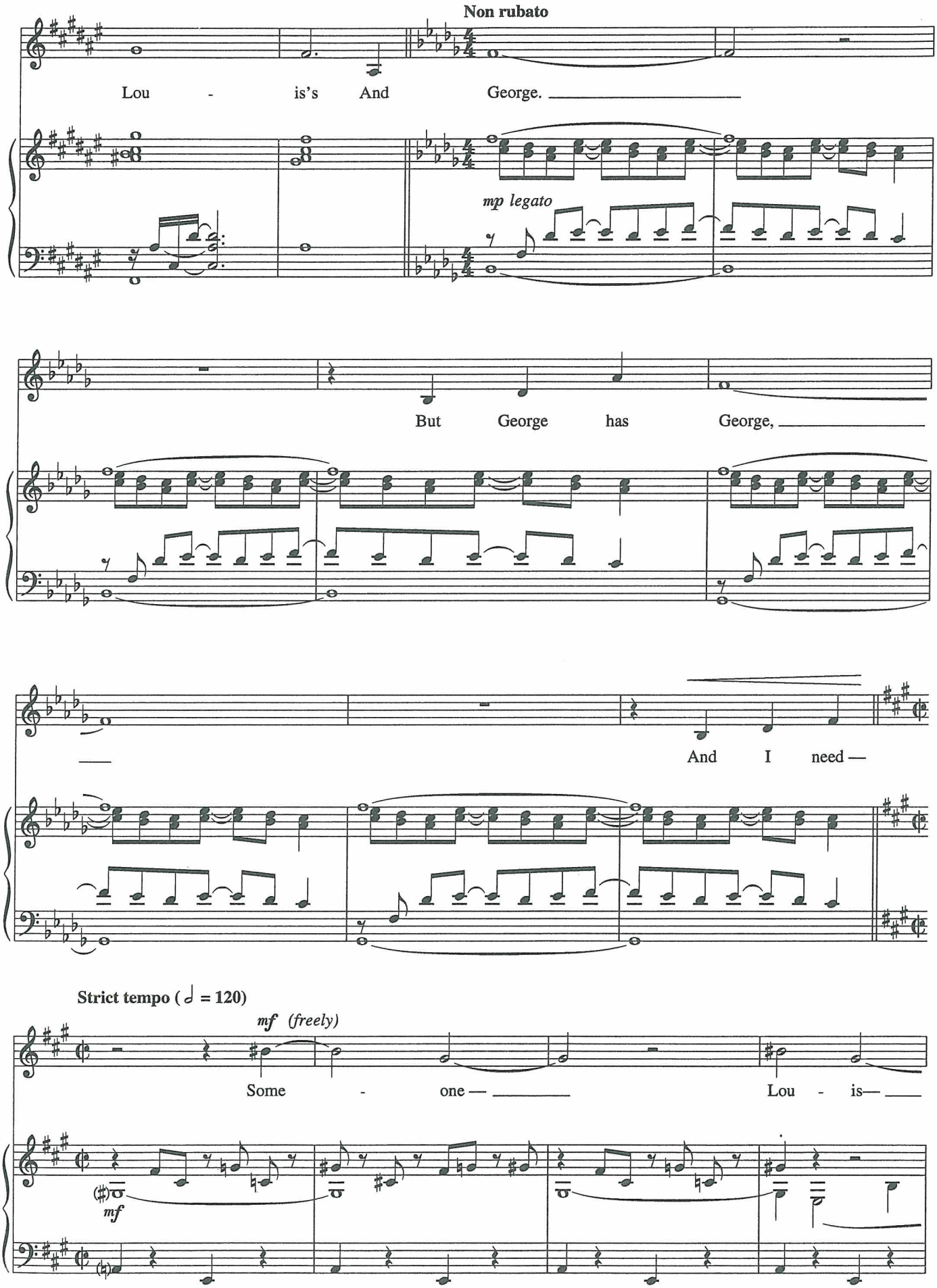

(tenderly)
Freely
p
Who we're go - ing to find. And Lou - is the bak - er is
p
A tempo
mp
rit.
not what I had in mind. But . . . Lou - is' real - ly an art - ist:
mp
Lou - is' cakes are an art. Lou - is is - n't the smart - est...
Lou - is' pop - u - lar. Ev - 'ry - bod - y loves

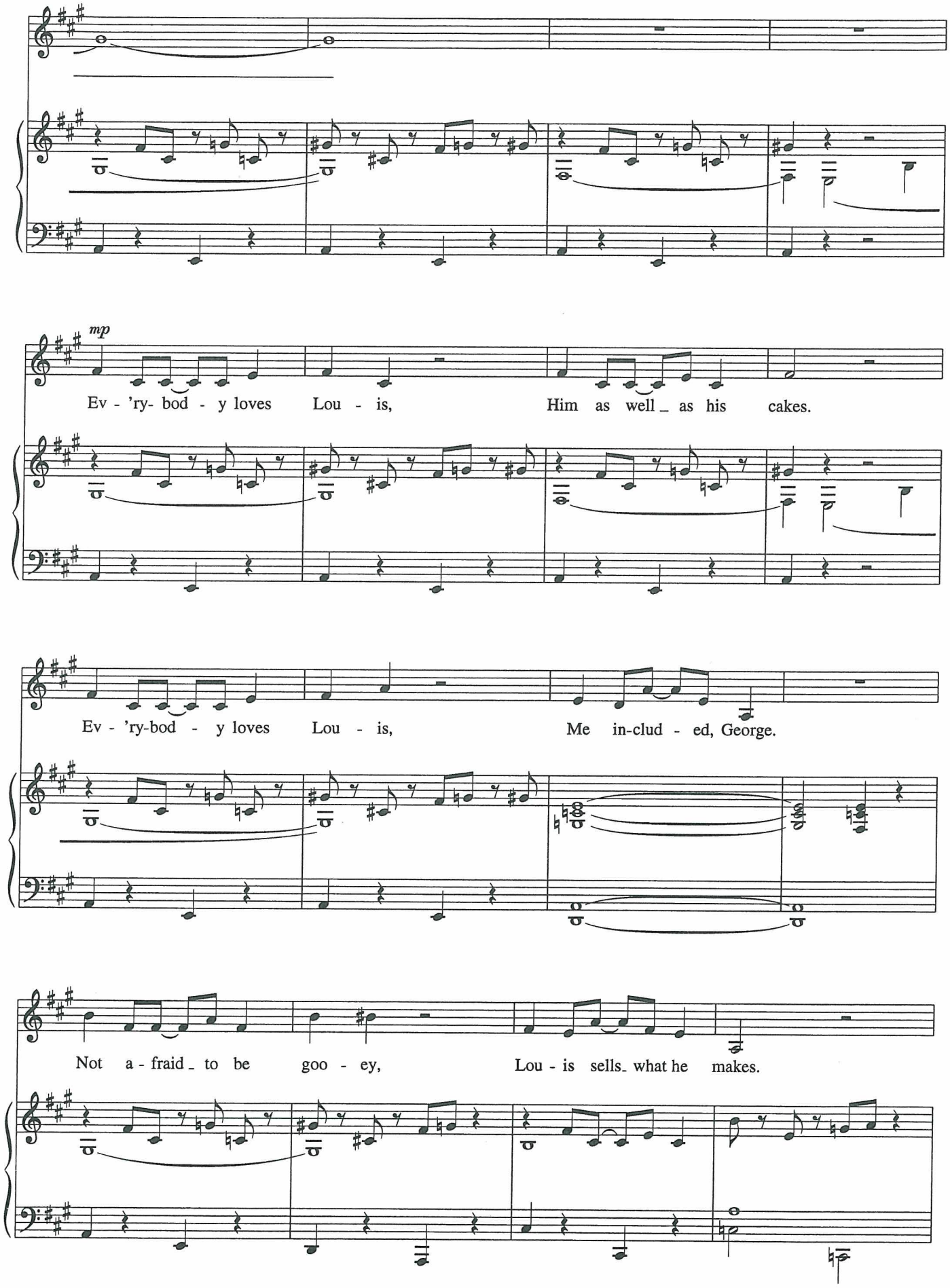

Lou - is:
Lou - is bakes _ from the heart . . .
The
mp
Rubato (♩ = 144)
bread,
George. ____ I mean the bread,
George. ____ And then in
mp
mf
bed,
George . . .
I mean he kneads
me —
I mean like
mf
A tempo (♩ = 120)
f
dough,
George . . . _____
Hel -
mf

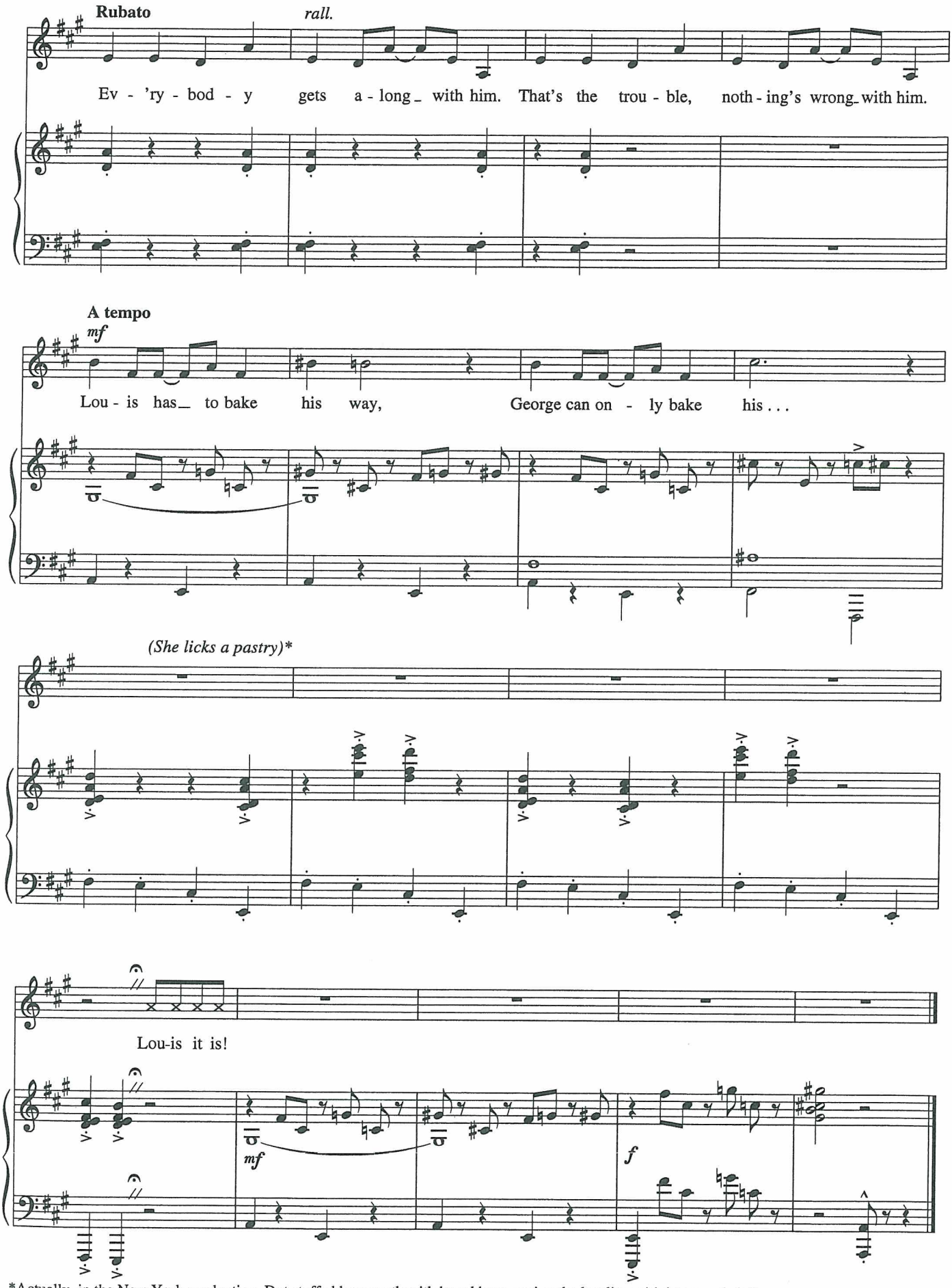

lo,
George . . .
mp
Lou - is' al - ways so pleas - ant,
mp
Lou - is' al - ways so fair.
Lou - is makes you feel pres - ent,
Lou - is' gen - er - ous.
That's the thing a - bout Lou - is:


p
Lou - is al - ways is "there". Lou - is' thoughts_ are not
p
hard to fol - low, Lou - is' art___ is not hard to swal - low.
mp
Not that Lou - is' per - fec - tion— That's what makes_ him i -
mp
deal. Hard - ly an - y - thing worth ob - jec - tion:


mf
Lou - is drinks a bit, Lou - is blinks a bit. Lou - is makes a con -
mf
nec - tion, That's the thing that you feel... We
p
Rubato (= 144)
lose things. And then we choose things. And there are
p
mf
Lou - is's And there are Geor - ges — Well,
mp


Non rubato
Lou - is's And George.
mp legato
But George has George,
And I need —
Strict tempo (= 120)
mf (freely)
Some - one — Lou - is—
mf


mp
Ev - 'ry- bod - y loves Lou - is, Him as well_ as his cakes.
Ev - 'ry-bod - y loves Lou - is, Me in-clud - ed, George.
Not a - fraid_ to be goo - ey, Lou - is sells_ what he makes.

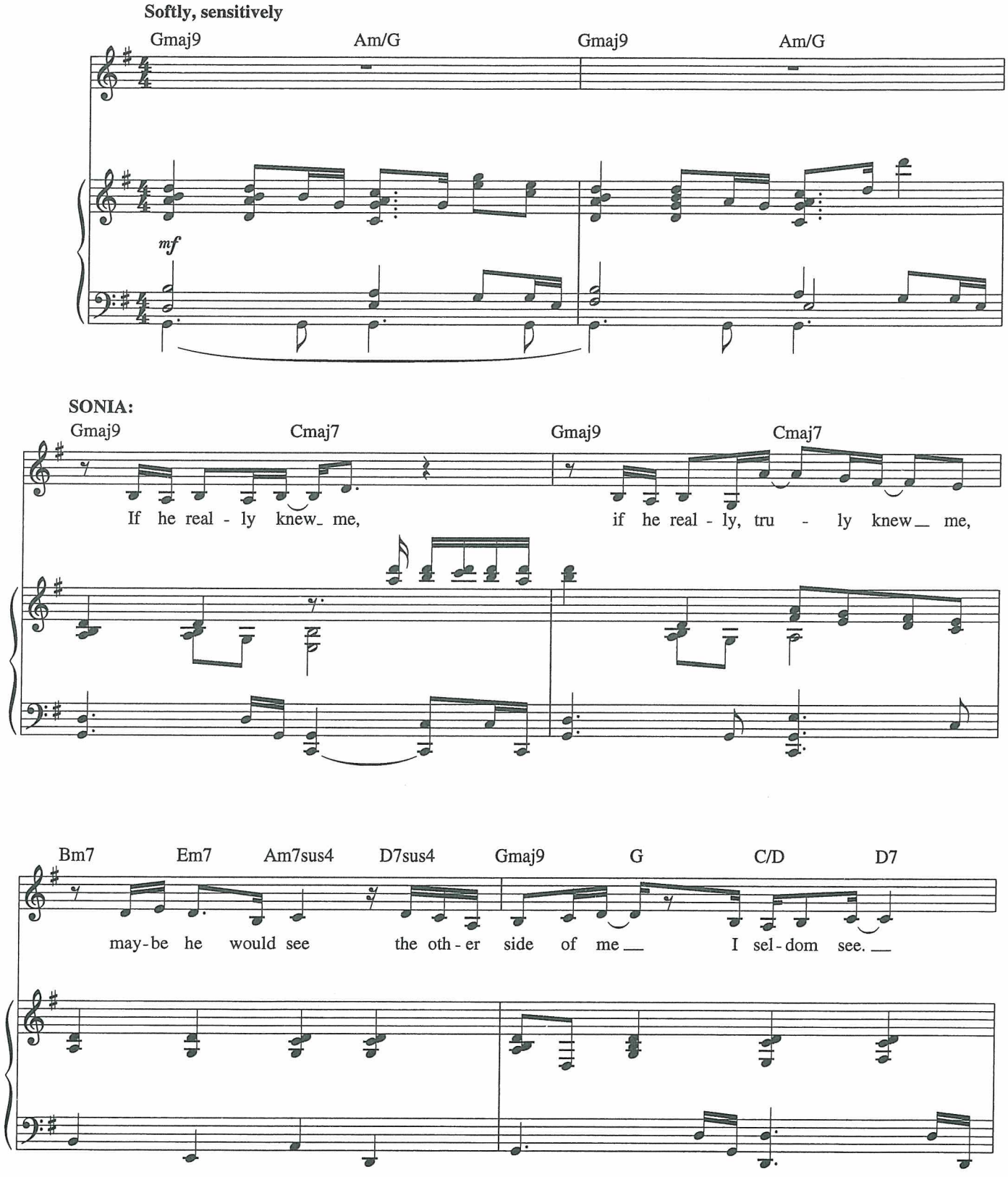


*Actually, in the New York production, Dot stuffed her mouth with bread here, saying the last line with her mouth full.

IF HE REALLY KNEW ME

from *They're Playing Our Song*

Words by CAROLE BAYER SAGER
Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH



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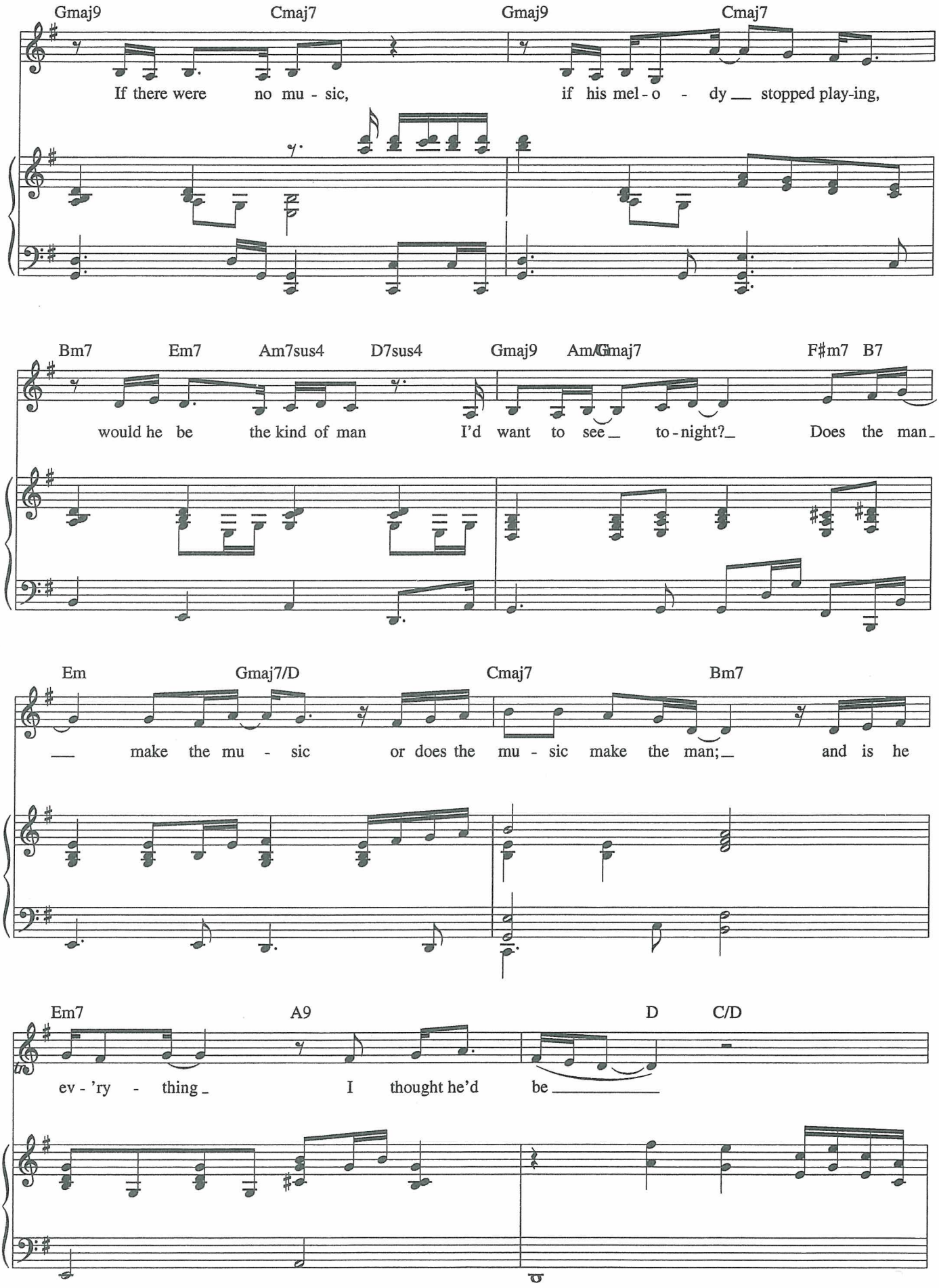
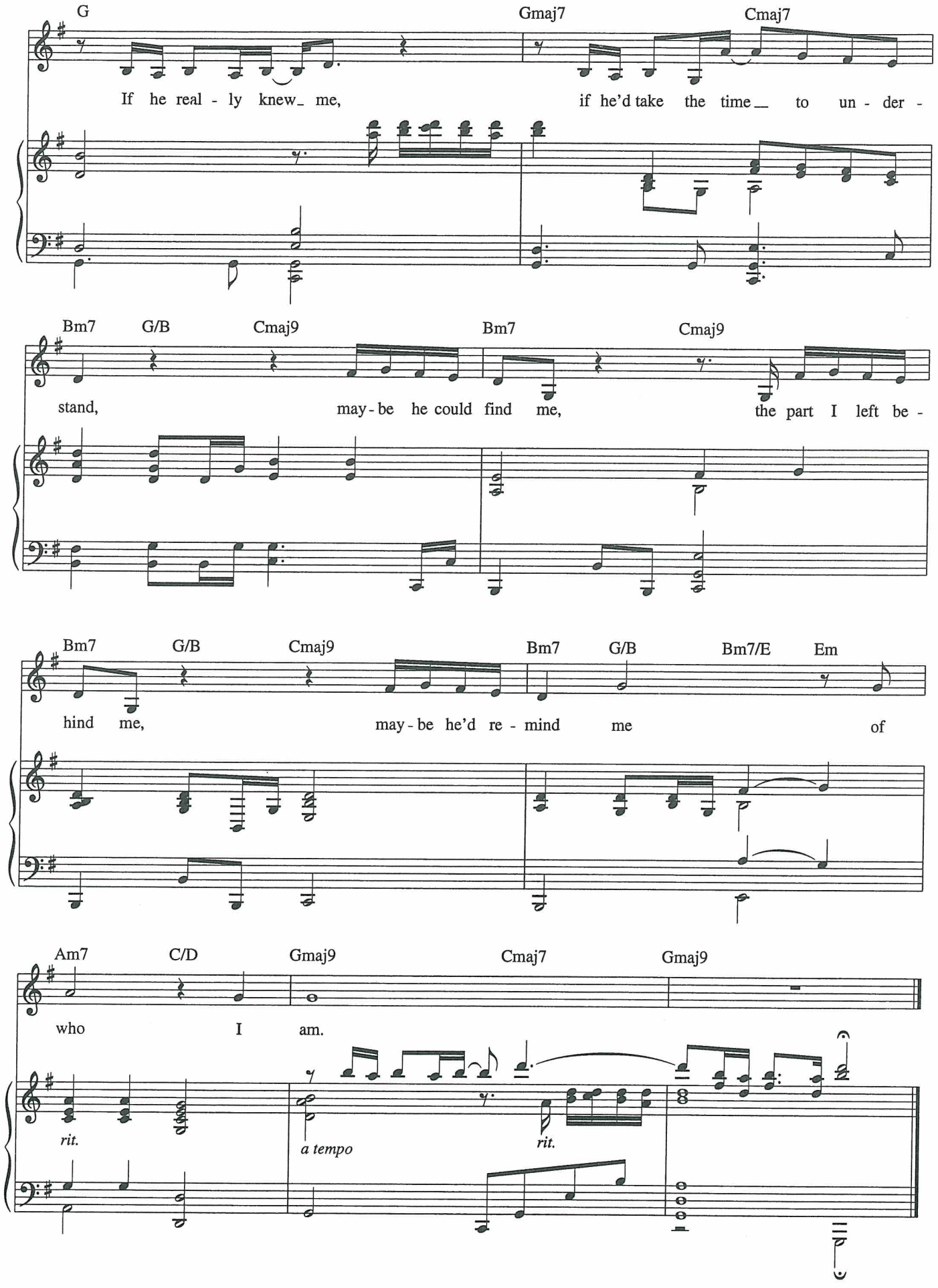

Gmaj9 Cmaj7 Gmaj9 Cmaj7
If there were no mu - sic, if his mel - o - dy stopped play-ing,
Bm7 Em7 Am7sus4 D7sus4 Gmaj9 Am/G Cmaj7 F♯m7 B7
would he be the kind of man I'd want to see to - night? Does the man
Em Gmaj7/D Cmaj7 Bm7
make the mu - sic or does the mu - sic make the man; and is he
Em7 A9 D C/D
ev - 'ry - thing I thought he'd be


G
Gmaj7
Cmaj7
If he real - ly knew_ me,
if he'd take the time__ to un - der -
Bm7
G/B
Cmaj9
Bm7
Cmaj9
stand,
may - be he could find me,
the part I left be -
Bm7
G/B
Cmaj9
Bm7
G/B
Bm7/E
Em
hind me,
may - be he'd re - mind me
of
Am7
C/D
Gmaj9
Cmaj7
Gmaj9
who
I
am.
rit.
a tempo
rit.